



WILLOWY OF HEAVEN

A BOOK OF
GOSPEL SONGS
BY
I. S. FIELD.

NATIONAL EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY,
9 West Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md.



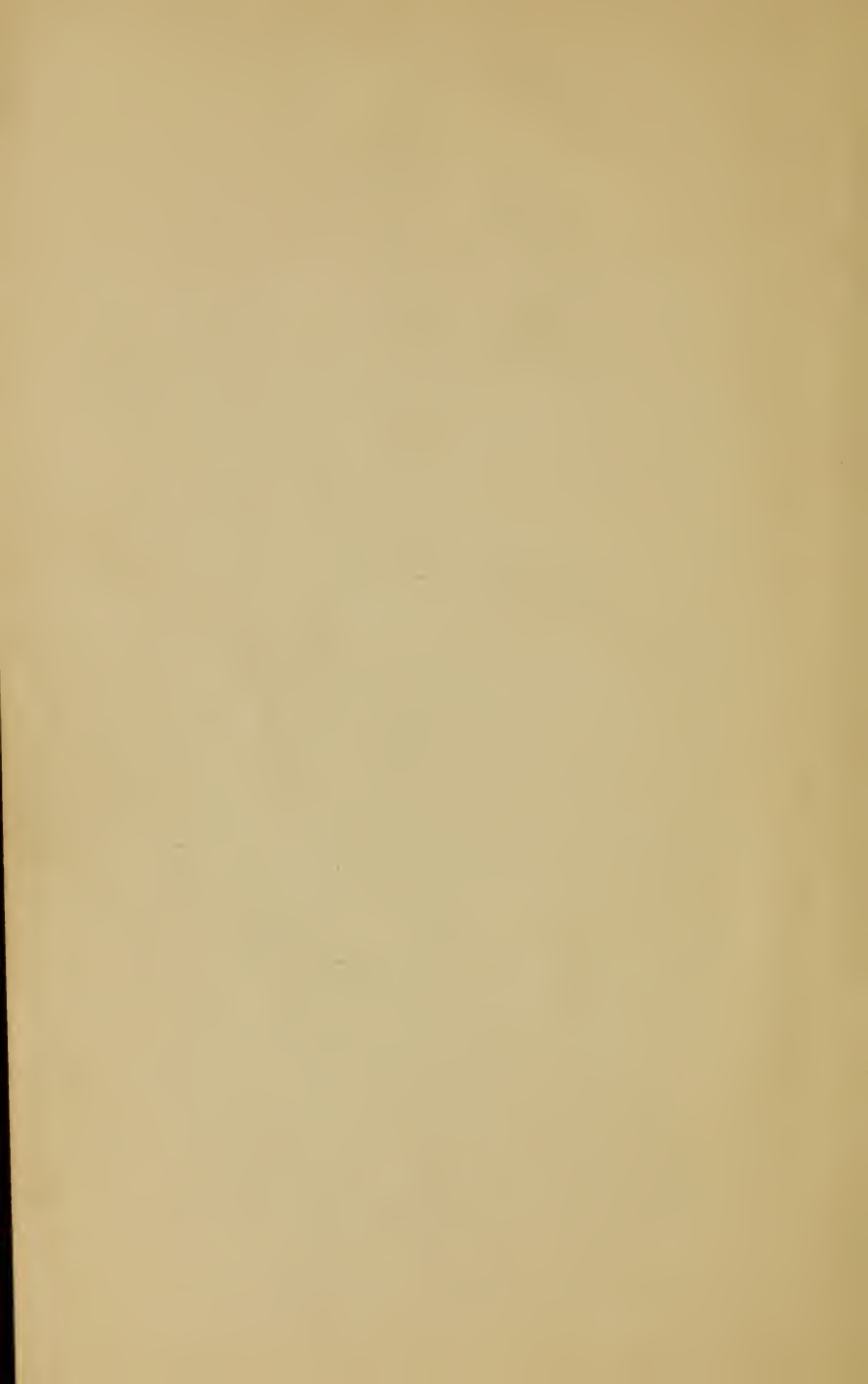
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NEW EDITION.



WINDOWS OF HEAVEN:

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

FOR THE

CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME.

COMPILED BY

✓
REV. H. M. WHARTON.

*"Prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts; if I will not open the Windows of Heaven
and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."*

✓
REVISED BY I. S. FIELD.

NATIONAL EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY,

9 WEST LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

1896.

PREFACE.

THIS book has been prepared for me and under my supervision. In my opinion, it contains the best collection of Gospel Hymns in existence. So, without hesitation, I send it forth among the people, with the prayer that God will open the Windows of Heaven, and pour out rich blessings in their hearts.

H. M. WHARTON.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

No. 1. OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. O - pen the win-dows of heav - en, Send showers of blessing, just now;
 2. O - pen the win-dows of heav - en, Look tender-ly on us in love
 3. Trusting, we'll try Thee, and prove Thee; All effort without Thee is vain;
 4. O - pen the win-dows of heav - en, And bless us for Thy dear Son's sake;

Look on us, Lord, in Thy mer-cy, While humbly be-fore Thee we bow.
 Com-ing in heart-felt con-tri-tion, We pray Thee our sins hence re-move.
 Earth's greatest pleasures are fleet-ing, Their loss is our in-fi-nite gain.
 His blood shed for our re-demption, Our plea, on-ly plea we now make.

Refrain.

Show - - ers of bless-ing, Fresh showers of bless-ing we need;

Show-ers, fresh showers,

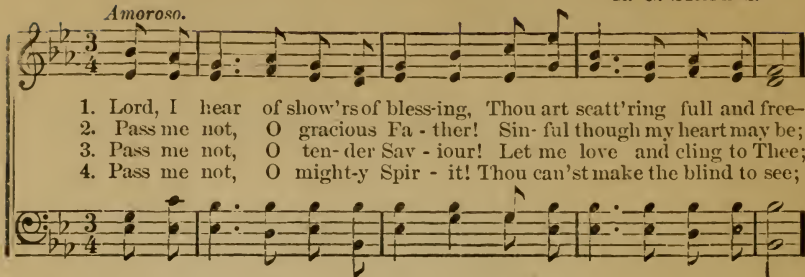
Show - - ers of bless-ing, For showers of bless-ing we plead.

Show-ers fresh, showers,

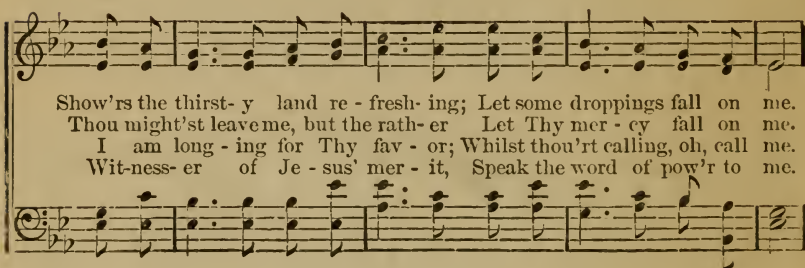
No. 2. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

R. G. STAPLES.

Amoroso.

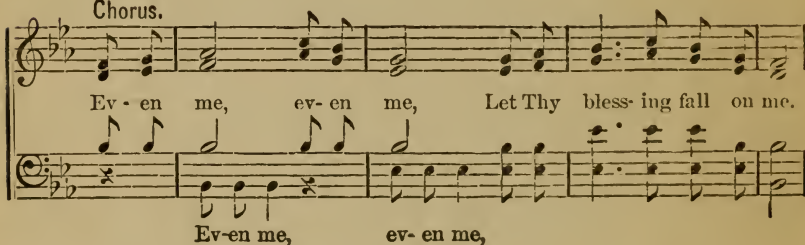


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, 'Thou art scatt'ring full and free-
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
 4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir - it! Thou can'st make the blind to see;

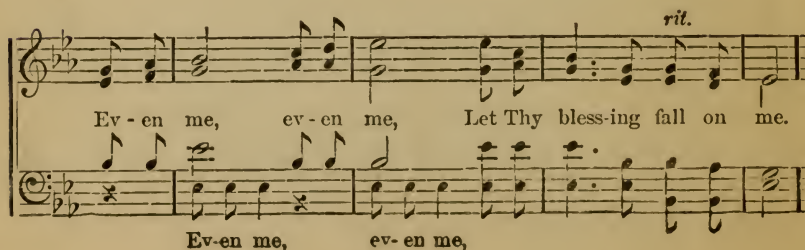


Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
 I am long - ing for Thy fav - or; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
 Wit-ness-er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me.

Chorus.



Ev - en me, ev - en me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
 Ev-en me, ev - en me,

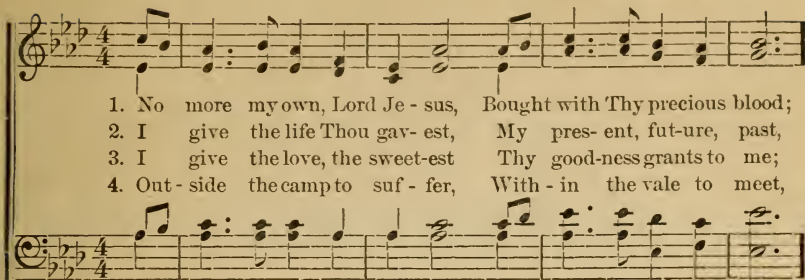


Ev - en me, ev - en me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
 Ev-en me, ev - en me,

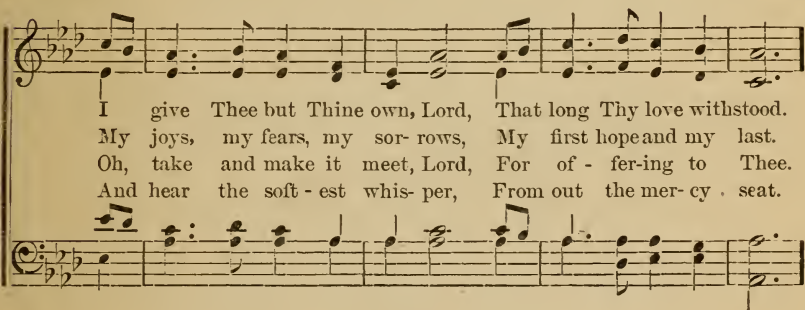
No. 3. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Cant. 11: 16.

W. W. BENTLEY, by per.

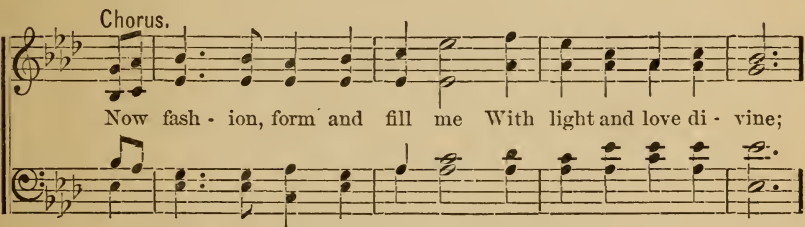


1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy precious blood;
 2. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fut - ure, past,
 3. I give the love, the sweet - est Thy good - ness grants to me;
 4. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet,

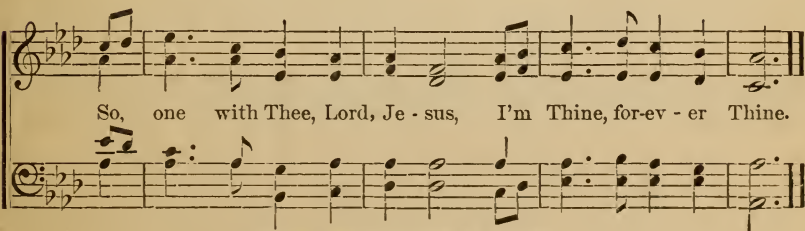


I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love withstood.
 My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
 Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to Thee.
 And hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer - cy . seat.

Chorus.



Now fash - ion, form and fill me With light and love di - vine;



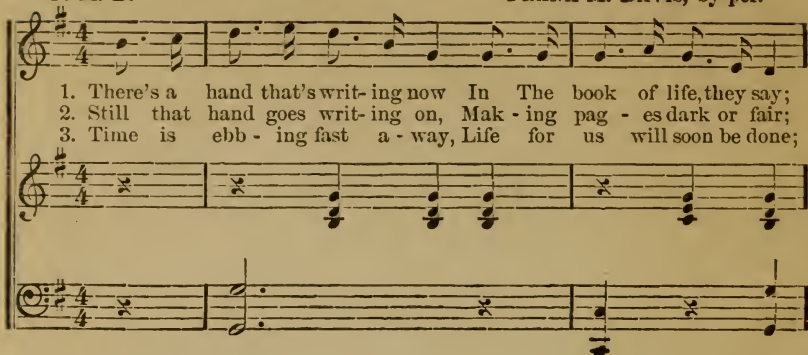
So, one with Thee, Lord, Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

No. 4. WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

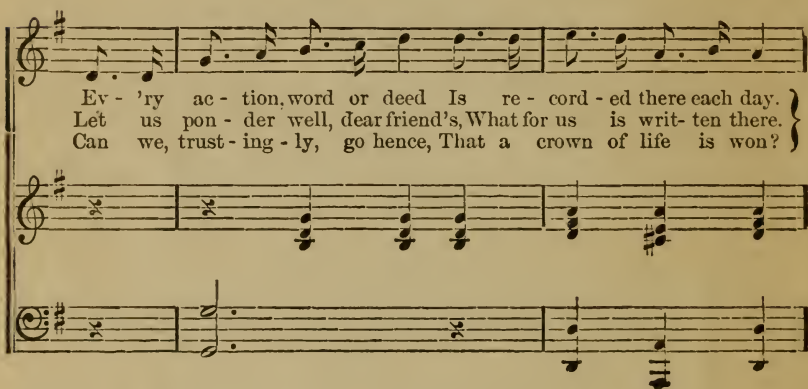
SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D.

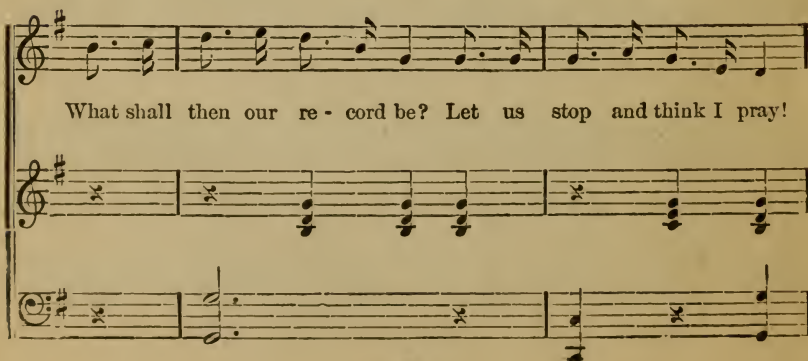
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. There's a hand that's writ-ing now In The book of life, they say;
 2. Still that hand goes writ-ing on, Mak-ing pag-es dark or fair;
 3. Time is ebb-ing fast a-way, Life for us will soon be done;



Ev-'ry ac-tion, word or deed Is re-cord-ed there each day. }
 Let us pon-der well, dear friend's, What for us is writ-ten there. }
 Can we, trust-ing-ly, go hence, That a crown of life is won? }



What shall then our re-cord be? Let us stop and think I pray!

What shall our Record be,—Concluded.

What shall then our re - cord be In the coming judgment day?

Chorus.

In the com - ing judg - ment day, in the com - ing judg - ment day,

What shall then our rec - ord be, In the com - ing judg - ment day.

No. 5. GLORIA PATRI.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men !

No. 6. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

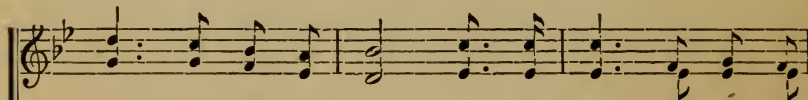
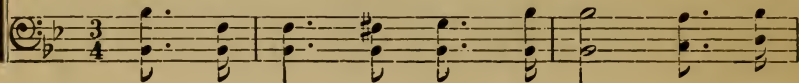
(PILOT, 7s 6 lines.)

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

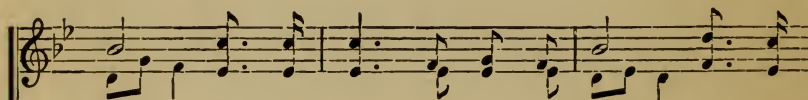
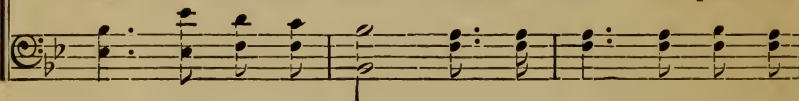
J. E. GOULD.



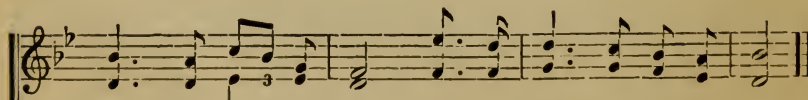
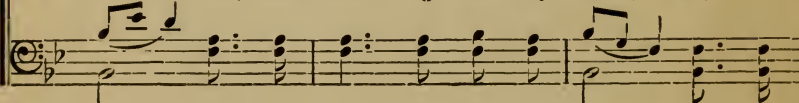
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst
3. When at last I near the shore, And the



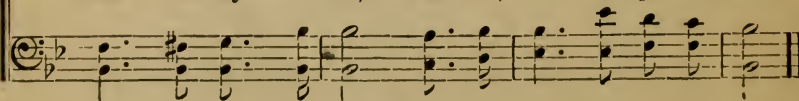
life's tem - pest - uous sea; Un - known waves be - fore me
hush the o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy
fear - ful break - ers roar 'Twixt me and the peace - ful



roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and
will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!" Won - drous
rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast, May I



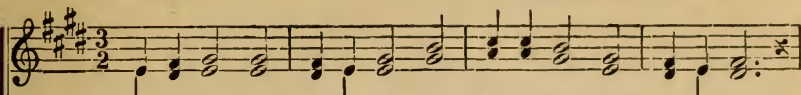
com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



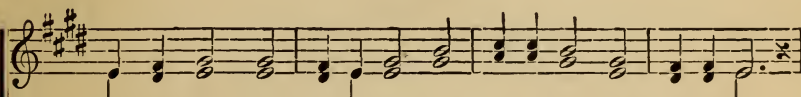
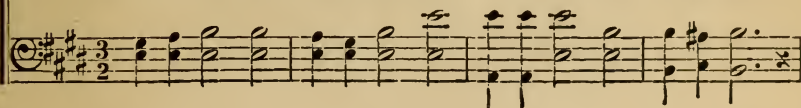
No. 7. SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES.

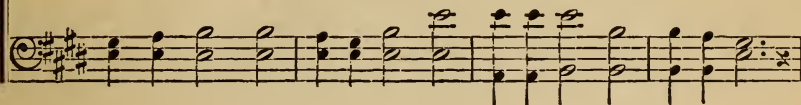
W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.



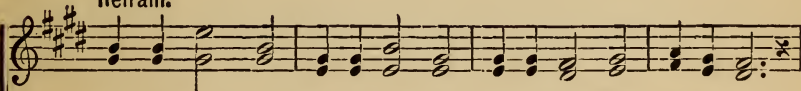
1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly sheltered I a - bide ;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wear - y, sad, I long'd for rest ;
3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,



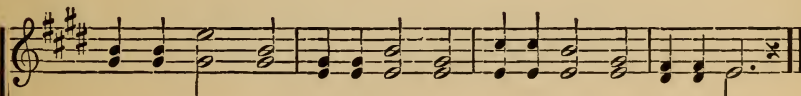
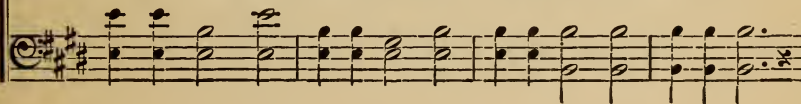
There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n - ly shel - ter, Open'd in my Saviour's breast,
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing ; In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.



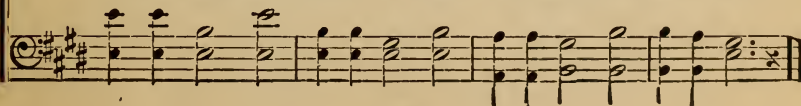
Refrain.



Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me ;



Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

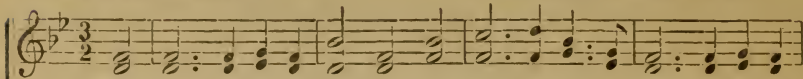


No. 8. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

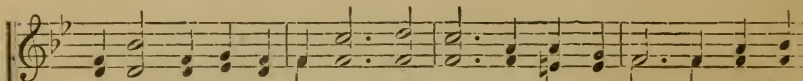
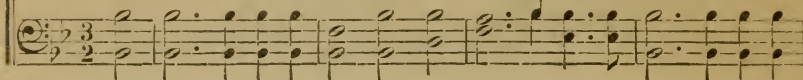
"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER.

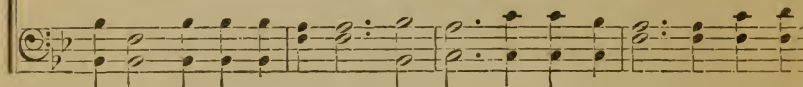
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



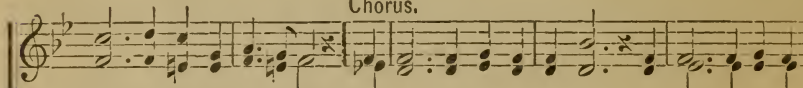
1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the



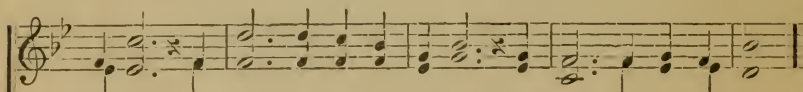
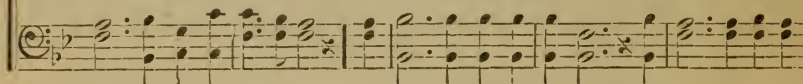
near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
du - ty, To speak His beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock en - ter in! How it did



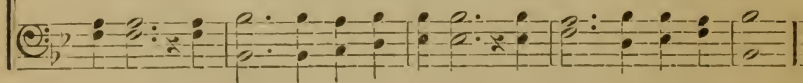
Chorus.



light Fill all my soul to-night.
tho't How Christ my life has bought, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for
shine In this poor heart of mine!



Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.



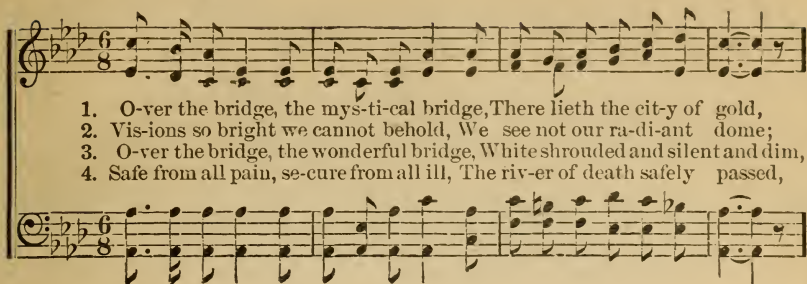
4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—CHO.

5 Oh, blessed work of Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—CHO.

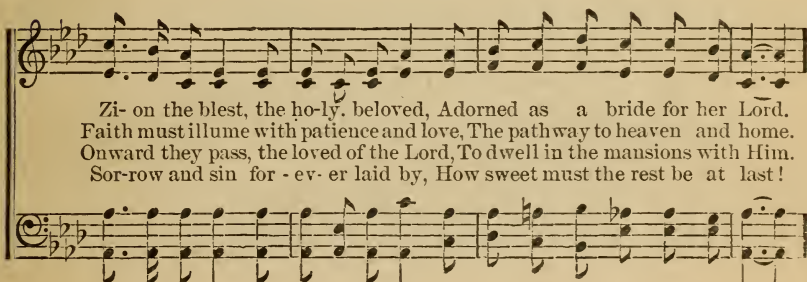
No. 9. OVER THE BRIDGE.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

T. C. O'KANE.

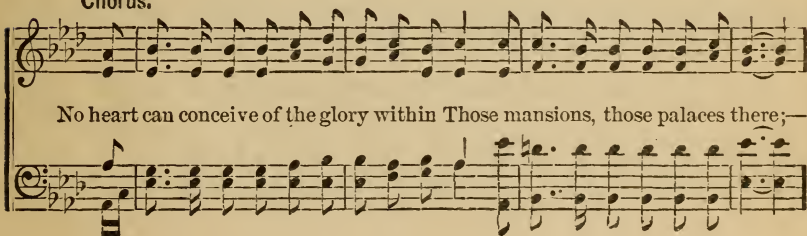


1. O-ver the bridge, the mys-ti-cal bridge, There lieth the cit-y of gold,
2. Vis-ions so bright we cannot behold, We see not our ra-di-ant dome;
3. O-ver the bridge, the wonderful bridge, White shrouded and silent and dim,
4. Safe from all pain, se-cure from all ill, The riv-er of death safely passed,

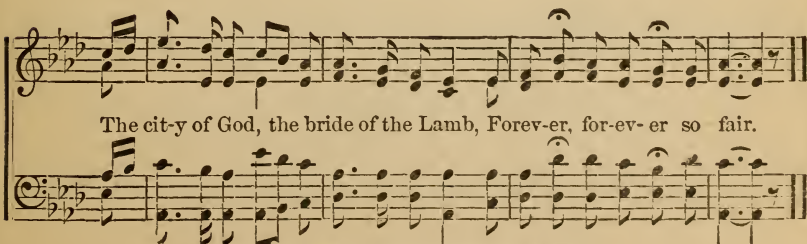


Zi-on the blest, the ho-ly. beloved, Adorned as a bride for her Lord.
Faith must illumine with patience and love, The pathway to heaven and home.
Onward they pass, the loved of the Lord, To dwell in the mansions with Him.
Sor-row and sin for - ev - er laid by, How sweet must the rest be at last!

Chorus.



No heart can conceive of the glory within Those mansions, those palaces there;—

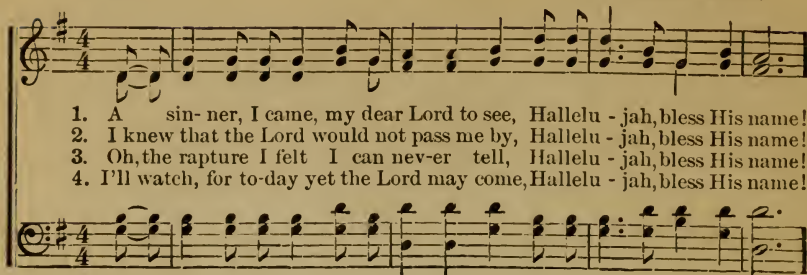


The cit-y of God, the bride of the Lamb, Forev-er, for-ev-er so fair.

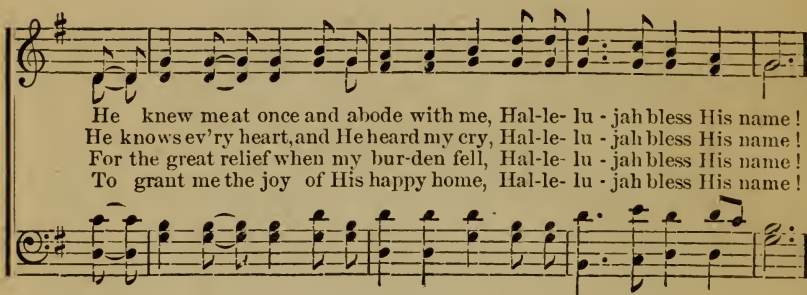
No. 10. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

J. H. K.

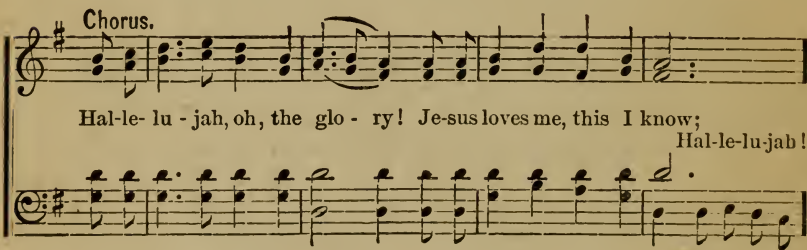
J. H. KURZENKNABE,



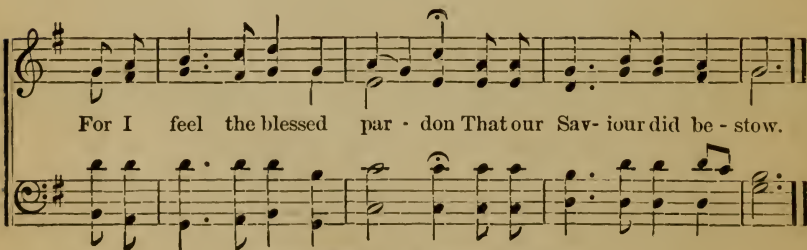
1. A sin-ner, I came, my dear Lord to see, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!
2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!
3. Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev-er tell, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!
4. I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!



He knew meat once and abode with me, Hal-le - lu - jah bless His name!
 He knows ev'ry heart, and He heard my cry, Hal-le - lu - jah bless His name!
 For the great relief when my bur-den fell, Hal-le - lu - jah bless His name!
 To grant me the joy of His happy home, Hal-le - lu - jah bless His name!



Chorus.
 Hal-le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry! Je-sus loves me, this I know;
 Hal-le-lu-jah!



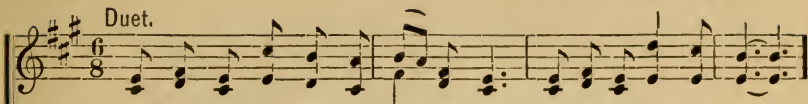
For I feel the blessed par - don That our Sav- iour did be - stow.

No. 11. ROOM AT THE CROSS.

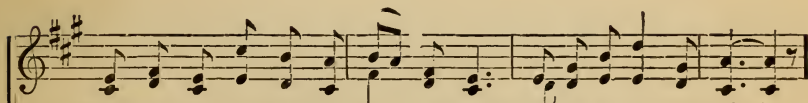
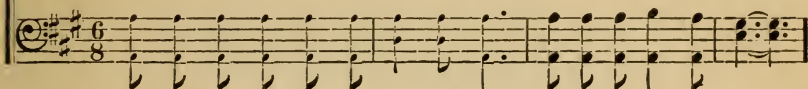
W. B. B.

WM. B. BLAKE, by per.

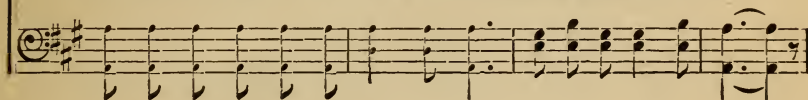
Duet.



1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;
2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;
3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the cross for you;



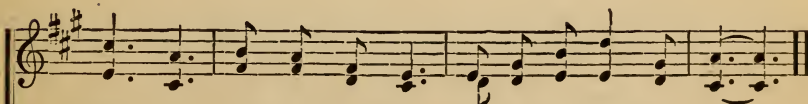
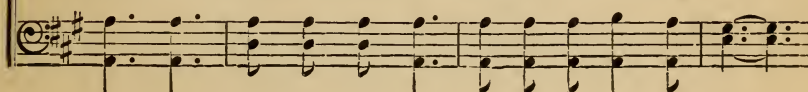
Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the cross for you.
Choose, them, like Ma - ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the cross for you.
Come, then, oh, come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.



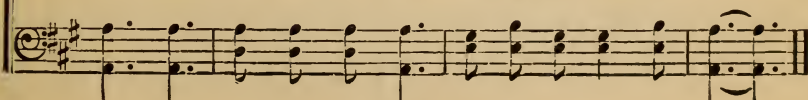
Refrain.



Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you,



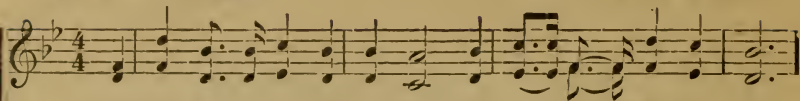
Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.



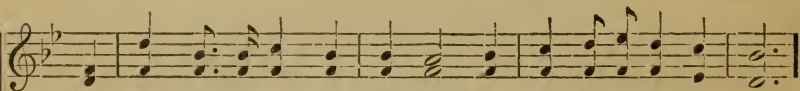
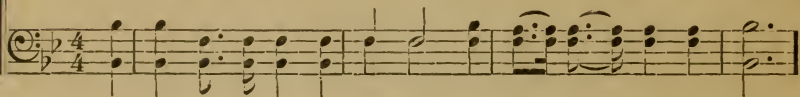
No. 12. THE FIRST GLAD SONG.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

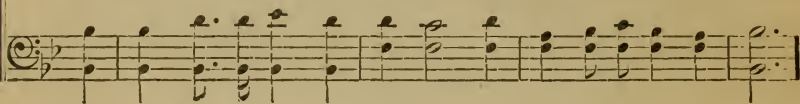
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



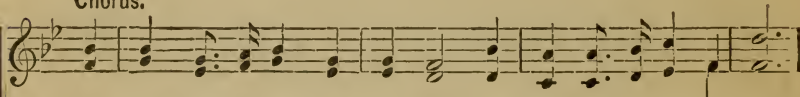
1. Oh, broth-ers a-long life's jour-ney, The wear-i-ness now is ours;
2. To-day we can on-ly won-der, What scenes will a-wait us there;
3. Oh what will it be to gath-er, Be-neath the bright Jasper dome;
4. To wan-der in fade-less gar-dens, To lave in the crys-tal stream;



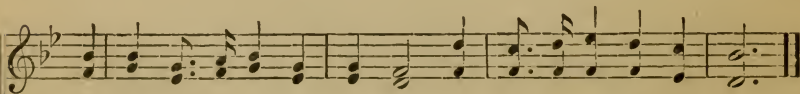
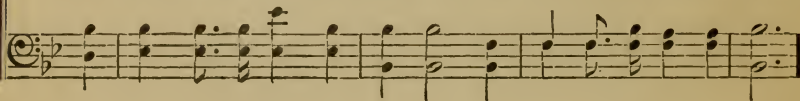
But o-ver the boundless des-ert, For us the perennial flowers.
 What beau-ties be-fore us o-pen, When entering that land so fair.
 To walk through the shining cit-y, And know that it is our home.
 To stand by the tide-less riv-er, Where towers of the cit-y gleam.



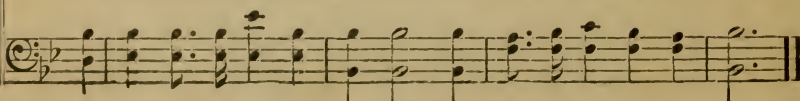
Chorus.



Oh how can we tell the rap-ture, The joy of the first glad song;



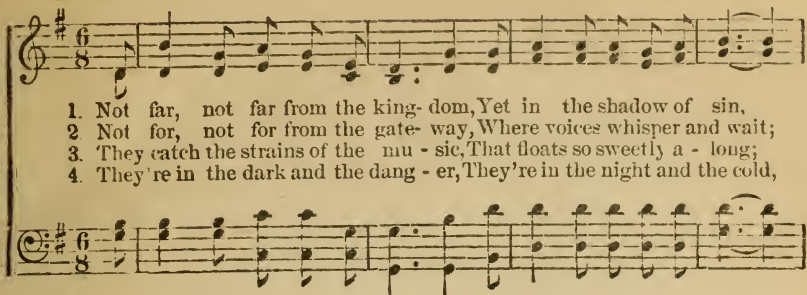
When we shall the pearl-gate en-ter, And see the bright an-gel throng.



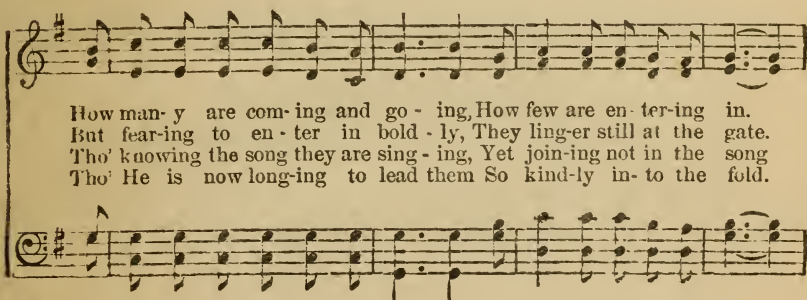
No. 13. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English.

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

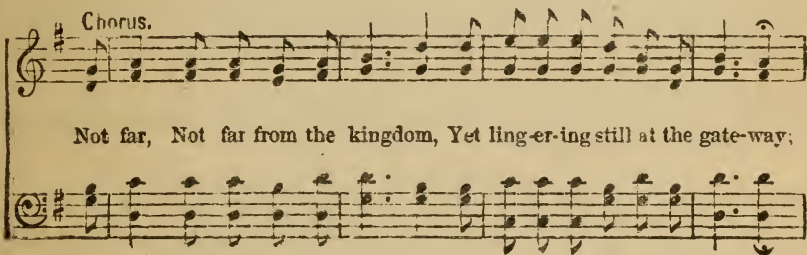


1. Not far, not far from the king - dom, Yet in the shadow of sin,
2. Not for, not for from the gate - way, Where voices whisper and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the mu - sic, That floats so sweetly a - long;
4. They're in the dark and the dang - er, They're in the night and the cold,

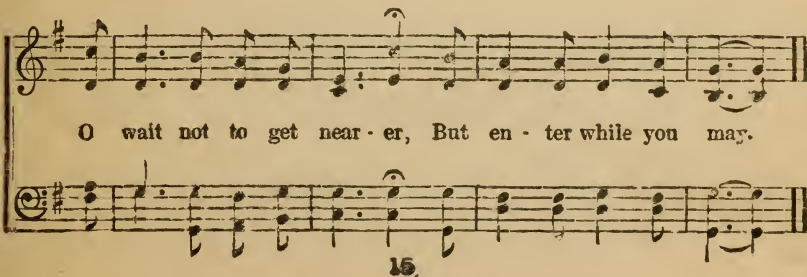


How man - y are com - ing and go - ing, How few are en - ter - ing in.
 But fear - ing to en - ter in bold - ly, They ling - er still at the gate.
 Tho' know - ing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join - ing not in the song
 Tho' He is now long - ing to lead them So kind - ly in - to the fold.

Chorus.



Not far, Not far from the kingdom, Yet ling - er - ing still at the gate - way;

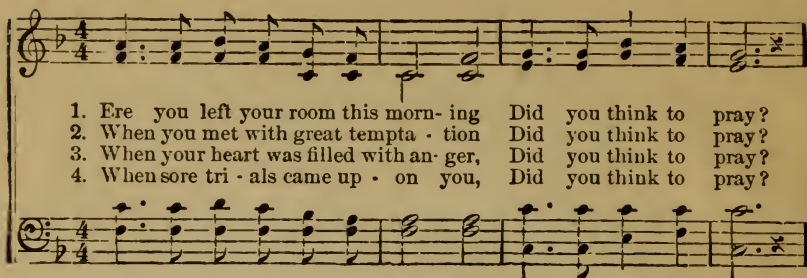


O wait not to get near - er, But en - ter while you may.

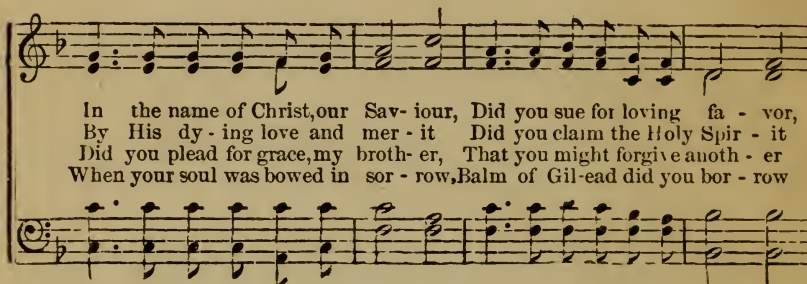
No. 14. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS,

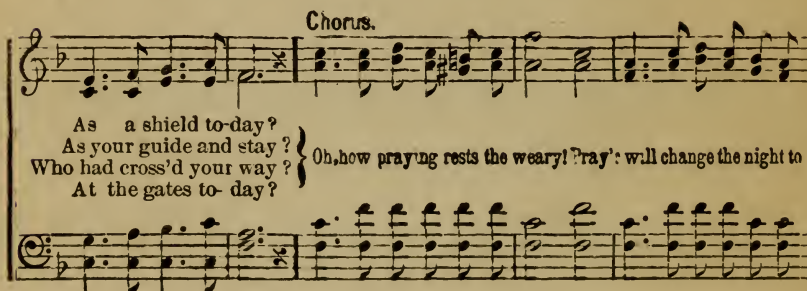


1. Ere you left your room this morn- ing Did you think to pray?
 2. When you met with great tempta - tion Did you think to pray?
 3. When your heart was filled with an- ger, Did you think to pray?
 4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?



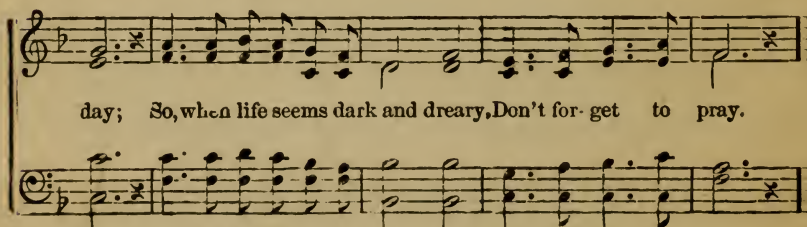
In the name of Christ, our Sav- iour, Did you sue for loving fa - vor,
 By His dy - ing love and mer - it Did you claim the Holy Spir - it
 Did you plead for grace, my broth- er, That you might forgive anoth - er
 When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row

Chorus.



As a shield to-day?
 As your guide and stay?
 Who had cross'd your way?
 At the gates to-day?

Oh, how praying rests the weary! 'Pray': will change the night to



day; So, when life seems dark and dreary, Don't for- get to pray.

No. 13. COME IN AND ABIDE.

Rev. R. H. PITT, D. D.

Arr. by I. S. FIELD.

Slowly. with expression.

1. Come, blest Redeemer! Be thy servants' honored guest—Come in com-
 2. Come, dear Redeemer! We are faint and sore distressed: If Thou wilt
 3. Hail! bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast heard thy servants' pray'r, And hearts are

pas-sion, Give the trouble rest. Lo, the day is dy-ing—
 en-ter We are tru-ly blest. Thou dost soothe our anguish,
 glow-ing In Thy pres-ence fair. Thou hast sown the sun-beams

Lo, the night comes on a-pace And our spir-its sigh-ing,
 Thou for-giv'st thy peo-ple's sin— We are lost with-out Thee,
 Where the shad-ows used to dwell, Thou hast whispered soft-ly,

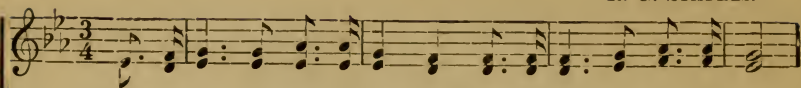
p Chorus.

Long to see Thy face.
 Haste to en-ter in. } Je-sus—dear Mas-ter, Come and reign with-
 Peace—all shall be well.

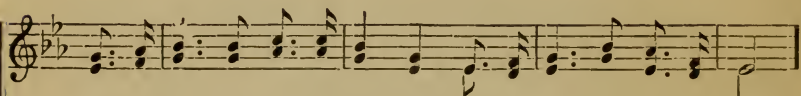
p *rit. Dim.*
 in each heart, Deign to be near us: Nev-er-more de-part.

No. 16. He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.

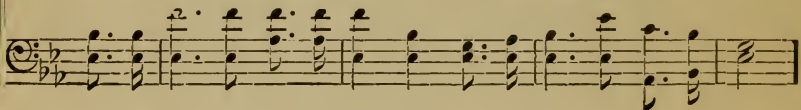
R. G. STAPLES.



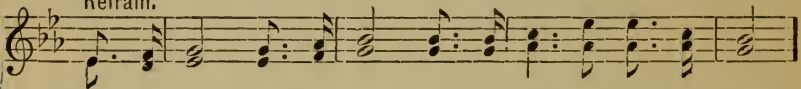
1. He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bear-ing pre-cious seed in love,
2. Soft descends the dew of heav-en, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wear-y, Let no foes thy soul an-noy;



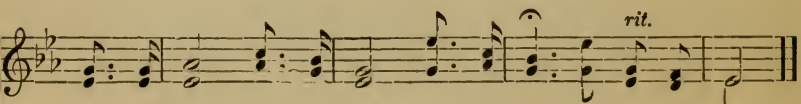
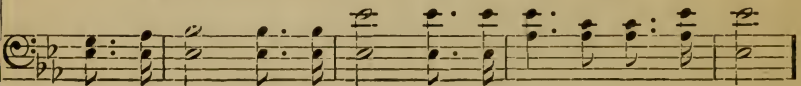
Nev-er tir-ing, nev-er sleep-ing, Find-eth mer-cy from a-bove.
Pre-cious fruits will thus begiv-en, Thro' an influence all di-vine.
Be the pros-pect ne'er so drear-y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.



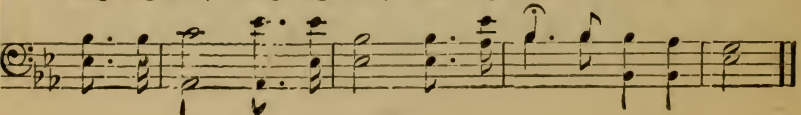
Refrain.



Sow-ing seed, sow-ing seed, sow-ing pre-cious seed in love,



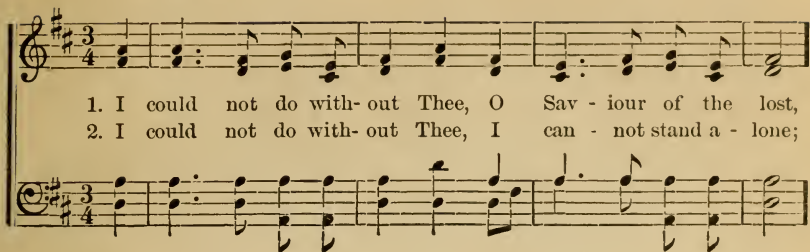
Weep-ing now, weep-ing now, Reap-ing fruits of joy a-bove.



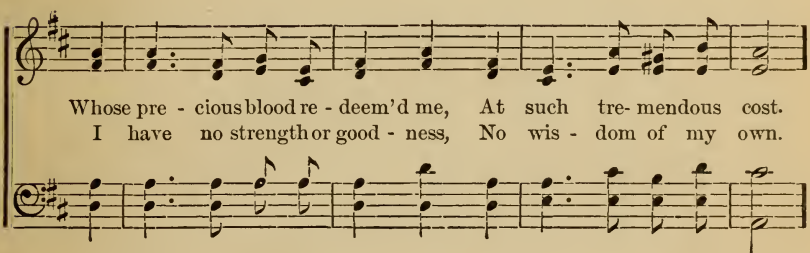
No. 17. SAVIOUR OF THE LOST.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

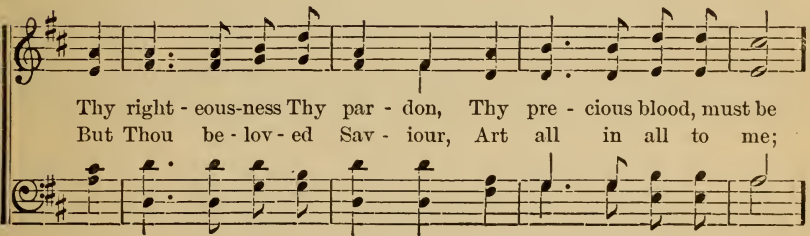
J. T. GRAPE.



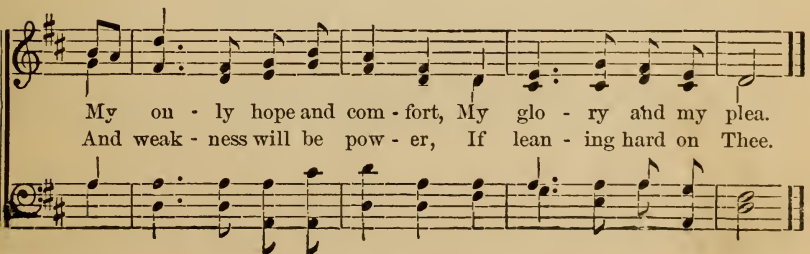
1. I could not do with- out Thee, O Sav- iour of the lost,
2. I could not do with- out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;



Whose pre - cious blood re - deem'd me, At such tre- mendous cost.
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own.



Thy right - eous-ness Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood, must be
But Thou be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me;



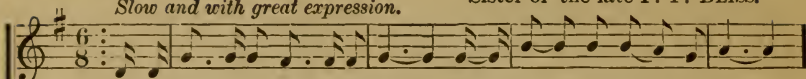
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

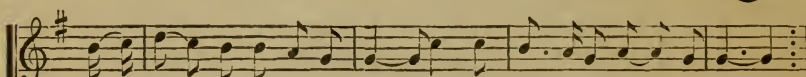
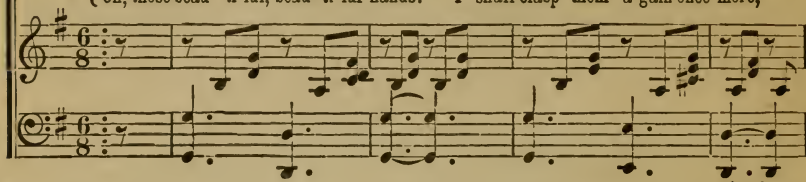
Mrs. M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. WILSON, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

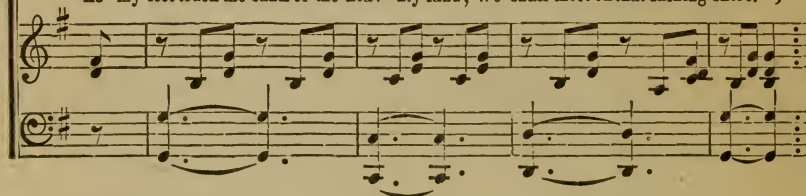
Slow and with great expression.



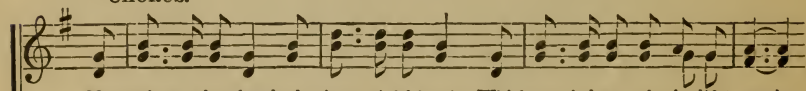
1. { Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days!
2. { Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
3. { Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! I stood by her cof - fin one day,
Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! I shall clasp them a - gain once more,



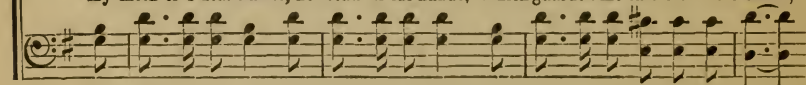
Yet my moth - er's hands were the fair - est And lov - li - est hands of all. }
They guid - ed my feet in - to pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rug - ged ways. }
They cooled the fe - ver and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now. }
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true. }
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay. }
As my feet touch the bank of the heav - 'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore. }



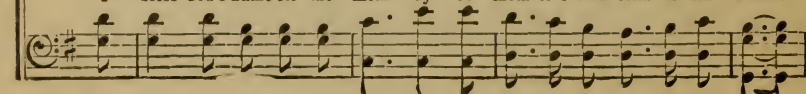
CHORUS.



My moth - er's dear hands, her beau - ti - ful hands, Which guarded me safe o'er life's sands,



I bless God's name for the mem - 'ry Of moth - er's own beau - ti - ful hands.



No. 19. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. TOOD.

Music by HARRY SANDERS, by per.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with
 2. O why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the
 3. O, bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine

garments dy'd? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A
 wine-press red? O why this bloody tide? "I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath
 own arm bro't Sal- vation in my name: I the bloody fight have won, Con-

ran - som gave; I, that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 darken-ing skies; Of the peo- ple there was none Mighty to save."
 - quered the grave; Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."

Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

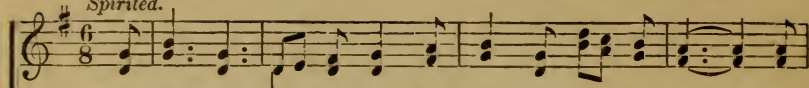
Mighty to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

No. 20. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

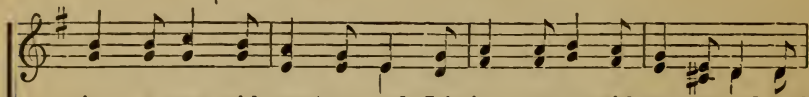
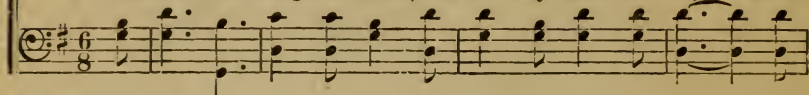
Rev. I. WATTS.

Rev. R. LOWRY, D. D., by per.

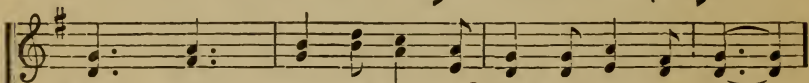
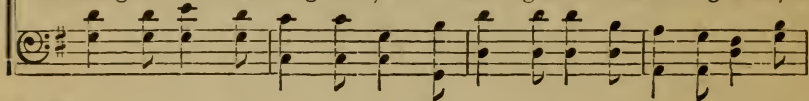
Spirited.



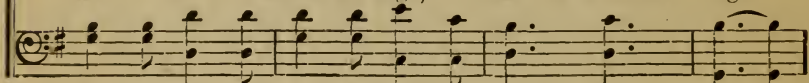
1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Re -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry: We're



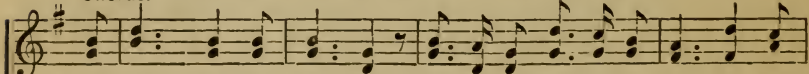
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King. May
- fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To



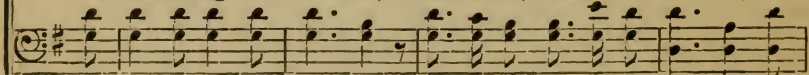
thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



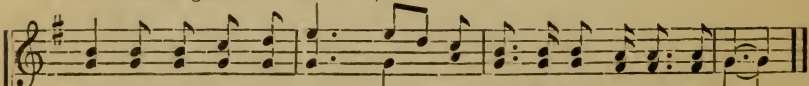
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
Chorus.



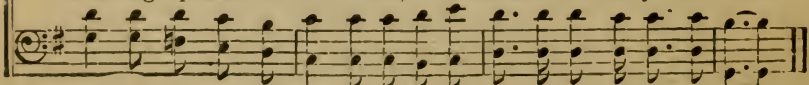
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're



We're marching on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.



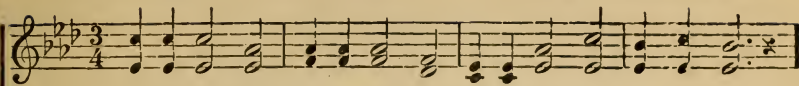
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1867, by R. LOWRY.

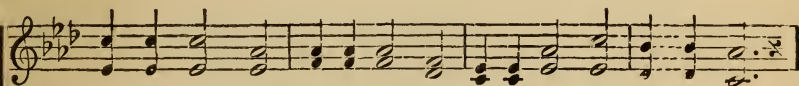
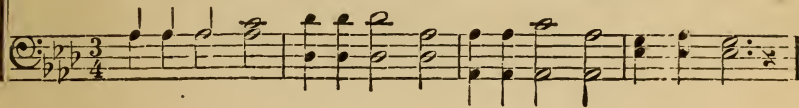
No. 21. I AM SAVED.

Words by Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

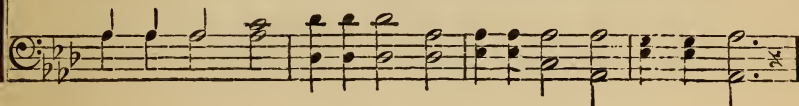
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



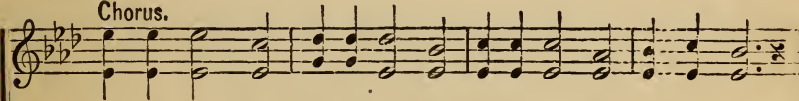
1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help meshout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies;
3. Free salva-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,



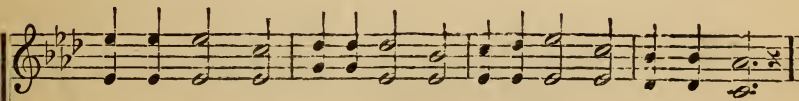
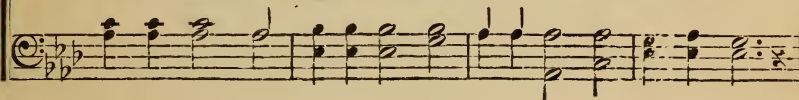
I have tast-ed God's salva-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dew.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under Thy pro-TECT-ing eyes.
Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written In the re-cords of 'Thy Son.



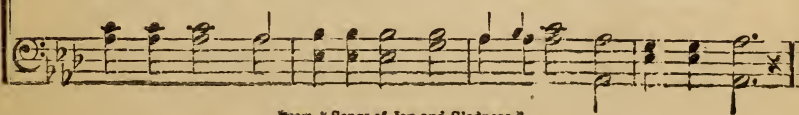
Chorus.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-va-tion came;



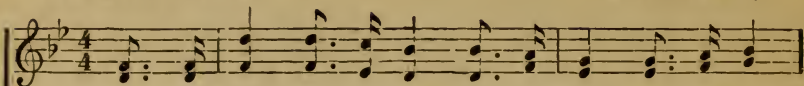
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am sav'd in Je-sus' name.



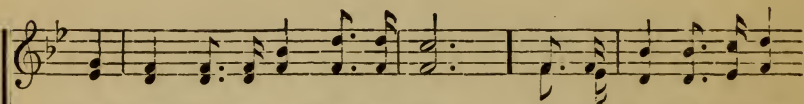
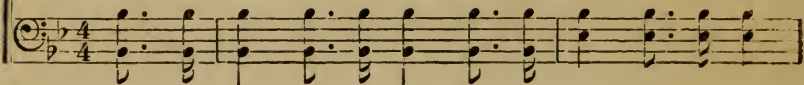
No. 22. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS.

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL.

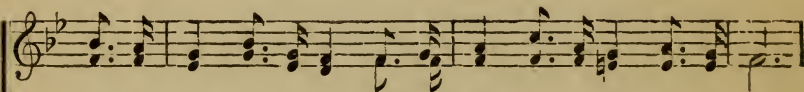
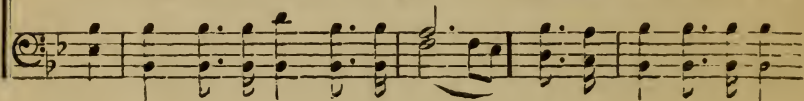
J. H. TENNEY.



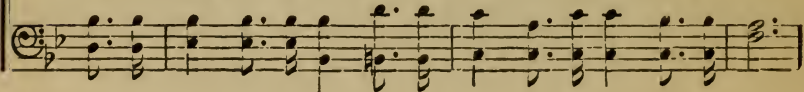
1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd?
2. Have you heard that a Fount-ain was o - pened for you
3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ran - som'd shall wear?
4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies



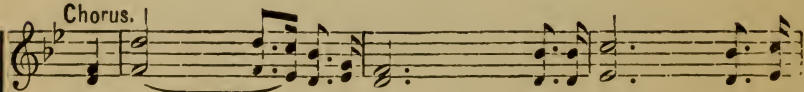
Great joy and sal-va - tion for all. O ye starv-ing and poor,
To cleanse you from sor-row and shame? And tho' strange it may be
The glo - ry so full and com-plete, When your life-work is done
To th' patient and faithful is giv'n? Give the Sav-iour your love:



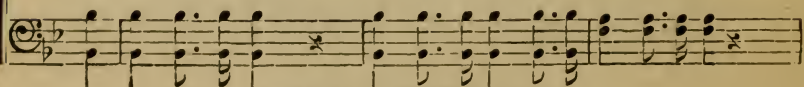
Je - sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer His call?
that the wa - ters are free, - On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
and the vic - to - ry won. - Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet.
it will bear you a - bove To the man-sions prepared up in heav'n.



Chorus.

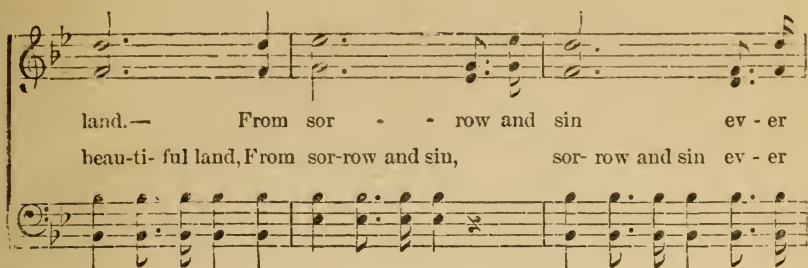


And just o - ver there in the beau - - ti - ful
And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau ti - ful land,

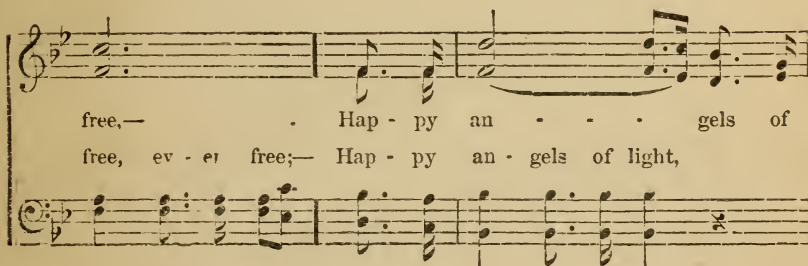


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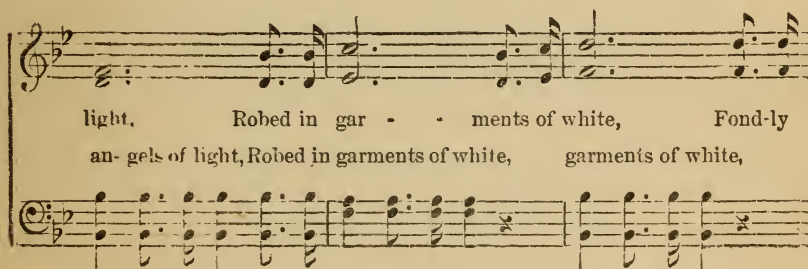
Have you Heard the Good News.—Concluded.



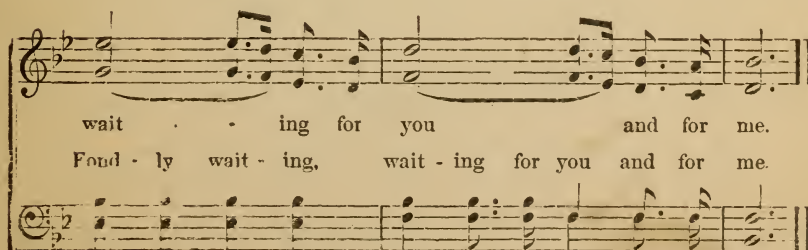
land.— From sor - - row and sin ev - er
beau-ti- ful land, From sor-row and sin, sor- row and sin ev - er



free,— . Hap - py an - - - gels of
free, ev - er free;— Hap - py an - gels of light,



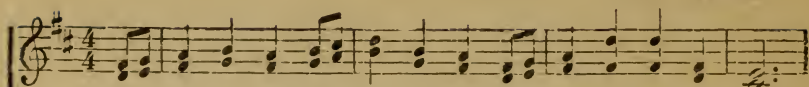
light, Robed in gar - - ments of white, Fond-ly
an- gels of light, Robed in garments of white, garments of white,



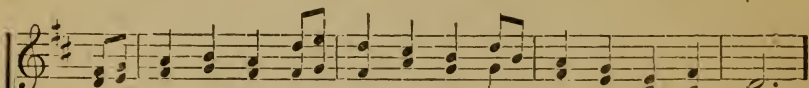
wait . - ing for you and for me.
Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

No. 23. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

R. G. STAPLES.

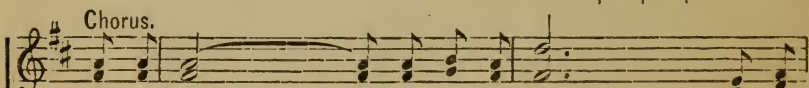


1. Ye va - liant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py pray - ing band,
 2. All earth - ly pleas - ures we'll for - sake, When heav'n appears in view,
 3. O what a glo - rious shout there'll be When we ar - rive at home;

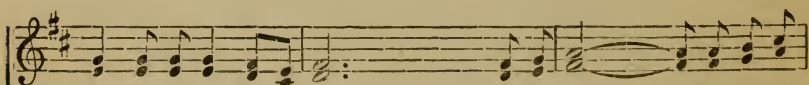


Though in the world you suf - fer loss, Press on to Ca - naan's land.
 In Je - sus' strength we'll under - take To fight our pas - sage thro'.
 Our friends and Je - sus we shall see, And God shall say "well done."

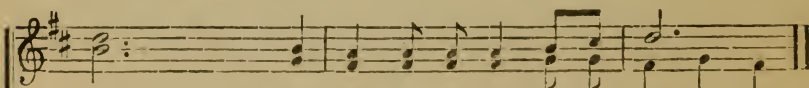
Chorus.



Let us nev - er mind the scoffs For we
 Let us nev - er mind the scoffs, Nor the frown of the world, For we



all have the cross to bear, And the crown will brighter
 all have the cross, we all have the cross to bear, It will only make the crown the



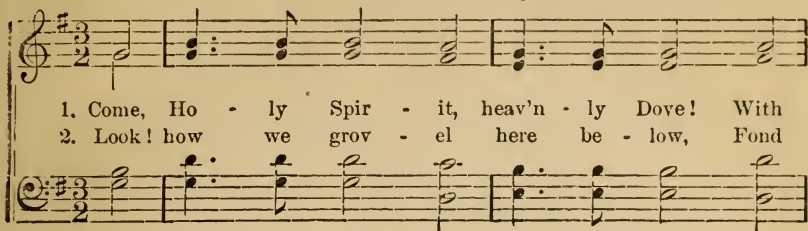
shine, When we have the crown to wear.
 bright er to shine When we have the crown, have the crown to wear.

No. 24. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

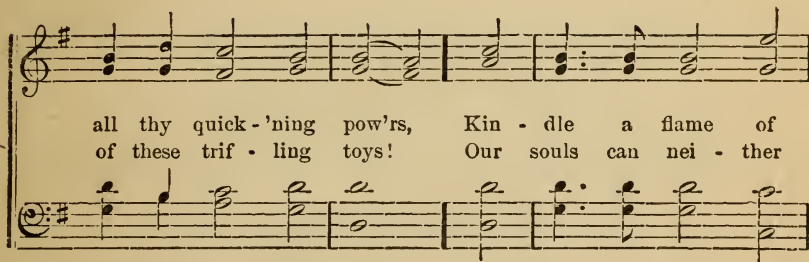
ISAAC WATTS.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

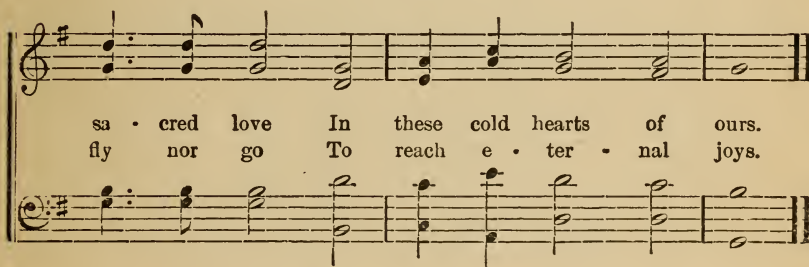
THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove! With
2. Look! how we grov - el here be - low, Fond



all thy quick - 'ning pow'rs, Kin - dle a flame of
of these trif - ling toys! Our souls can nei - ther



sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

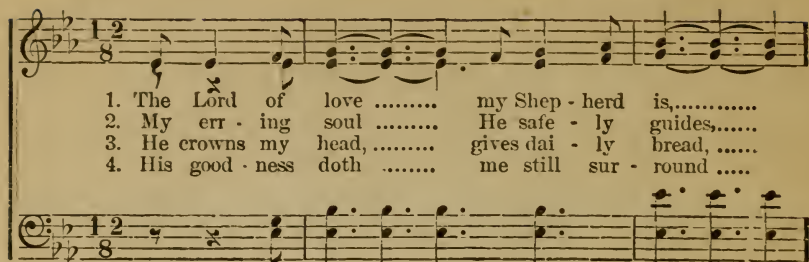
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so close to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

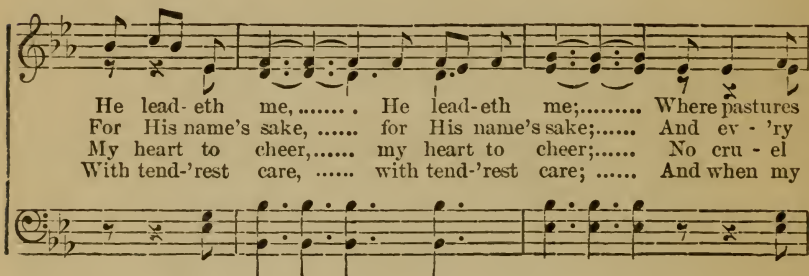
No. 25. HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

W. A. C.

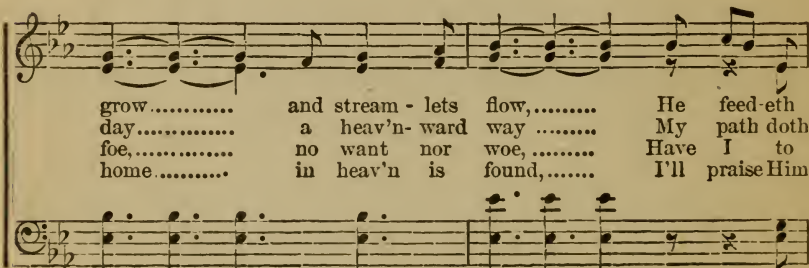
WILBUR A. CHRISTY, by per.



1. The Lord of love my Shep - herd is,.....
 2. My err - ing soul He safe - ly guides,.....
 3. He crowns my head, gives dai - ly bread,
 4. His good - ness doth me still sur - round

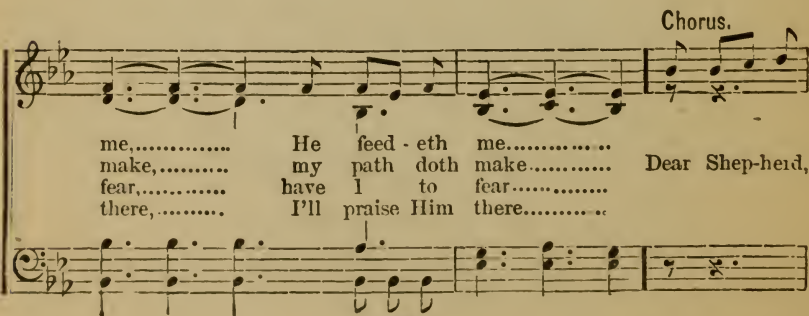


He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; Where pastures
 For His name's sake, for His name's sake; And ev - 'ry
 My heart to cheer, my heart to cheer; No cru - el
 With tend - 'rest care, with tend - 'rest care; And when my



grow and stream - lets flow, He feed - eth
 day a heav'n - ward way My path doth
 foe, no want nor woe, Have I to
 home in heav'n is found, I'll praise Him

Chorus.



me, He feed - eth me,
 make, my path doth make, Dear Shep - herd,
 fear, have I to fear,
 there, I'll praise Him there,

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

keep Thy wayward sheep, Be Thou my

Dear Shep-herd keep Thy wayward sheep,

This system of musical notation is for the first system of the hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'keep Thy wayward sheep, Be Thou my'.

guard, be Thou my guide, Till safe with-

Be Thou my guard, be Thou my guide,

This system of musical notation is for the second system of the hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'guard, be Thou my guide, Till safe with-'.

in Thy heav'nly fold For ev - er-

Till safe with-in Thy heav'nly fold

This system of musical notation is for the third system of the hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'in Thy heav'nly fold For ev - er-'.

more I shall a - bide.

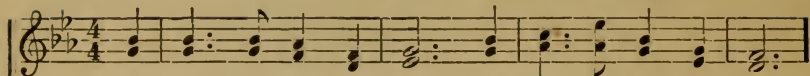
For ev - er - more I shall a - bide.

This system of musical notation is for the fourth system of the hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'more I shall a - bide.'.

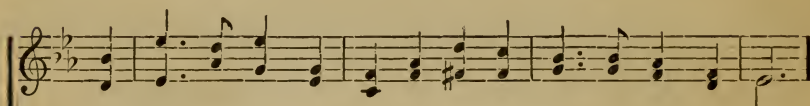
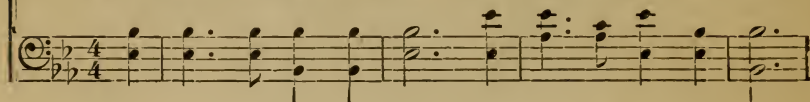
I shall a - bide.

No. 26. I NEED THY PARDON, LORD.

Words and music by W. L. THOMPSON.



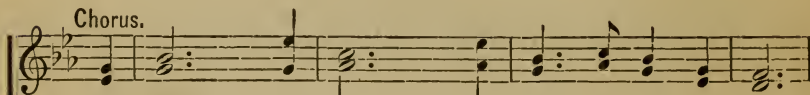
1. I need Thy par - don, Lord, Be - fore Thy throne I bow,
 2. I need Thy par - don, Lord, My on - ly hope art Thou,
 3. I need Thy par - don, Lord, On me Thy grace be - stow,



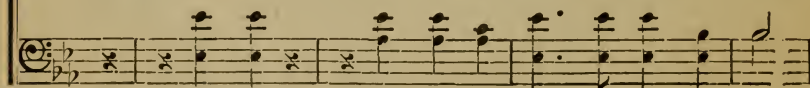
On Thy for - give - ness I de - pend O send Thy par - don now;
 With - out Thee all is dark and drear, O send the light just now;
 O cleanse my heart and make it pure O send for - give - ness now;



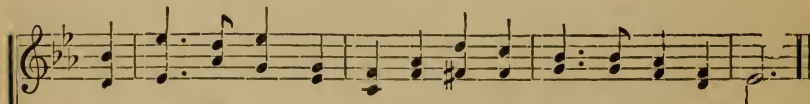
Chorus.



Just now, Just now, O send Thy par - don now,



Just now, Just now,



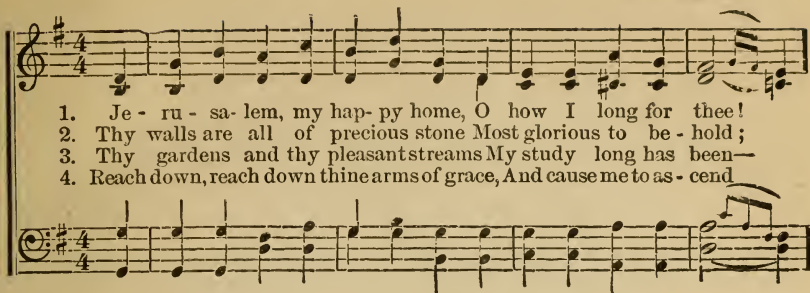
Wash out my sins and make me pure, O send Thy par - don now.



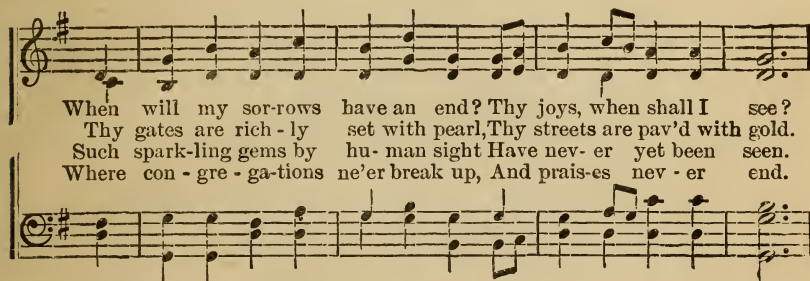
By per. of WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Anon.

E. O. EXCELL.

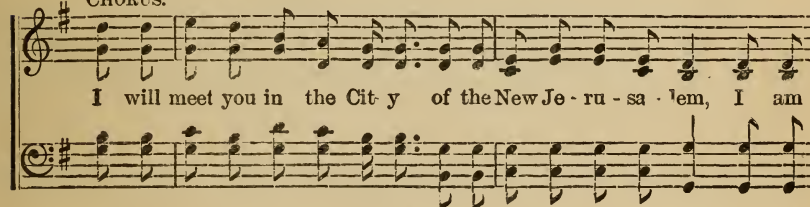


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
 2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long has been—
 4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

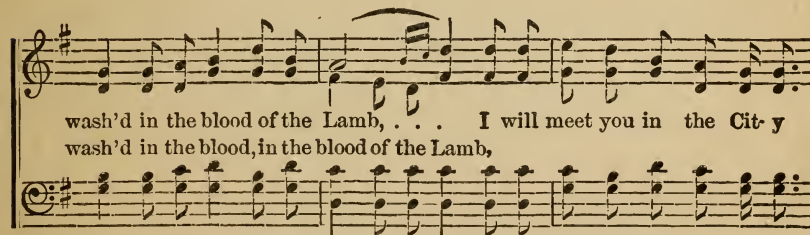


When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
 Such spark - ling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

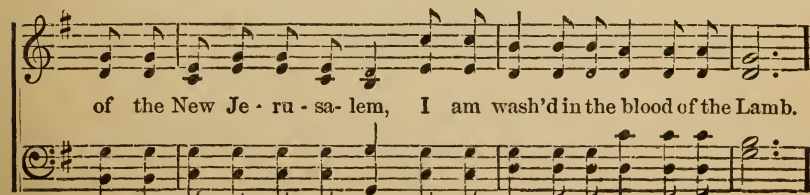
CHORUS.



I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am



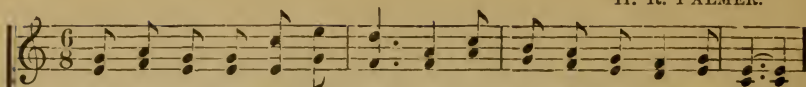
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, . . . I will meet you in the Cit - y
 wash'd in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,



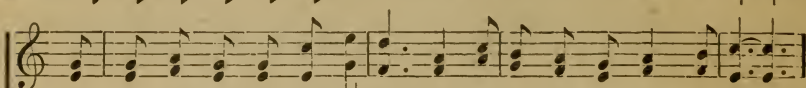
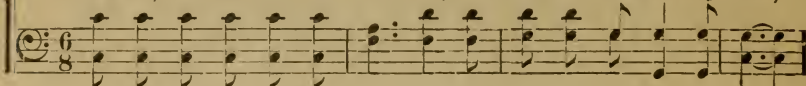
of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 28. MASTER THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

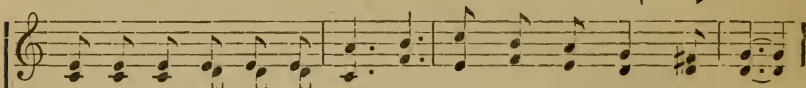
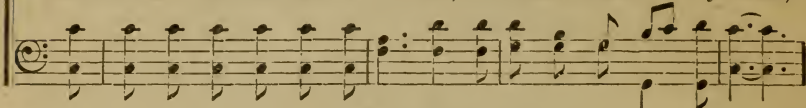
H. R. PALMER.



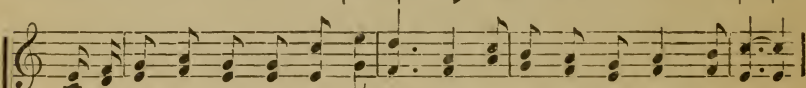
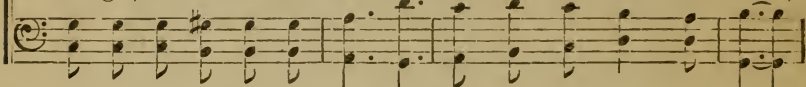
1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweetly rest;



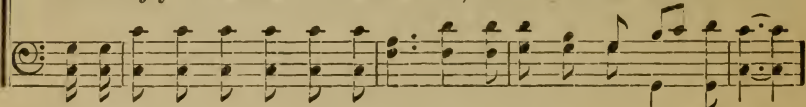
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;



Car-est thou not that we - per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Torrents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-èd Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;



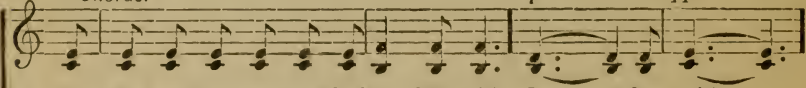
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol!
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



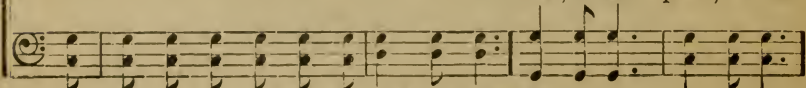
Chorus.

p

pp



The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! peace, be still!



Master, the Tempest is Raging.—Concluded.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - -

ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

- - - - - *do.* *ff* *m*

Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall

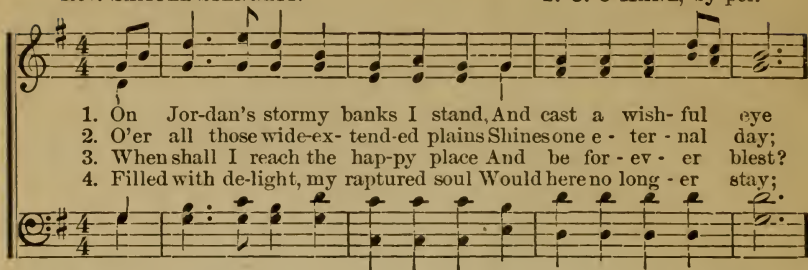
p *pp*

sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

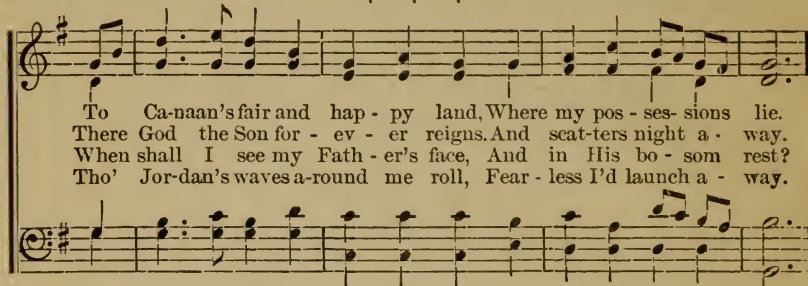
No. 29. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

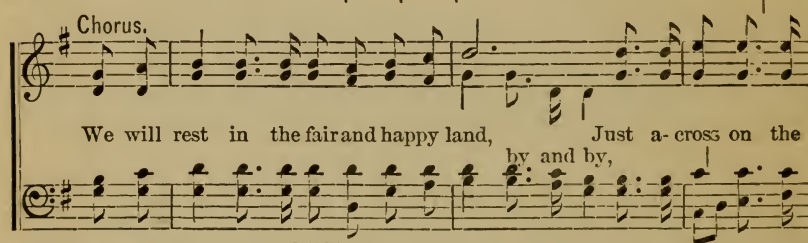


1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide-ex- tend-ed plains Shines one e- ter- nal day;
 3. When shall I reach the hap-py place And be for- ev- er blest?
 4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long- er stay;

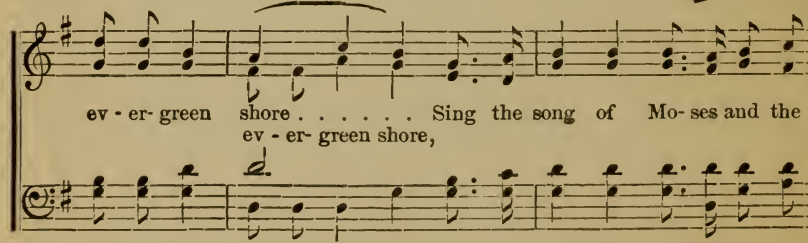


To Ca-naan's fair and hap- py land, Where my pos- ses- sions lie.
 There God the Son for- ev- er reigns. And scat- ters night a- way.
 When shall I see my Fath- er's face, And in His bo- som rest?
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear- less I'd launch a- way.

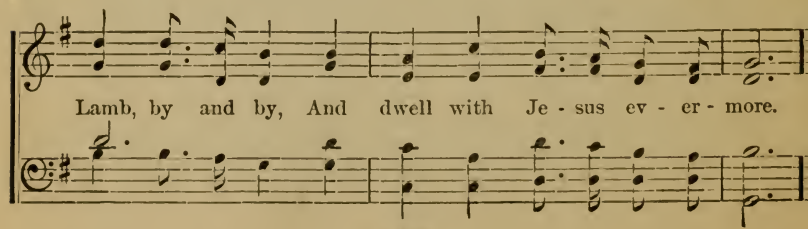
Chorus.



We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a- cross on the
 by and by,



ev- er- green shore Sing the song of Mo- ses and the
 ev- er- green shore,

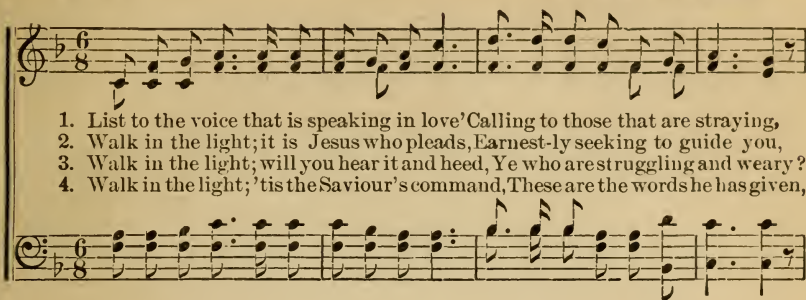


Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je- sus ev- er- more.

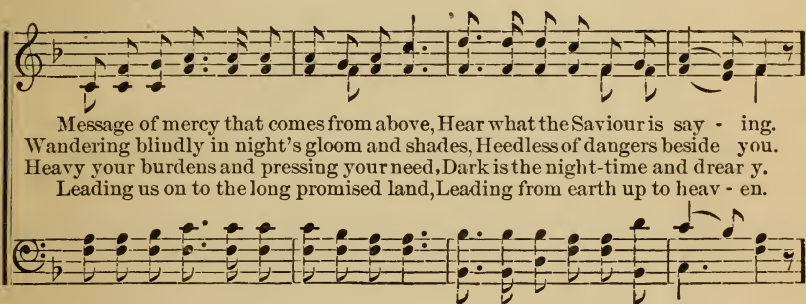
No. 30. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

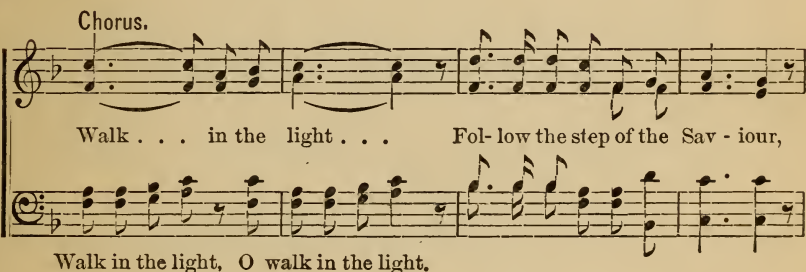


1. List to the voice that is speaking in love' Calling to those that are straying,
2. Walk in the light; it is Jesus who pleads, Earnest-ly seeking to guide you,
3. Walk in the light; will you hear it and heed, Ye who are struggling and weary?
4. Walk in the light; 'tis the Saviour's command, These are the words he has given,



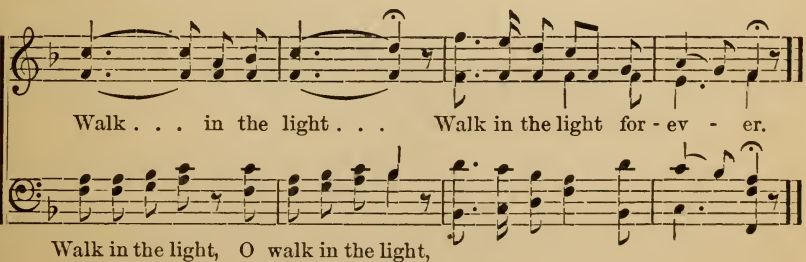
Message of mercy that comes from above, Hear what the Saviour is say - ing.
 Wandering blindly in night's gloom and shades, Heedless of dangers beside you.
 Heavy your burdens and pressing your need, Dark is the night-time and drear y.
 Leading us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heav - en.

Chorus.



Walk . . . in the light . . . Fol - low the step of the Sav - iour,

Walk in the light, O walk in the light,



Walk . . . in the light . . . Walk in the light for - ev - er.

Walk in the light, O walk in the light,

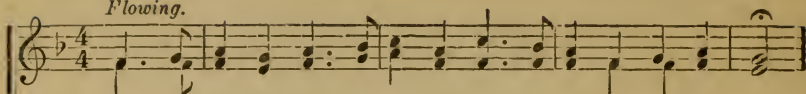
From the "International Lesson Hymnal," by per.

No. 31. WE'LL GREET THEM.

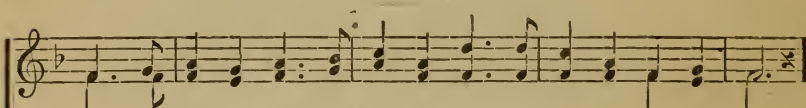
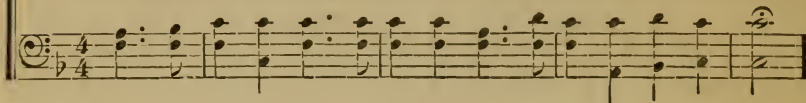
R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

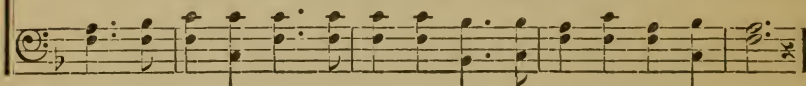
F'lowing.



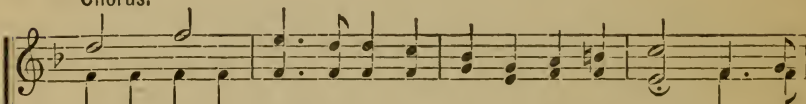
1. In the land so bright and gold-en, Far a-way be-yond the sky;
2. On the mountain heights of Pis-gah, By our faith we al-most see
3. We shall meet our dear de-part-ed, Gath-ered there hard by the throne,



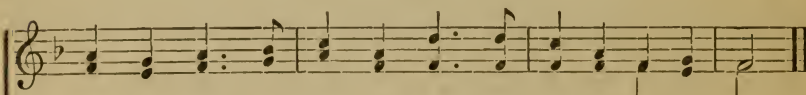
Souls redeemed from earth-ly thral-dom, Shall we greet them by and by?
That fair land, dear land of prom-ise, Where our souls shall be made free.
And with voi-ces joined in con-cert, We shall know as we are known.



Chorus.



Greet them! Greet them on fair Canaan's blissful shore, Sweet! how
We shall greet them,



sweet will be the greet-ing When we meet to part no more.

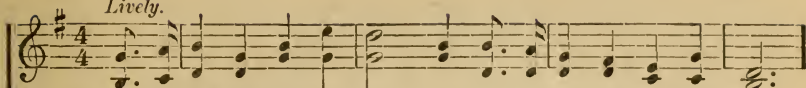


No. 32. HEAR THE NEWS.

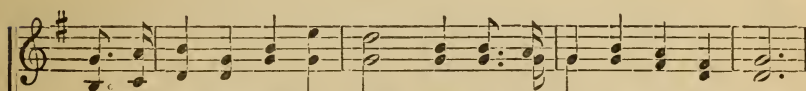
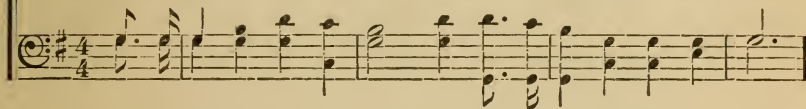
J. E. H.

J. E. HALL, by per.

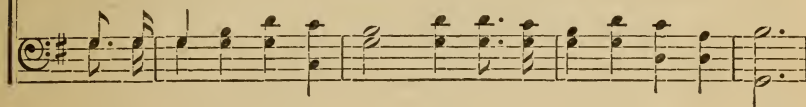
Lively.



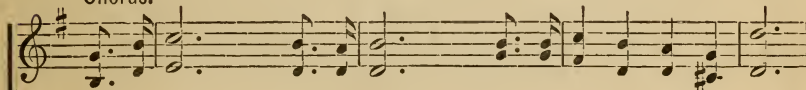
1. Hear the news, glad news of Je - sus, He is com - ing now this way,
2. Hear the news, ye blind ones, hear it, Je - sus comes your sight to give;
3. Hear the news, O sad and wear - y, He the Lord, is now so near,
4. Hear the news, ye sick and dy - ing, Je - sus comes His power to show;



Joy - ful tid - ings that He brings us, Hail with joy the Lord to - day.
 All ye deaf and dumb be - lieve it, And the bless - ing now re - ceive.
 He will all your bur - dens car - ry, And your soul with love and cheer.
 Ask His aid and trust His mer - cy, Per - fect health you then shall know.



Chorus.



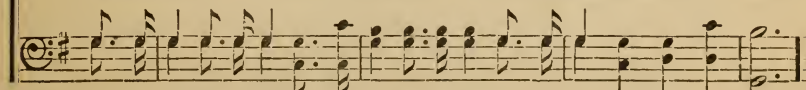
Hear the news, Hear the news, 'Tis the Saviour comes to - day,



Hear the news, Hear the news,



Hear the news, Hear the news, Now prepare without de - lay.



Hear the news, Hear the news,

From the "International Lesson Hymnal."

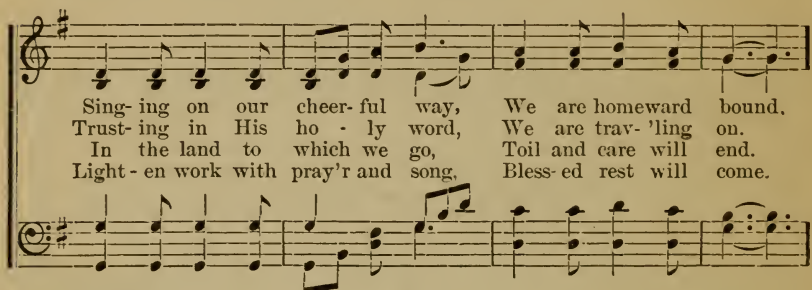
No. 33. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

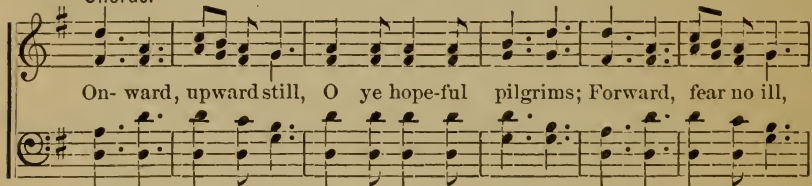


1. We are pil - grims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound;
 2. We are hap - py in the Lord, Trav- 'ling on, trav- 'ling on;
 3. Sin and sor - row here be - low, Soon will end, soon will end;
 4. Work - ing all the way a - long, Rest will come, rest will come;

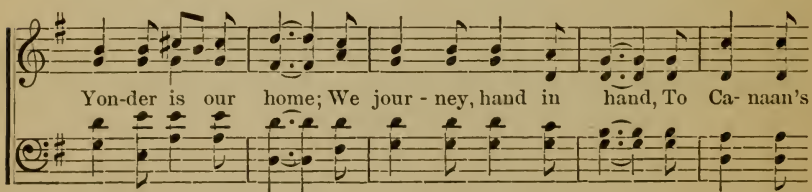


Sing - ing on our cheer - ful way, We are homeward bound,
 Trust - ing in His ho - ly word, We are trav- 'ling on.
 In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.
 Light - en work with pray'r and song, Bless - ed rest will come.

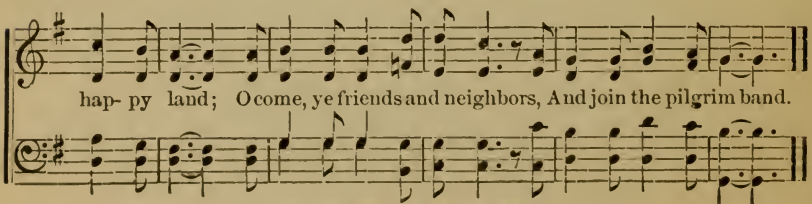
Chorus.



On - ward, upward still, O ye hope - ful pilgrims; Forward, fear no ill,



Yon - der is our home; We jour - ney, hand in hand, To Ca - naan's

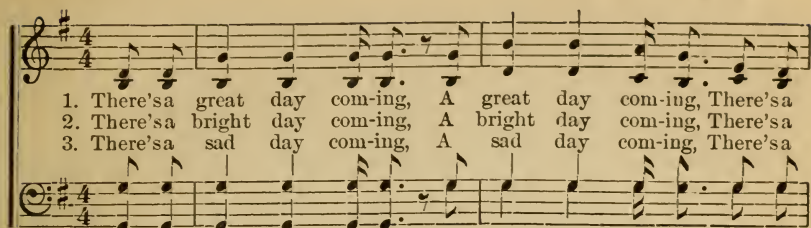


hap - py land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

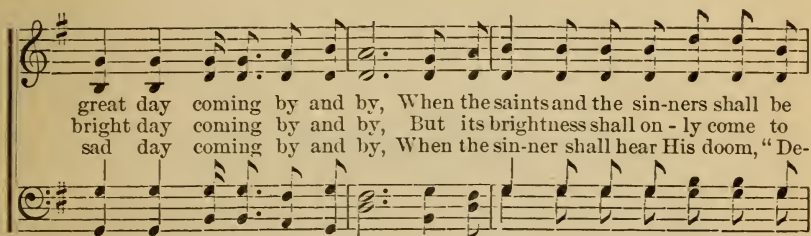
No. 34. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

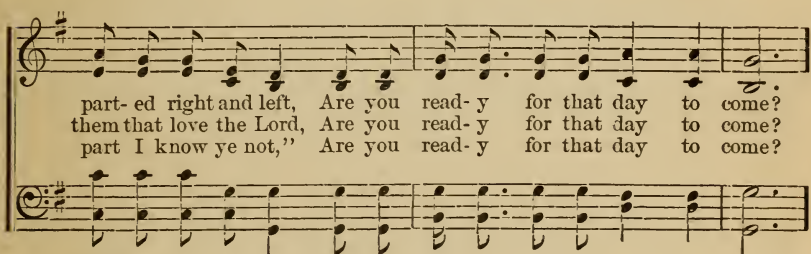
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

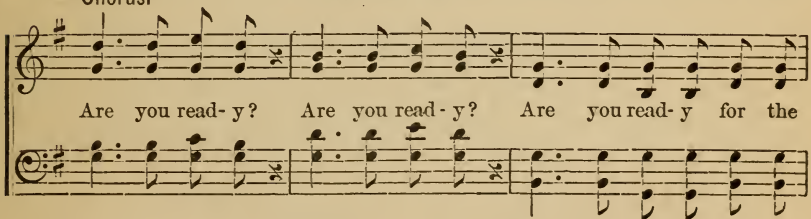


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear His doom, "De-

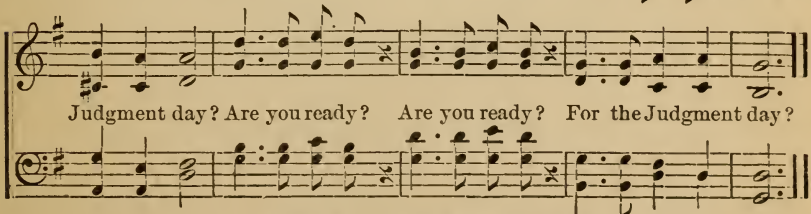


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Chorus.



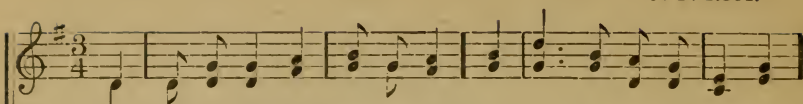
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



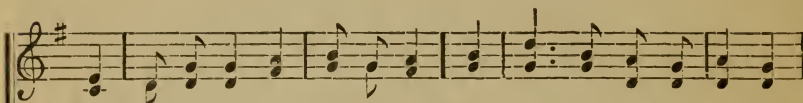
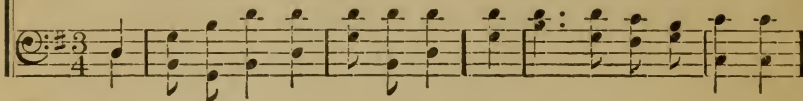
Judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready? For the Judgment day?

No. 35. SHINING SHORE.

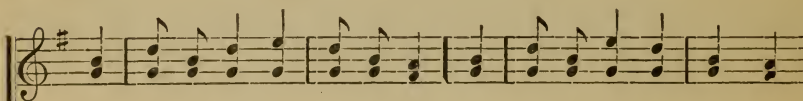
G. F. ROOT.



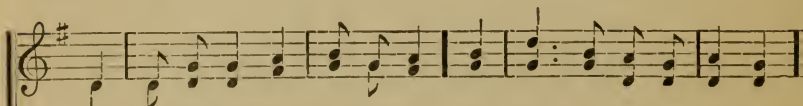
1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. Our absent King the watchword gave, "Let ev - 'ry lamp be burning;"
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor-row,
4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sev - er,



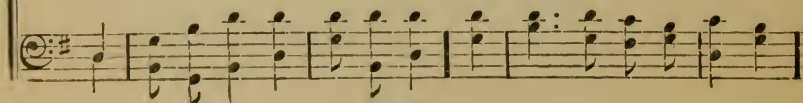
Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger;
 We look a - far a - cross the wave, Our dis-tant home dis-cern-ing.
 For hope will sing with courage bold, "There's glo-ry on the mor-row.
 There—bright and joyous in the skies, There—is our home for - ev - er:



For now we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o - ver;



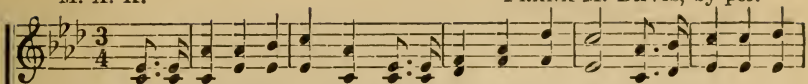
And, just be-fore, the shining shore We may al-most dis-cov - er.



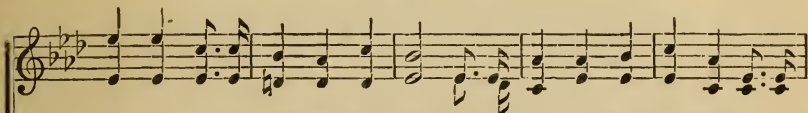
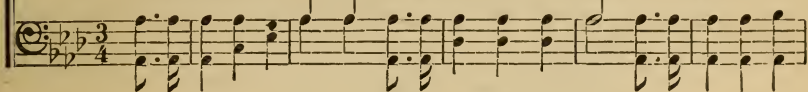
No. 36. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. K.

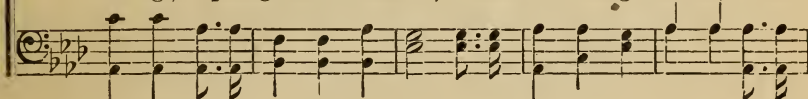
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Lord I care not for riches, Neither sil - ver nor gold, I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied



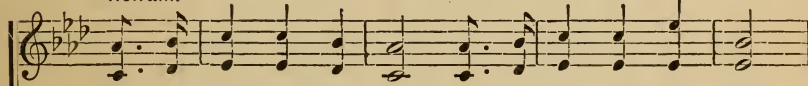
glo - ry, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is written In bright be-ings, In pure garments of white, Where no evil thing com-eth, To de-



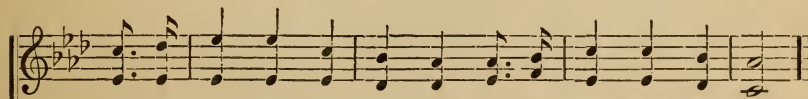
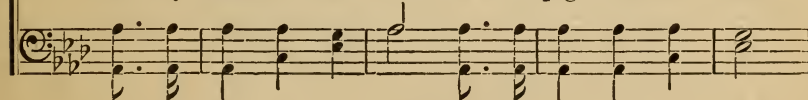
pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there? letters that glow. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?



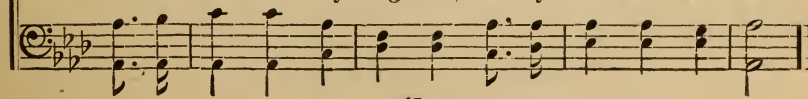
Refrain.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

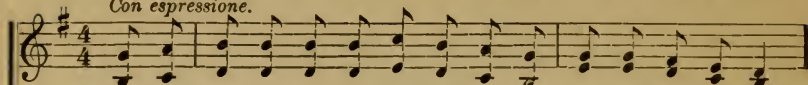


No. 37. OUR MOTHER'S WAY.

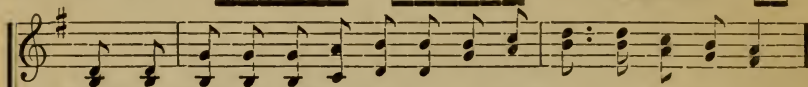
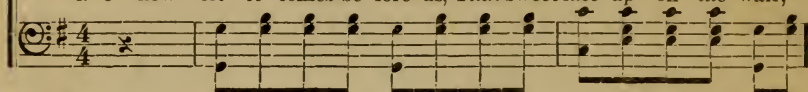
Furnished by EL. NATHAN, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

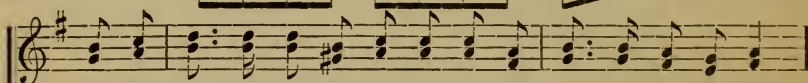
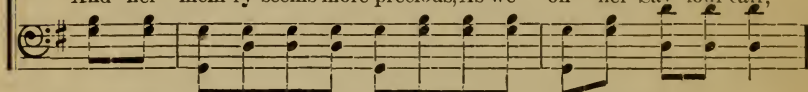
Con espressione.



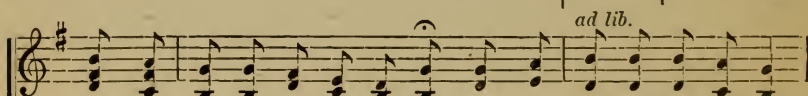
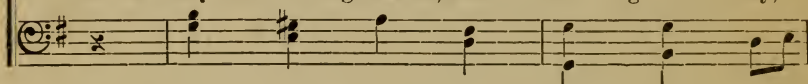
1. Oft with - in a lit - tle cot - tage, As the shadows gent - ly fall,
2. If our home be bright and cheer - y If it holds a wel - come true,
3. Sometimes when our hearts grow heavy, Or our task seems ver - y long,
4. O how oft it comes be - fore us, That sweet face up - on the wall,



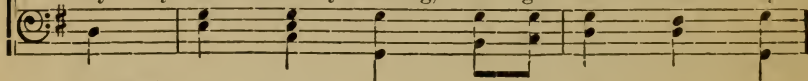
While the sun - light touch - es soft - ly, One sweet face up - on the wall;
Open - ing wide its door of greet - ing, To the ma - ny not the few;
When our bur - dens look too heav - y, And we deem the right all wrong;
And her mem'ry seems more precious, As we on her Sav - iour call;



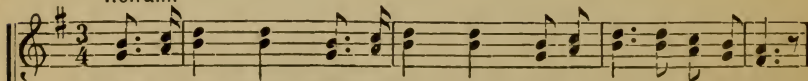
There the lone - ly loved ones gather, And in hushed and ten - der tone,
If we share our Father's boun - ty, With the need - y day by day,
Then we gain a new fresh courage, As once more we rise to say,
That at last, when evening shadows, Mark the clos - ing of life's day,



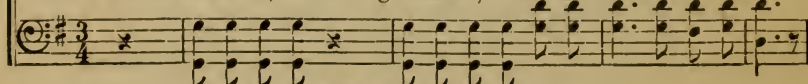
Ask each oth - ers full for - giveness, For the wrong that each had done.
'Tis be - cause our hearts remem - ber, "This was ev - er mother's way."
Let us do our du - ty brave - ly, "This was our dear mother's way."
They may find us calm - ly wait - ing, To go home our mother's way.



Refrain.



1. As I won - dered why this cus - tom, At the clos - ing of the day,
- 2.3.4. Gentle moth - er, lov - ing moth - er, Sainted moth - er fond and true.



OUR MOTHER'S WAY.—Concluded.

'Tis be-cause they sweetly an - swer, "It was once our mother's way."
 Rest-ing now in peace with Je - sus, Lov-ing hearts re- mem-ber you.

No. 38. ABIDE WITH ME.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the

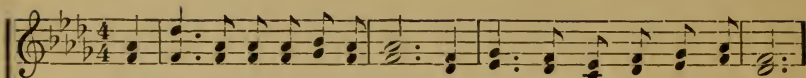
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and

fail and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.
 all around I see; O Thou who changest not a - bide with me.
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 grave, thy vic - tory? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

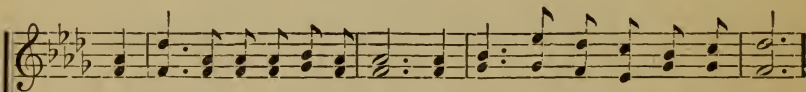
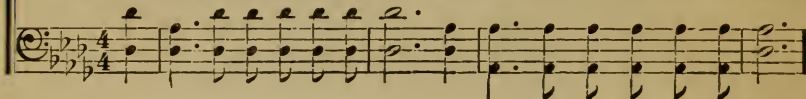
No. 39. I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. The Cru - ci - fied of Cal - va - ry Has ta - ken all my load of sin;
2. Wea - ry and sad I wander'd, long Oppress'd with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a resting-place is this, And ref - uge for the wea - ry soul,
4. Se - cure from ev - 'ry foe am I, While rest - ing in the cru - ci - fied:

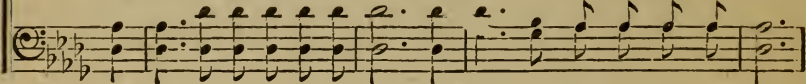


Has cleans'd my heart from ev'ry stain, And brought the glorious fullness in.

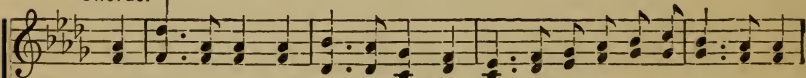
But when the Cru-ci-fied I sought, I found sweet rest and sol - ace there.

Where sin's wild ocean cannot drown, Tho' near its threat'ning billows roll!

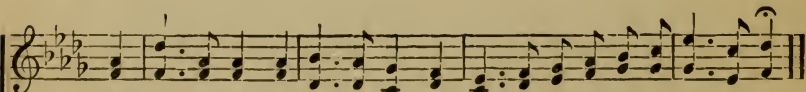
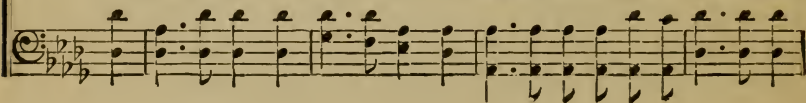
Here is a calm and safe re-treat, And here I ev - er would a - bide.



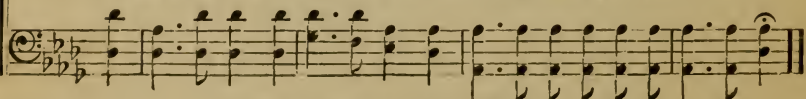
Chorus.



The Cru - ci - fied of Cal - va - ry, I'm sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fied:



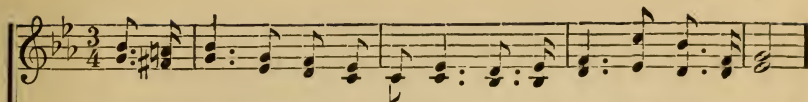
He saves me now, and all the time I'm sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fied.



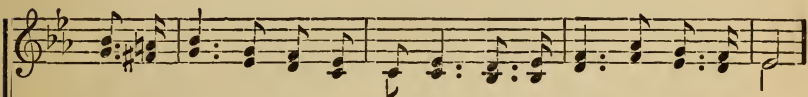
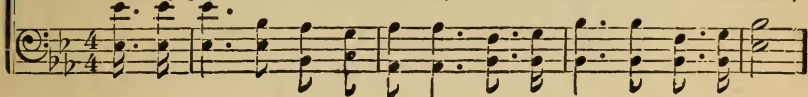
No. 40. LOVE AND GRACE.

I. I. L.

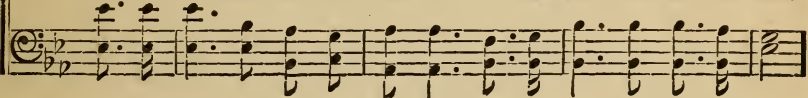
I. I. LESLIE.



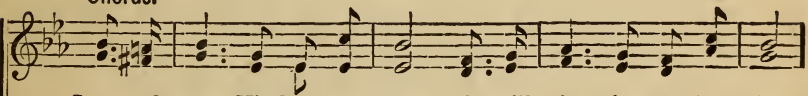
1. Oh! 'twas love that brought me to Him, And 'tis love that keeps me there;
2. Dark it was be- fore I found Him, And the way I could not see;
3. Oh! how blest to walk with Je- sus! Joy we nev- er knew be-fore;
4. Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk the nar- row way;
5. Then my joy will be for- ev- er; There no clouds will in- ter-vene;



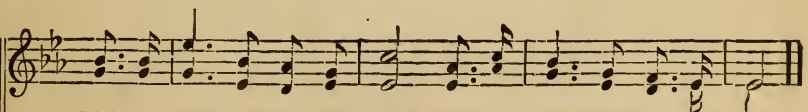
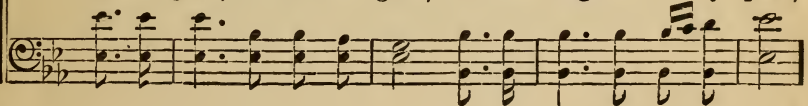
By His grace it was I knew Him, Now my Sav- iour dear and fair.
 Now the light that shines a- round Him, As I fol- low, falls on me.
 From our fears His presence frees us, While we trust Him more and more.
 But He soon will call me to Him, In that bright approaching day.
 And the dark- ness comes there nev- er— I shall see Him as I'm seen.



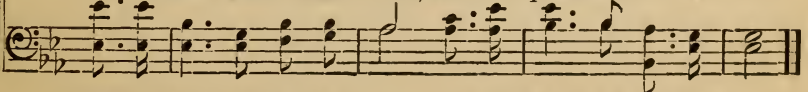
Chorus.



Love and grace, His love and grace, I will sing in ev- 'ry place,



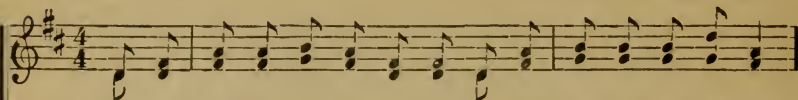
Till I reach that bliss ful shore, Where I'll praise Him ev- er- more!



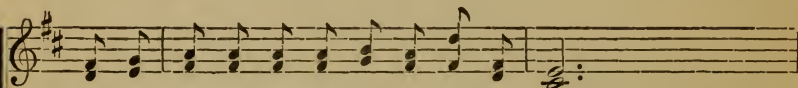
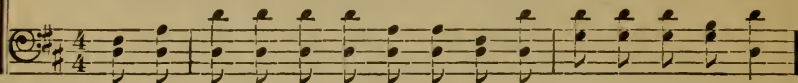
No. 41. WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

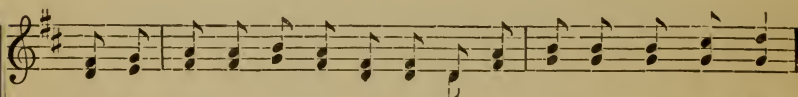
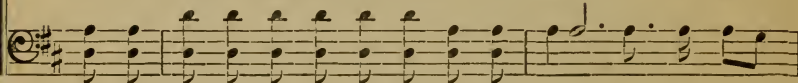
J. H. KURZEKNABE.



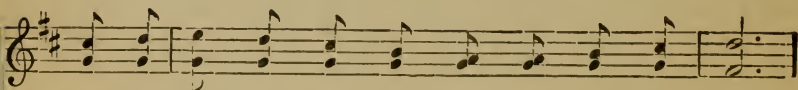
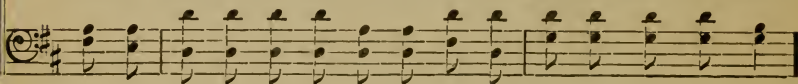
1. At the sounding of the trum-pet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fin - al judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding and the an - gel bands proclaim,



We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, crys - tal sea,
 We shall gath - er and the sav'd and ransom'd see, glad - ly see,
 When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, we shall see,
 In tri - umphant strains the glorious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee,



With the friends and all the lov'd ones, thee a - waiting us to come,
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
 At the bid - ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.



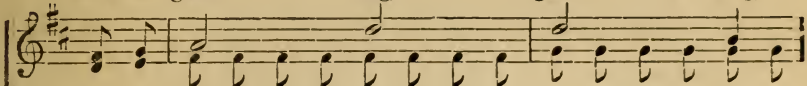
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.



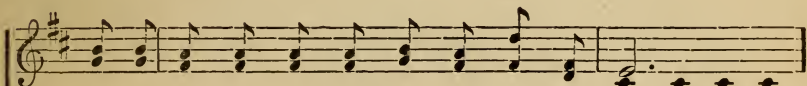
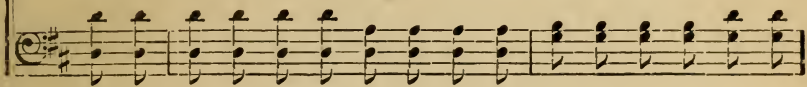
What a Gath'ring That will be.—Concluded.

Chorus.

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,



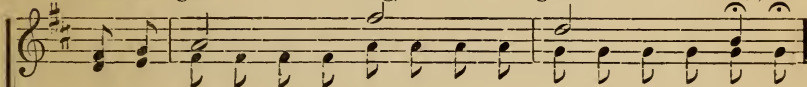
What a gath'ring of the lov'd ones, when we'll meet with one another,



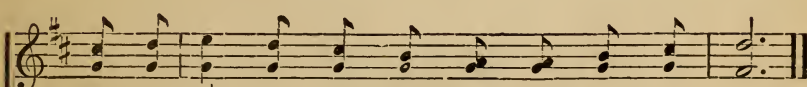
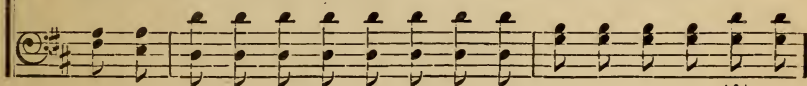
At the sound-ing of the glo-rious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee!



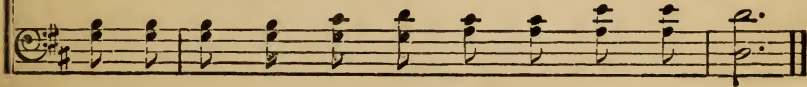
What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,



What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other,



What a gath-'ring of the faith - ful that will be!

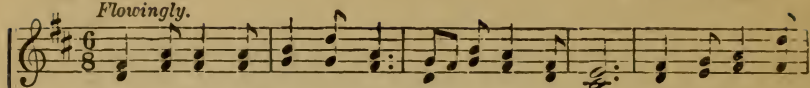


No. 42. Nothing, Lord, Have I to Bring.

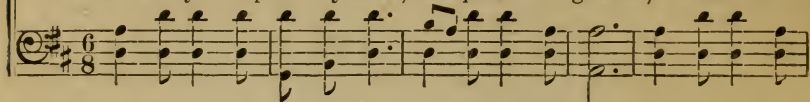
R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

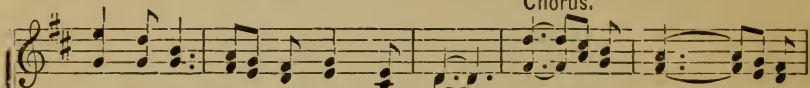
Flowingly.



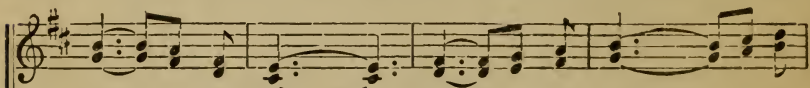
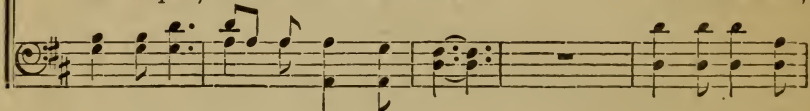
1. Noth-ing, Lord, have I to bring; This is all my plea: Je- sus on the
2. All unclean, a - las! un-cleau, Heart by sins de- filed; But my Saviour
3. Dear Redeem-er, precious Lamb, While 'tiscall to- day; In con-tri-tion
4. Write Thy law up-on my heart, Stamp Thine image there; Nevermore from



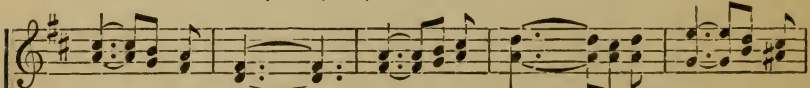
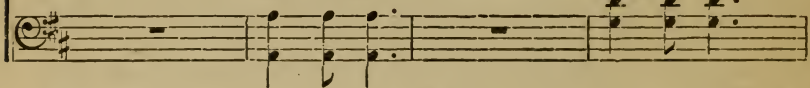
Chorus.



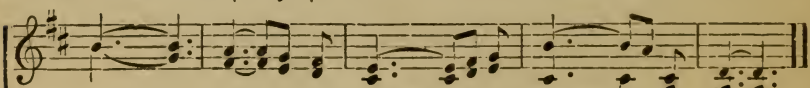
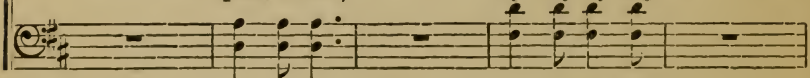
rugg-ed cross Died to ran- som me. Pre- cious Sav- iour,
calls and says, "Be ye re- con- ciled."
I would come; Wash my guilt a- way.
me de-part, Be Thou ev- er near. Precious Saviour,



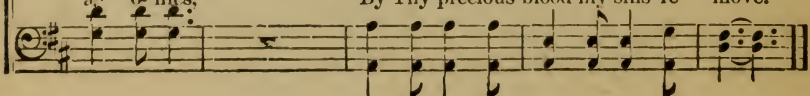
Lord of all, . . . Speak to me; oh,
Lord of all, Speak to me.



speak in love! By Thy dy- ing ag- o-
speak in love; By Thy dy- ing



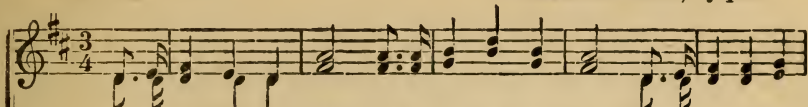
nies, . . . By . . . Thy blood . . . my sins . . . re- move.
ag- o- nies, By Thy precious blood my sins re- move.




No. 43. I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

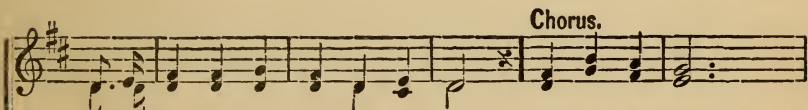


1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my refuge thro'
 2. I am safe in the cleft that was riv-en for me, From the pow'r of the
 3. I am safe in the Rock, let whatev-er betide, Death and hell have no

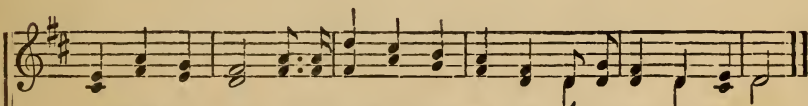


storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the billows' mad foam,
 temp-ter I'm free; Tho' my pathway be dark and the storm sweep the sky,
 ter-ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the shadow-y vale,

Chorus.



Yet I'm sheltered for - ev - er in Thee. Sheltered in Thee,
 Yet se-cure - ly I'm sheltered in Thee.
 For se-cure - ly I'm sheltered in Thee. Sheltered in

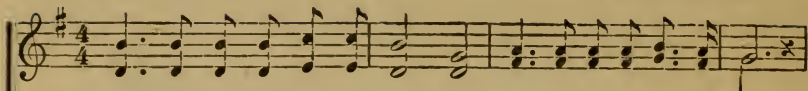


sheltered in Thee, O thou blest Rock of A-ges, I am sheltered in Thee!
 Thee, in Thee,

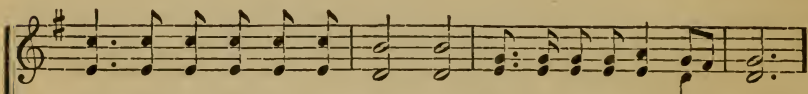
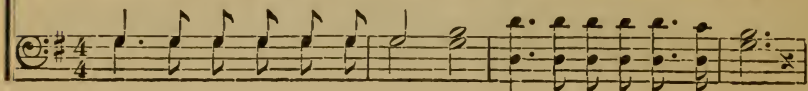
No. 44. NEVERMORE.

Dr. H. BONAR.

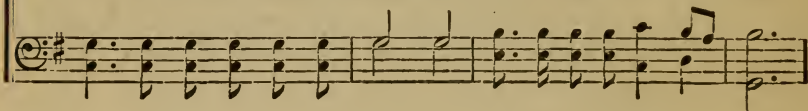
J. H. TENNEY.



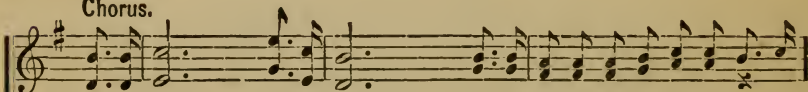
1. This it not my place of rest - ing; Mine's a cit-y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day;
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a - long;



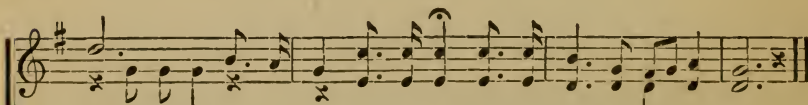
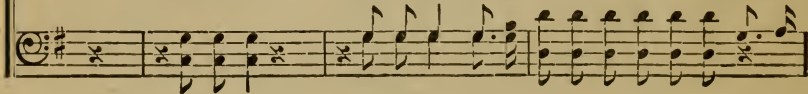
On - ward to it I am hast - ing On to my e - ter - nal home.
 Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse hath pass'd a - way.
 On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us; Turns our sighing in - to song.



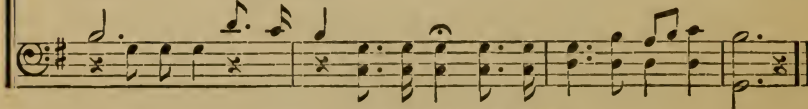
Chorus.



Nev - er - more, never - more, nevermore be sad and weary,
 Never - more, never - more, never - Nev - er -



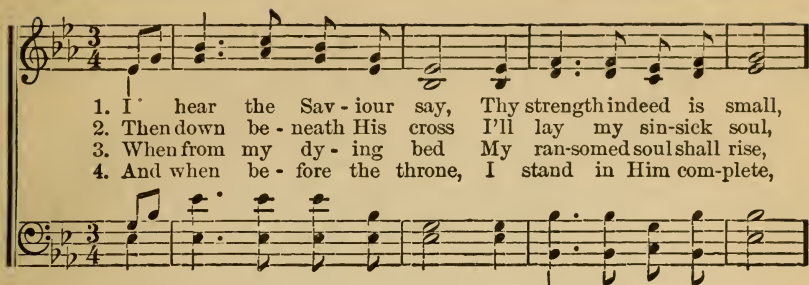
Nev - er - more, nev - er - more, nev - er - more to sin a - gain.
 more, nev - er - more,



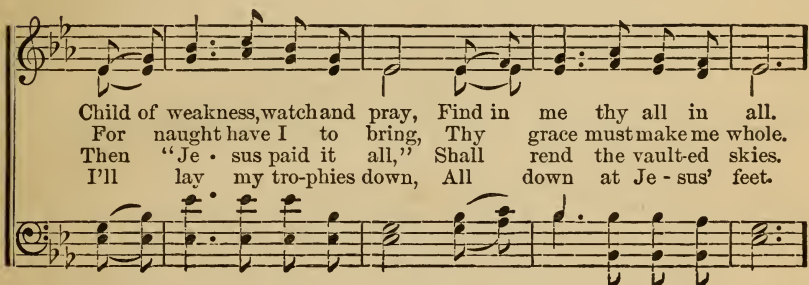
No. 45. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

J. T. GRAPE, by per.



1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength indeed is small,
 2. Then down be-neath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
 3. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
 4. And when be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete,

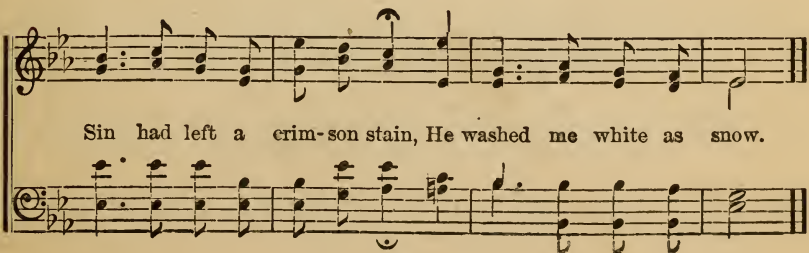


Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thy all in all.
 For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
 Then "Je-sus paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
 I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Chorus.



Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

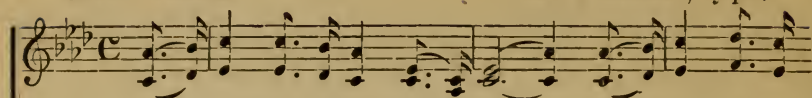


Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed me white as snow.

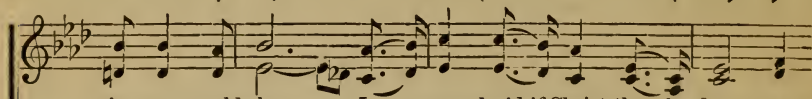
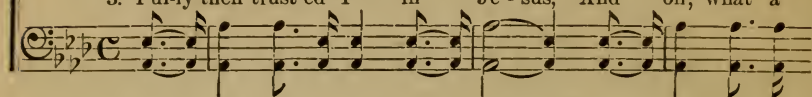
No. 46. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. I. BUTLER.

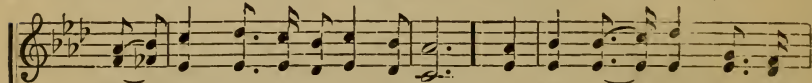
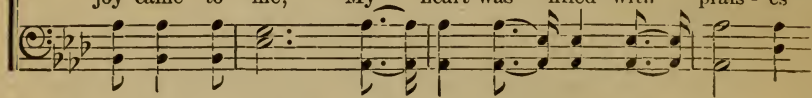
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



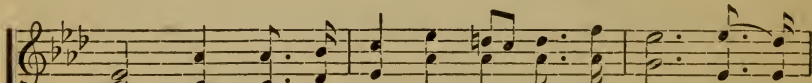
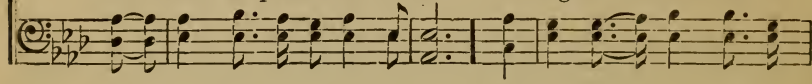
1. I was once far a-way from the Sav-iour, And as vile as a
2. But there in that lone-ly hour A voice sweet-ly
3. Full-ly then trust-ed I in Je-sus, And oh, what a



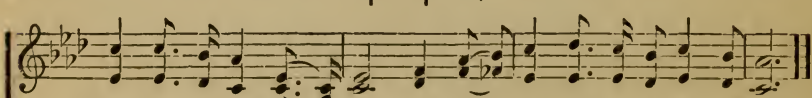
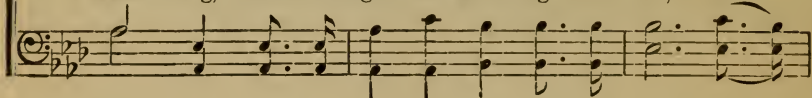
sin-ner could be, I won-der'd if Christ, the Re-deem-er,
whis-per'd to me, Say-ing, "Christ, the Re-deem-er, hath pow-er
joy came to me; My heart was filled with prais-es



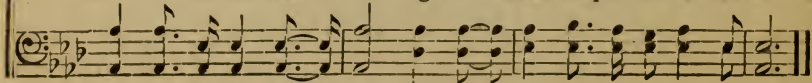
Would save a poorsinner like me. I wan-dered on in the
To save a poorsinner like thee." I listen'd, and lo! 'twas the
For Hesav'd a poorsinner like me. No long-er in dark-ness I'm



dark-ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the
Sav-iour That was speak-ing so kind to me; I
walk-ing, For the light is shin-ing on me; And



thought fill'd my heart with sad-ness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.
cried, "I'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou cans't save a poor sinner like me.
now un-to oth-ers I'm tell-ing How He saved a poor sinner like me.

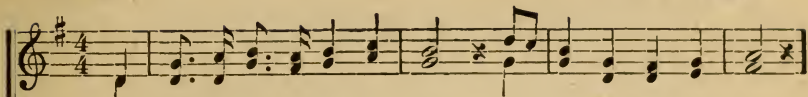


From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

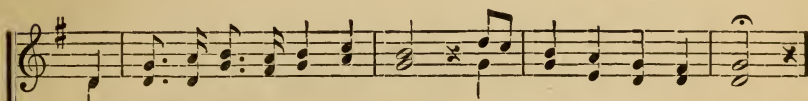
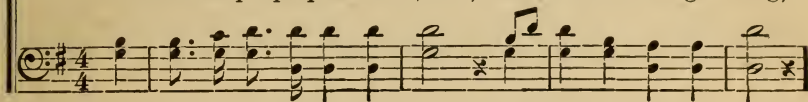
No. 47. SPREAD THE NEWS.

LYTE.

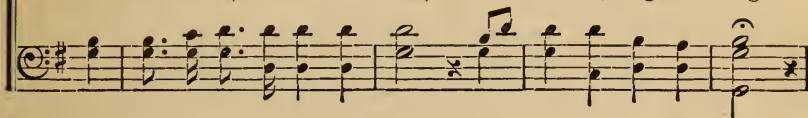
R. G. STAPLES.



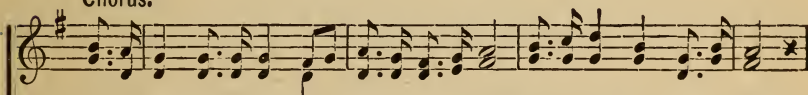
1. Be mer - ci - ful to us, O God; Up - on Thy peo - ple shine;
2. Give light and comfort to Thine own; And let that light ex - tend;
3. Let all the peo - ple praise Thee, Lord; Let all their homage bring;



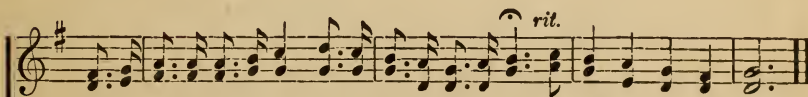
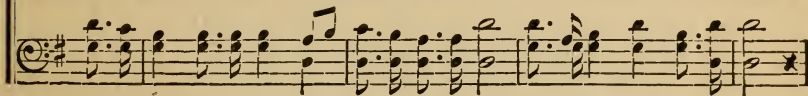
And spread Thy saving truth a - broad, Till all that live be Thine.
Till Thy prevail - ing name be known, To earth's re - mot - est bound.
From sea to sea, be Thou a - dored, Re - deem - er, Judge and King.



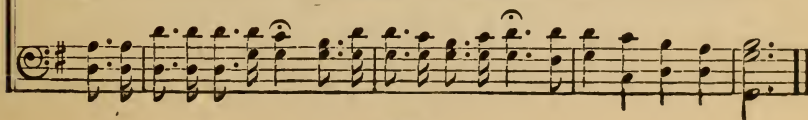
Chorus.



Spread the news far and wide, Across the ocean's tide, Tell a Saviour's boundless love,



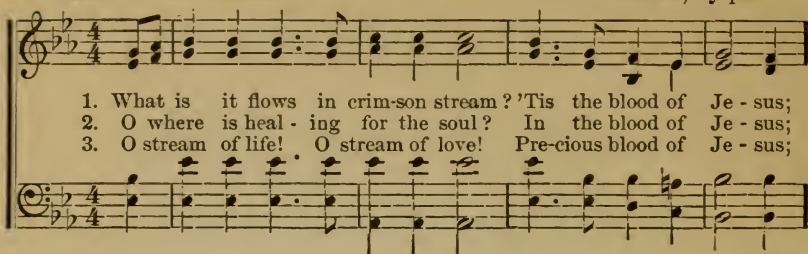
The glad tidings noise abroad, Let us praise with one accord, Our God who rules above.



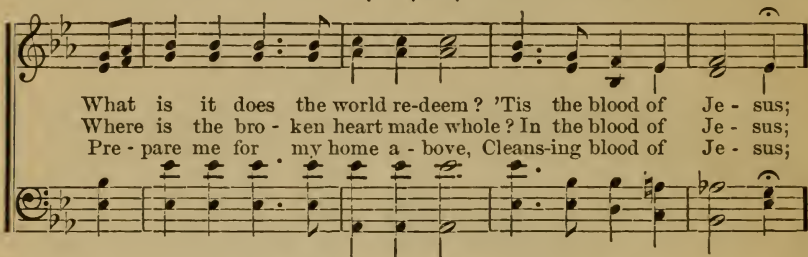
No. 48. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

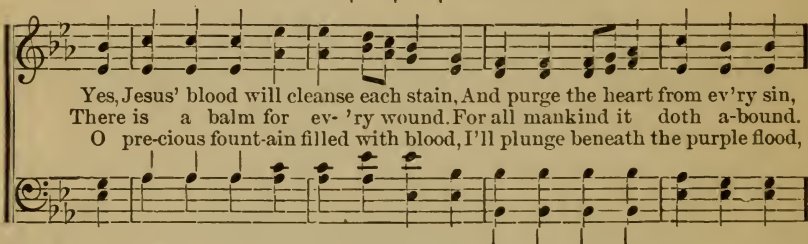
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



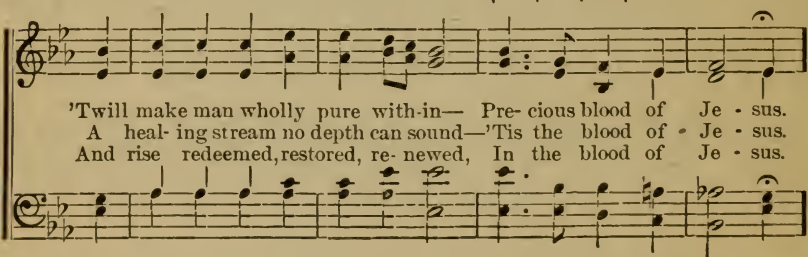
1. What is it flows in crim-son stream? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus;
 2. O where is heal - ing for the soul? In the blood of Je - sus;
 3. O stream of life! O stream of love! Pre-cious blood of Je - sus;



What is it does the world re-deem? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus;
 Where is the bro - ken heart made whole? In the blood of Je - sus;
 Pre - pare me for my home a - bove, Cleans-ing blood of Je - sus;

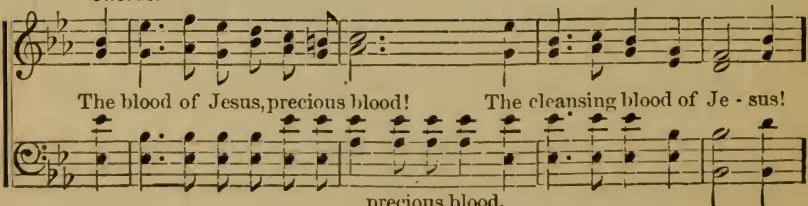


Yes, Jesus' blood will cleanse each stain, And purge the heart from ev'ry sin,
 There is a balm for ev-'ry wound. For all mankind it doth a-bound.
 O pre-cious fount-ain filled with blood, I'll plunge beneath the purple flood,



'Twill make man wholly pure with-in— Pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
 A heal-ing stream no depth can sound—'Tis the blood of Je - sus.
 And rise redeemed, restored, re-newed, In the blood of Je - sus.

Chorus.



The blood of Jesus, precious blood! The cleansing blood of Je - sus!

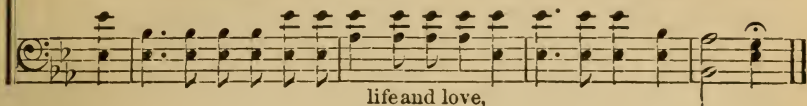
precious blood,

From the "International Lesson Hymnal,"

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.—Concluded.



Flow on thou stream of life and love— The blood, the blood of Je - sus!

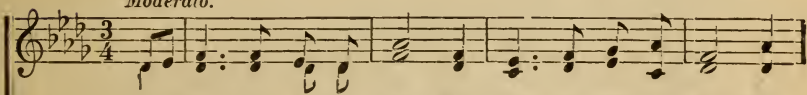


life and love,

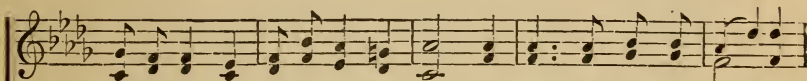
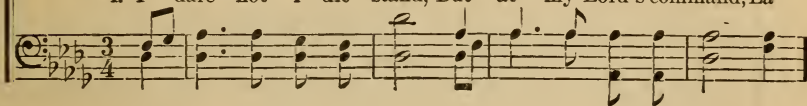
No. 49. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

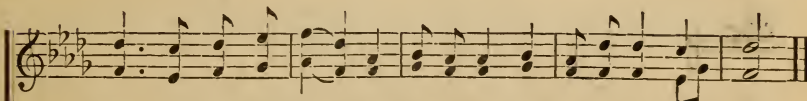
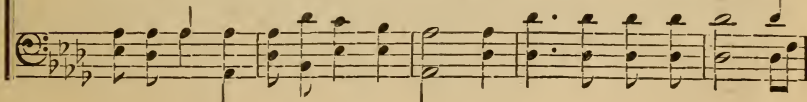
Moderato.



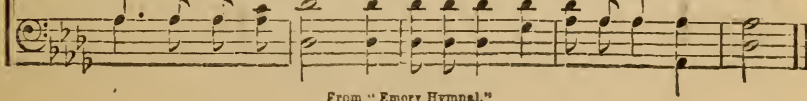
1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While on the shift - ing sand The
3. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor
4. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command, La -



whiten - ing fields declare the harvest near; A glean - er I would be, And
ocean casts bright treasures at my feet; Beneath some shell's rough side The
wand'ring souls need humble help like mine; Brighter than brightest gem In
- bor for Him throughout my life's short day, Evening will come at last, Day's



gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest I with empty hands at last ap - pear.
tint - ed pearl may hide, And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.
mon - arch's di - a - dem, Each soul, a star in Jesus' crown may shine.
la - bor all be passed, And rest - e - ter - nal my brief toil re - pay.

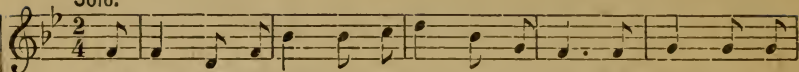


No. 50. 'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

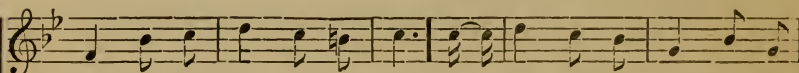
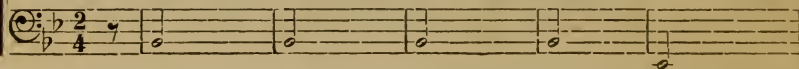
FRANCIS L. KEELER.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

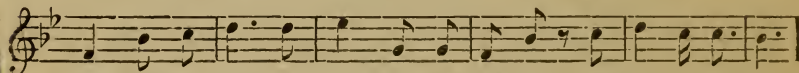
Solo.



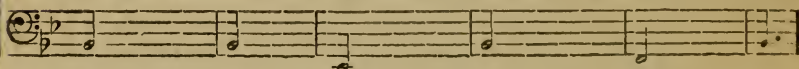
1. At home or a-broad, in the al - ley or street, Wher - ev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath stray'd, No mat - ter what
4. No mat - ter how wayward his foot-steps have been; No mat - ter how
5. That head hath been pillow'd on ten - der - est breast; That form hath been



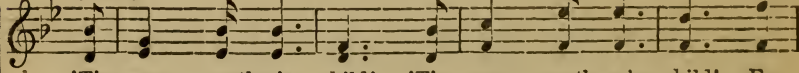
chance in the wide world to meet, A girl that is thoughtless, a -
harden'd, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wom - an all fall - en, or
in - roads dis - hon - or hath made; No mat - ter what el - e - ments
deep he is sunk - en in sin; No mat - ter how low is his
wept o'er, those lips have been press'd; That soul hath been pray'd for in



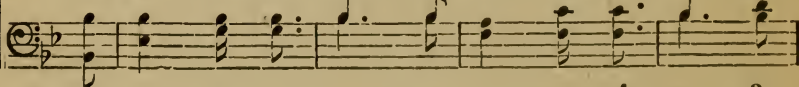
boy that is wild, My heart ech - oes soft - ly— 'tis some mother's child.
man all de - filed, A voice whispers sad - ly— 'tis some mother's child.
canker'd the pearl—Tho' tarn - ish'd and sul - lied, she's some mother's girl.
stand - ard of joy.— Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
tone sweet and mild; For her sake deal gen - tly with some mother's child.



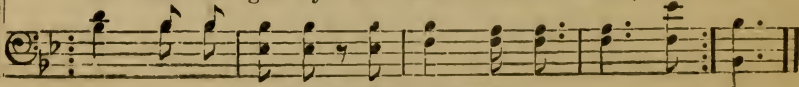
Chorus.



'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some moth - er's child! For



her sake deal gen - tly with some mother's child, For child.



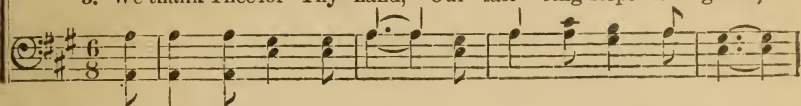
No. 51. NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

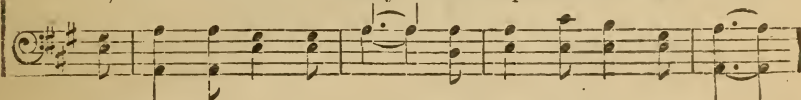
R. G. STAPLES



1. We thank Thee, O our God, For Christ, Thy bless - ed Son,
2. We thank Thee for Thy grace, Thy mer - cy, peace, and pow'r,
3. We thank Thee for Thy hand, Our falt' - ring steps to guide;



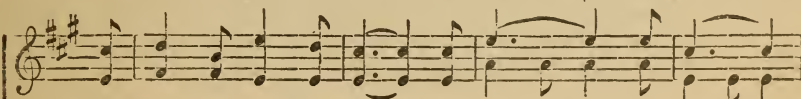
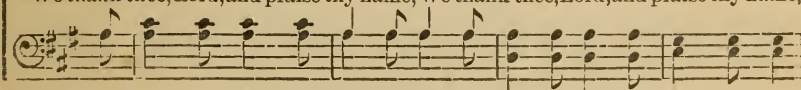
Who, on the lift - ed cross, Our peace and par - don won.
So lov - ing - ly be - stowed Each swift - ly pass - ing hour.
Oh, nev - er let us stray One step from Thee a - side.



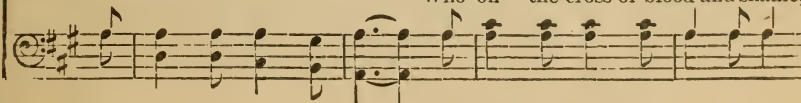
Chorus.



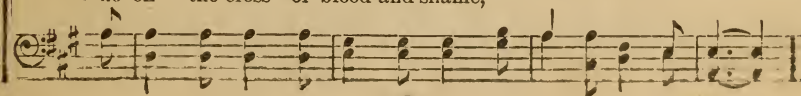
We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy name,
We thank thee, Lord, and praise thy name, We thank thee, Lord, and praise thy name,



For Christ, Thy bless - ed Son; Who on..... The cross.....
Who on the cross of blood and shame,



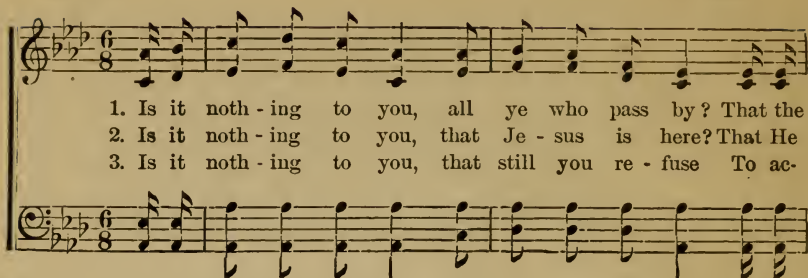
of blood..... and shame, Our peace and par - don won.
Who on the cross of blood and shame,



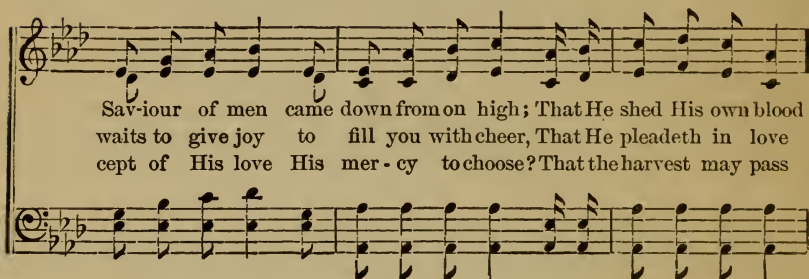
NO. 52. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU ?

J. E. H.

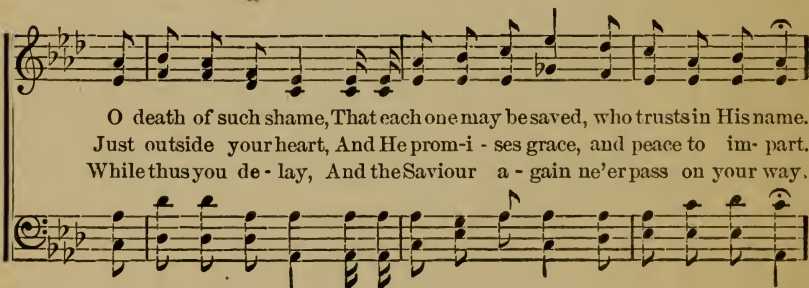
J. E. HALL.



1. Is it noth - ing to you, all ye who pass by ? That the
 2. Is it noth - ing to you, that Je - sus is here ? That He
 3. Is it noth - ing to you, that still you re - fuse To ac -

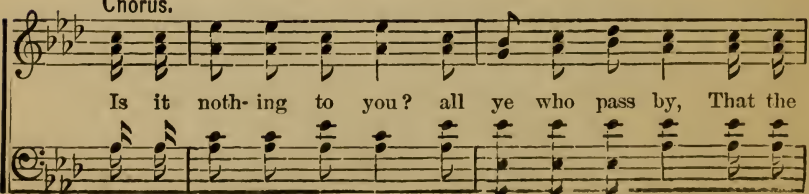


Sav-iour of men came down from on high ; That He shed His own blood
 waits to give joy to fill you with cheer, That He pleadeth in love
 cept of His love His mer - cy to choose ? That the harvest may pass



O death of such shame, That each one may be saved, who trusts in His name.
 Just outside your heart, And He prom-i - ses grace, and peace to im- part.
 While thus you de - lay, And the Saviour a - gain ne'er pass on your way.

Chorus.



Is it noth - ing to you ? all ye who pass by, That the

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? Concluded.

Sav-iour of men should suf-fer and die? That He plead-eth for you,

Saying "come un-to me," Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you?

No. 53. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an-gels hov'ring round, There are an-gels hov'ring round,
2. They will carry the tid-ings home, They will carry the tid-ings home;

There are an-gels, an-gels hov'-ring round.
They will car-ry, car-ry the tid-ings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

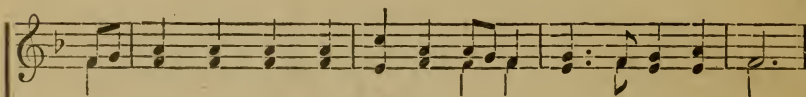
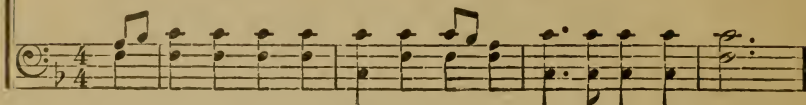
6 There's glory all around, etc.

No. 54. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

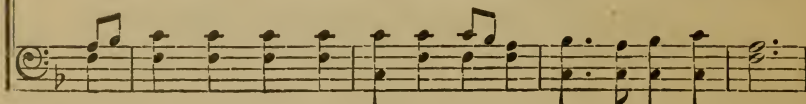
Dr. MILLER.



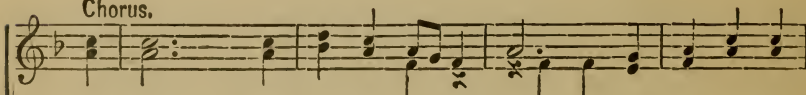
1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome,
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,



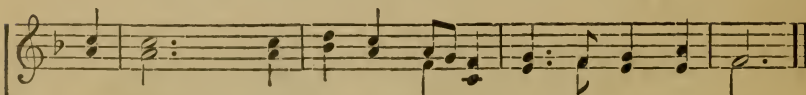
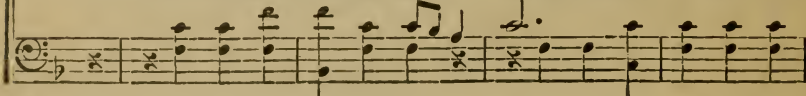
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home.



Chorus.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,



We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.



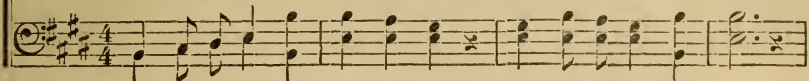
No. 55. THE RIFTED ROCK.

R. G. STAPLES.

W. F. HEATH.



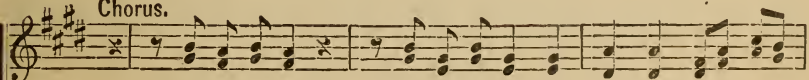
1. No oth-er ref-uge, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but Thee?
2. Tho' clouds obscure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu-ry rage,
3. Come, stormy wind, come, tempest shock, Roll, billows of the sea;



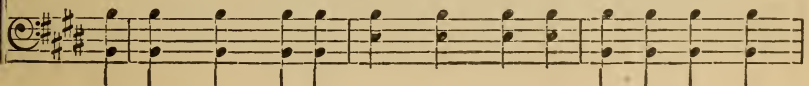
Oh, fix my hope up - on the Rock That has been cleft for me.
 Safe from alarm, I rest se - cure Till Thou the storms as - suage.
 I am se - cure with - in the Rock That has been cleft for me.



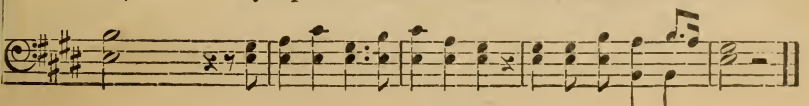
Chorus.



The rifted Rock, the rifted Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter
 The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter

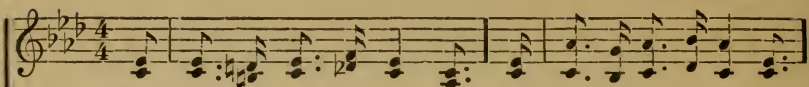


shelter me;
 me, My hope is on the rift-ed Rock That has been cleft for me.

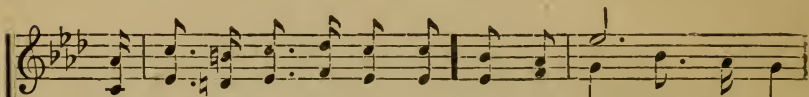


No. 56. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

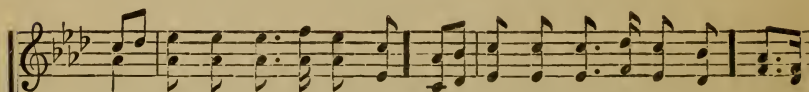
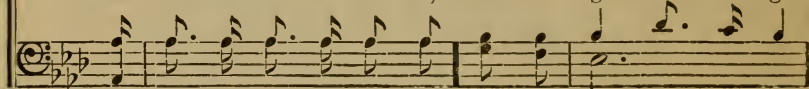
H. R. PALMER.



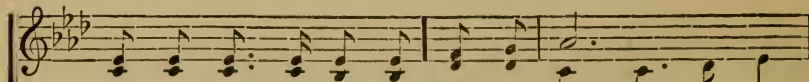
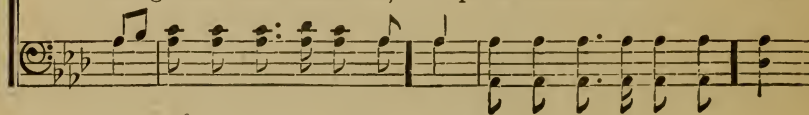
1. The prize is set be-fore us— To win, our Lord implores us!
 2. We fol - low where He lead - eth— We pasture where He feedeth—
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us; No tri-als there to move us,



The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high!
 We yield to Him who plead-eth From on high, from on high!
 But Christ our Lord to love us, Dwells on high: dwells on high!



His lov- ing tones are fall- ing, While sin is dark, ap- pal- ing; 'Tis
 For naught from Him can sever; Our hope shall brighten ev- er; And
 We give our best en- deav- or; We praise His name for- ev- er; His

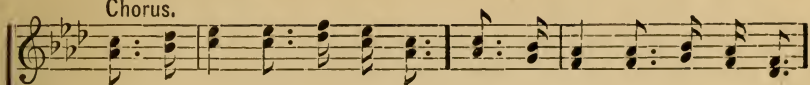


Je - sus gen - tly call - ing— He is nigh, He is nigh.
 faith shall fail us nev - er— He is nigh, He is nigh.
 pre - cious words can nev - er— Nev - er die, nev - er die.

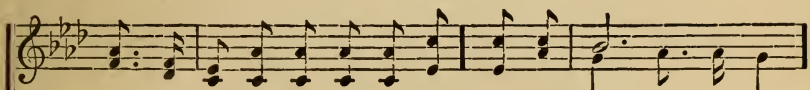
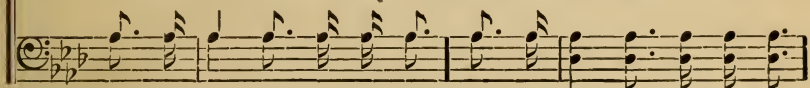


THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.—Concluded.

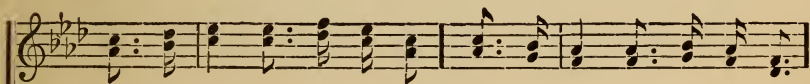
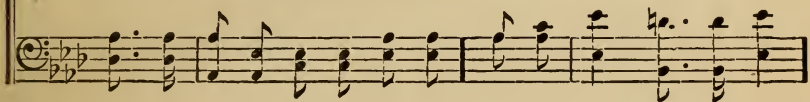
Chorus.



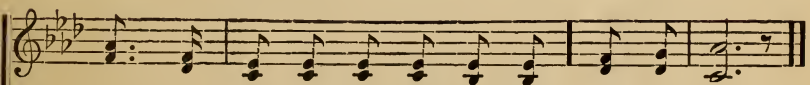
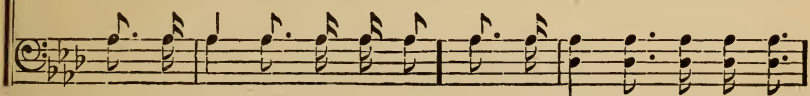
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him,



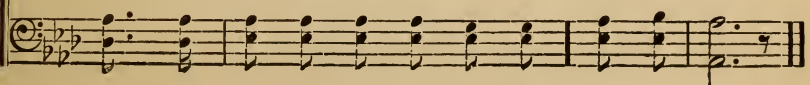
And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by, by and by;



By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him,



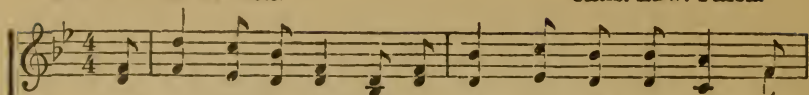
And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by.



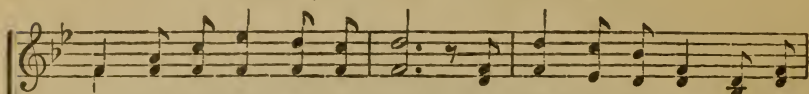
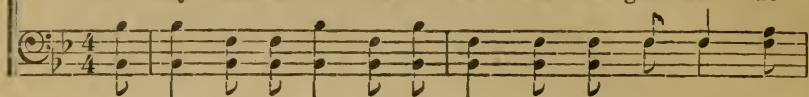
No. 57. Hast Thou Looked for the Star.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

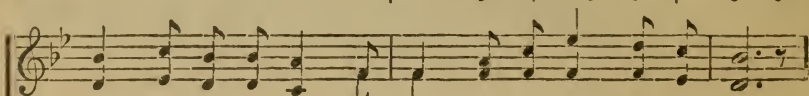
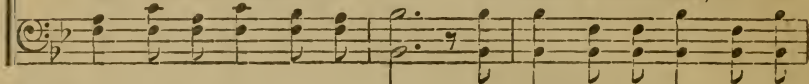
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



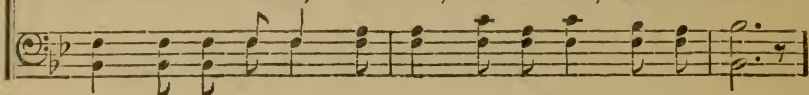
1. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
2. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
3. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
4. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To



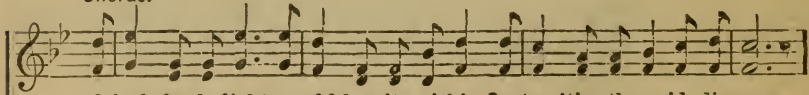
Je - sus, our Lord, and our King? Go bow at the feet of the
walk in the straight narrow way? The light that surround-ed the
la - bors of mer - cy and love? Go forth in the name of the
Heav-en's blest mansions of rest? 'Tis Beth - le-hem's star, 'tis the



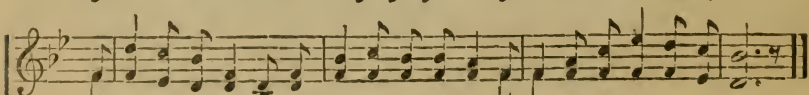
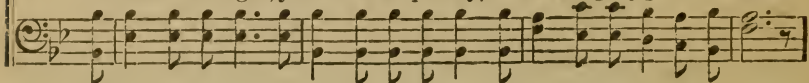
in - fant Re-deem-er, His prais - es for - ev - er to sing.
in - fant Re-deem-er, Shall lead to the full - ness of day.
in - fant Re-deem-er, And thine shall be treas - ures a - bove.
in - fant Re-deem-er, Be - hold, and be - lieve, and be blest.



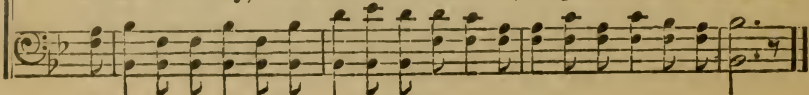
Chorus.



O look for the light, yes fol-low it quickly, Lest waiting thy guided disappear:



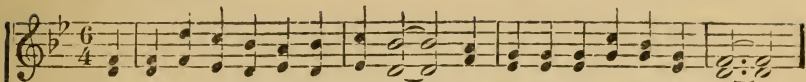
O haste! for to-day, un-to all who will seek Him, The precious Redeemer is near.



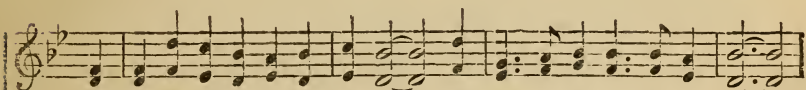
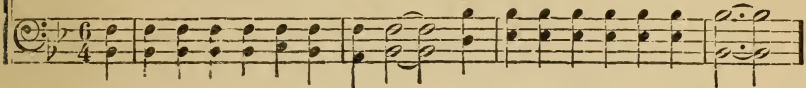
No. 58. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

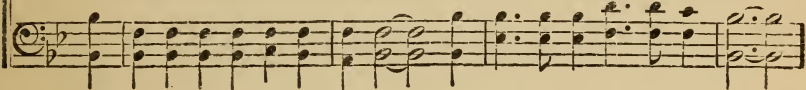
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



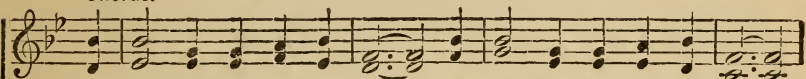
1. I stand all bewildered with wonder, And gaze on the ocean of love;
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free;
3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be every whit whole;
4. The Prince of my peace is now passing, The light of His face is on me;



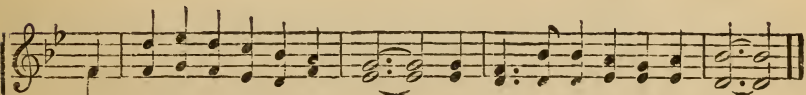
And o-ver its waves to my spir-it Comes peace, like a heav-en ly dove.
But when I had ceas'd from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto me.
I touch'd but the hem of His garment, And glory came thrilling my soul.
But lis-ten, be-lov-ed, He speaketh: "My peace I will give un-to thee.



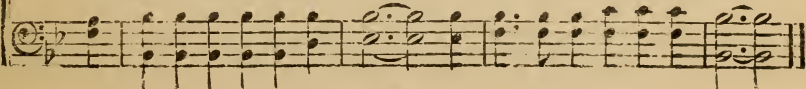
Chorus.



The cross now cov-ers my sins; The past is un-der the blood;



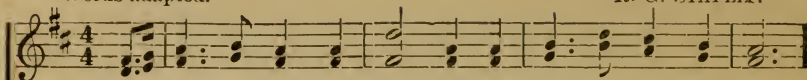
I'm trusting in Jesus for all; My will is the will of my God.



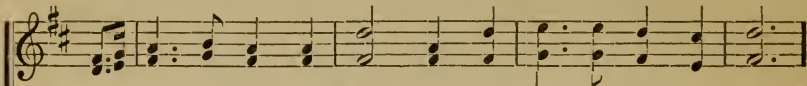
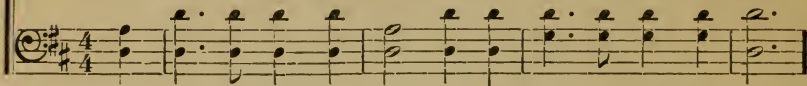
No. 59. BEYOND THE THINGS THAT PERISH.

Words adapted.

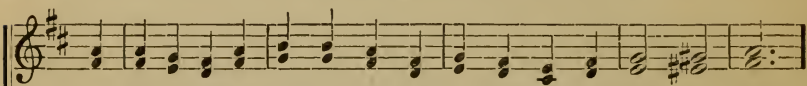
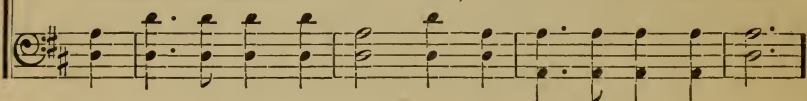
R. G. STAPLES.



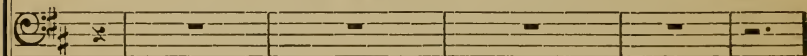
1. Be - yond the things that per - ish, That with - er in a day;
2. Though darkness gather 'round me, Though sor - row dim my eye,
3. Oh God! I'll ev - er praise Thee, For all Thy good - ness past;



Are pleas - ures far more last - ing, Which nev - er fade a - way.
Though hosts of foes sur - round me, De - liv - er - ance is nigh.
And ev - er - more I'll trust Thee, While life it - self shall last.



They're found alone in heav'n above, Where Jesus dwells and all is love.
In yonder world there is no pain; To live is life, to die is gain.
I'll cast my ev - 'ry bur - den down, Put off the cross, take up the crown.

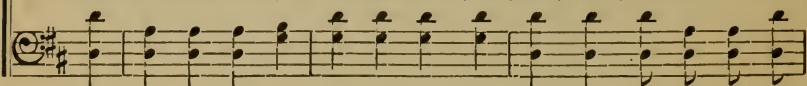


Chorus.

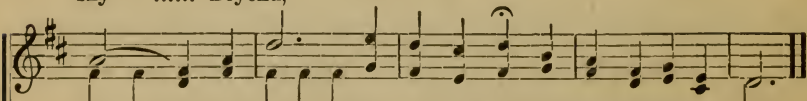
Be - yond this world, Be - yond its ev - er changing



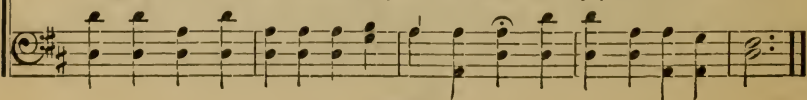
Be - yond this world, Be - yond this world, Be - yond, be - yond its ev - er



sky..... Beyond,

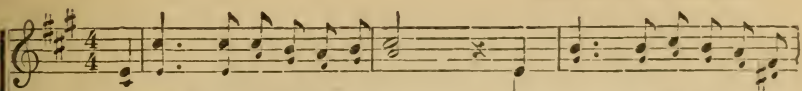


changing sky, Beyond, beyond, Beyond this world, Are joys which never die.

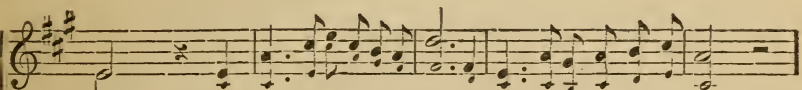
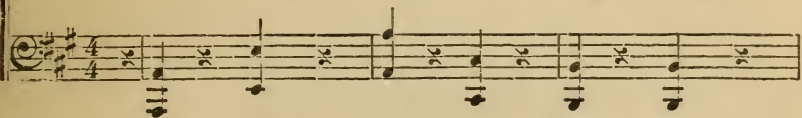
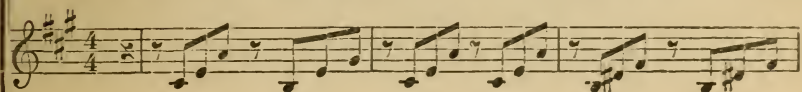


No. 60. HE LEADETH ME.

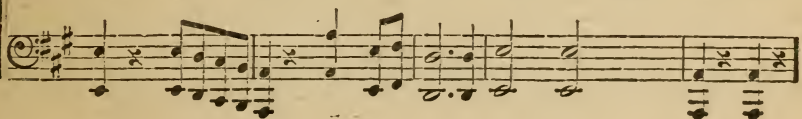
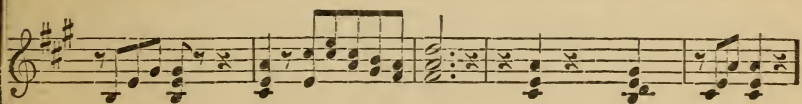
Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.



1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's bowers
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's



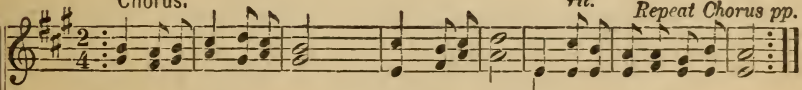
fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
 bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
 pine:— Content whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
 won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!



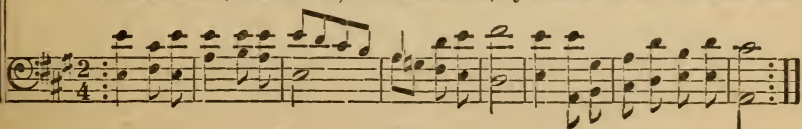
Chorus.

rit.

Repeat Chorus *pp.*



He leadeth me, leadeth me; He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me.

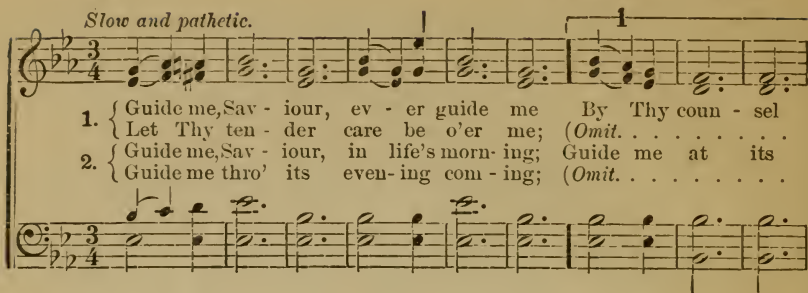


No. 61. GUIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

E. M. C.

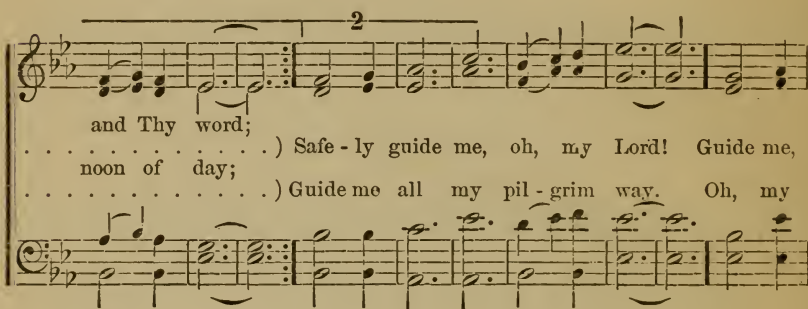
E. MANFORD CLARK.

Slow and pathetic.

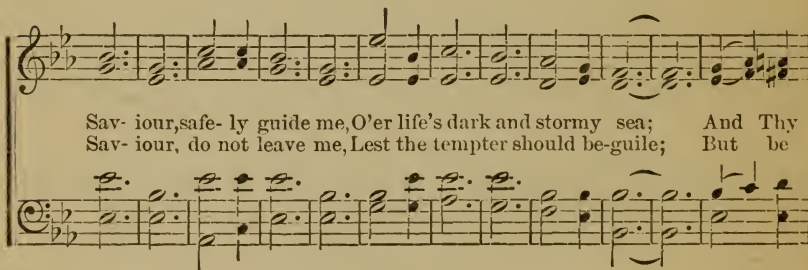


1. { Guide me, Sav - iour, ev - er guide me By Thy coun - sel
Let Thy ten - der care be o'er me; (*Omit.*)

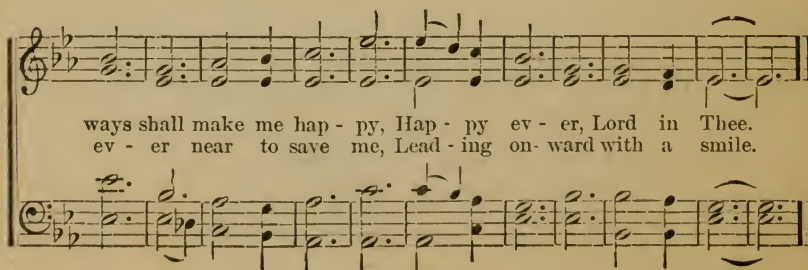
2. { Guide me, Sav - iour, in life's morn - ing; Guide me at its
Guide me thro' its even - ing com - ing; (*Omit.*)



and Thy word;
... noon of day;) Safe - ly guide me, oh, my Lord! Guide me,
...) Guide me all my pil - grim way. Oh, my



Sav - iour, safe - ly guide me, O'er life's dark and stormy sea; And Thy
Sav - iour, do not leave me, Lest the tempter should be - guile; But be

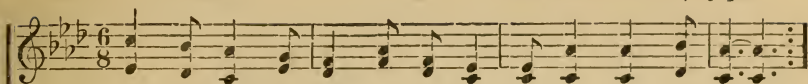


ways shall make me hap - py, Hap - py ev - er, Lord in Thee.
ev - er near to save me, Lead - ing on - ward with a smile.

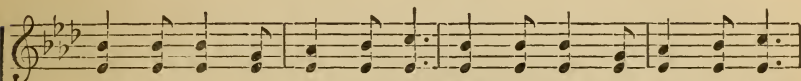
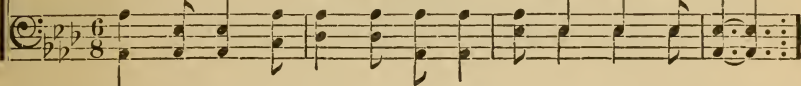
No. 62. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

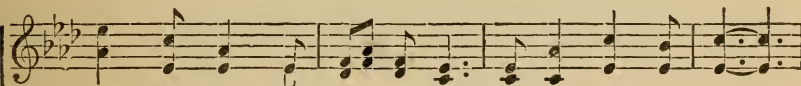
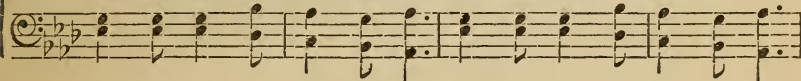
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



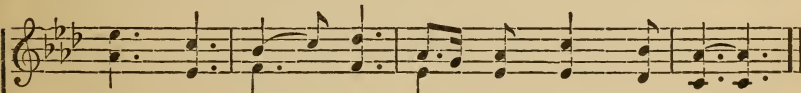
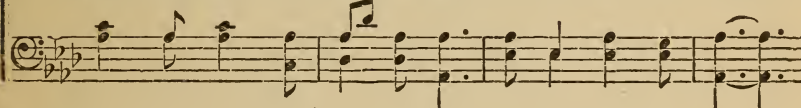
1. { Thousands stand to - day in sor - row, Wait - ing at the pool; }
 { Say - ing they will wash to - mor - row, Wait - ing at the pool; }
2. { Souls, your filth - y garments wear - ing, Wait - ing at the pool; }
 { Hearts, your heav - y bur - den bear - ing, Wait - ing at the pool; }
3. { Thousands once were stand - ing near you, Wait - ing at the pool; }
 { Come their voic - es back to cheer you, Wait - ing at the pool; }



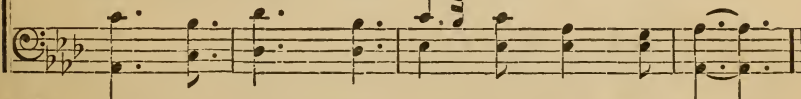
Oth - ers step in left and right, Wash their stained garments white,
 Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred
 Back from Ca - naan's hap - py shore, Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er,



Leav - ing you in sorrow's night, } Waiting at the pool,
 The waters with His might - y word, }
 Where they stand in tears no more. }



Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.



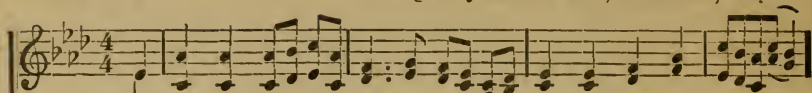
- 4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Calls to them across the water,
 Waiting at the pool;
 You can never more embrace
 Mother, or behold her face,
 If you keep the leper's place
 Waiting at the pool.

- 5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Jesus may no more invite you,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Faith is near you, take her hand,
 Seek with her the better land,
 And no longer doubting stand
 Waiting at the pool.

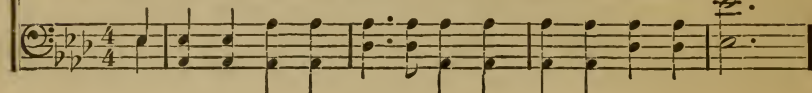
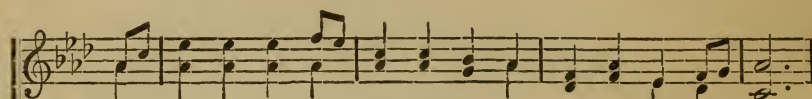
63. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

I. WATTS.

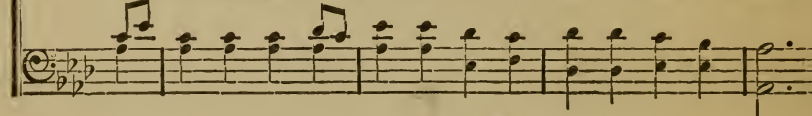
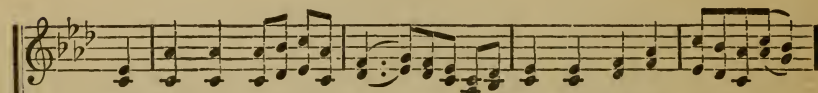
Arranged by H. SANDERS, Baltimore, Md.



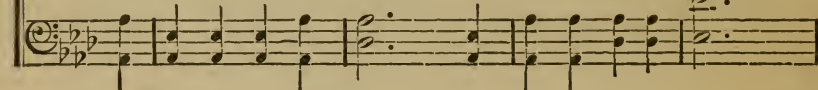
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
 2. Should eartha - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
 3. Let cares, like a wild de-luge, come, Let storms of sor - row fall;
 4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heavenly rest,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world,
 So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.
 And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.
 My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast.




I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n my all.
 And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

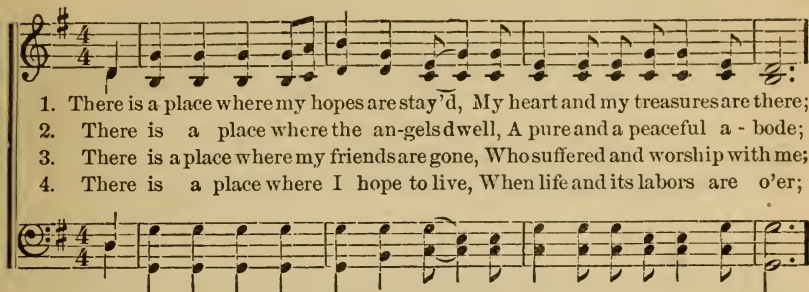


No. 64. THE FATHER-LAND.

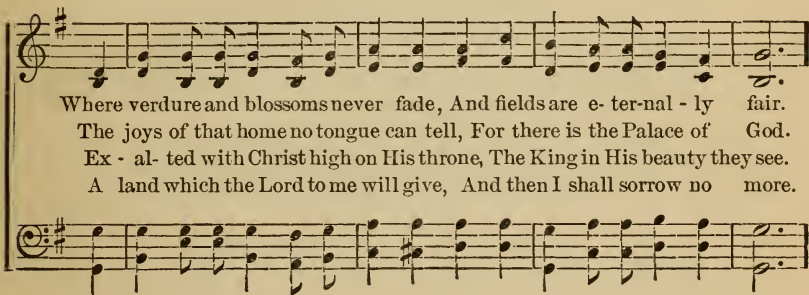
This is a song my Mother used to sing in the days of my childhood. She was a sweet singer and I know that in heaven they love to hear her sing. You may not like the song, it is very simple, but I love it for her sake. Not being acquainted with music, a friend has written it out from my memory as I heard her sing it nearly thirty years ago.

H. M. WHARTON.

Arr. by FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

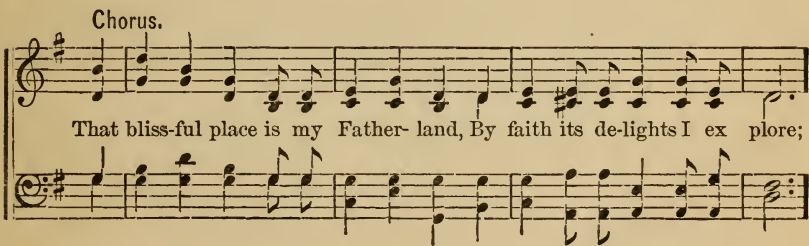


1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasures are there;
 2. There is a place where the an-gels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode;
 3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worship with me;
 4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er;

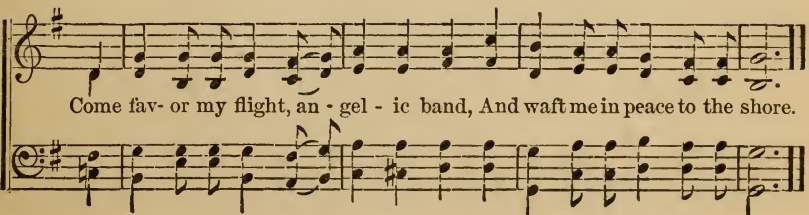


Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
 The joys of that home no tongue can tell, For there is the Palace of God.
 Ex - al - ted with Christ high on His throne, The King in His beauty they see.
 A land which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

Chorus.



That bliss-ful place is my Father-land, By faith its de-lights I ex-plore;

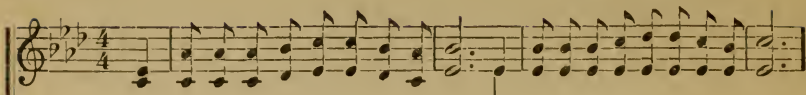


Come fav - or my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

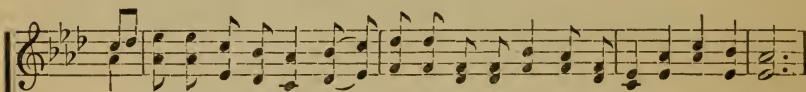
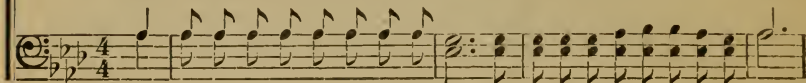
No. 65. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B.

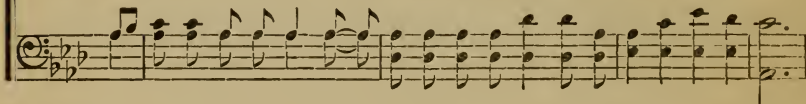
I. BALTZELL, by per.



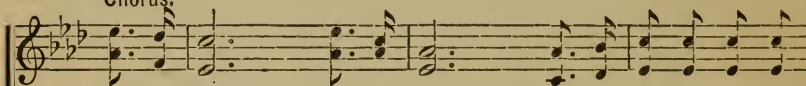
1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His holy word;
2. I want to be a worker ev'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the way
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy word



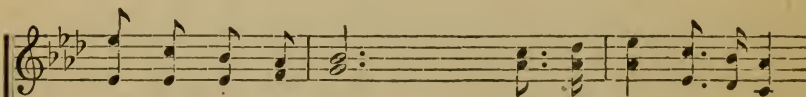
I want to sing and pray, and be busy ev'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.
That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home In the kingdom of the Lord.
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die In the kingdom of the Lord.



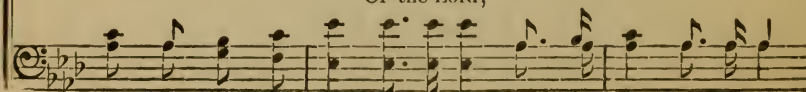
Chorus.



I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vine- yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
Of the Lord;



I WANT TO BE A WORKER,—Concluded.

I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 66. I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

H. R. PALMER.

Slowly, and with great feeling.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God; I knew not my
 2. Like tears from the daughters of Zi - on that roll, I wept when the
 3. When free grace a-woke me, by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
 4. My hor - rors all vanished be - fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears

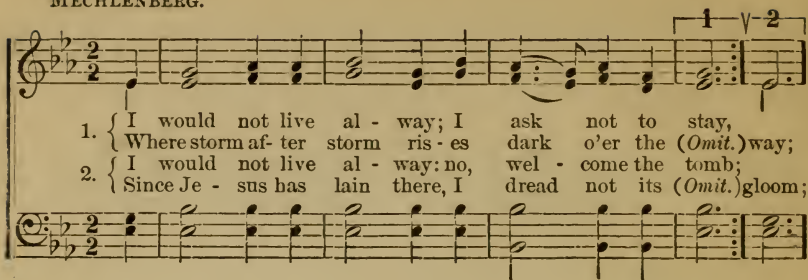
cres - cen -
 danger, I felt not my load; Though friends spoke in rapture of
 wa - ters went o - ver His soul; Yet thought not that my sins had
 shook me, I trem - bled to die; No ref - uge nor safe - ty in
 banished, with bold - ness I came To drink in the fount - ain, life -

do. ff
 Christ on the tree: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus* was nothing to me.
 nailed to the tree: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was nothing to me.
 self could I see: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus my Saviour must be.
 - giv - ing and free: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was all things to me.

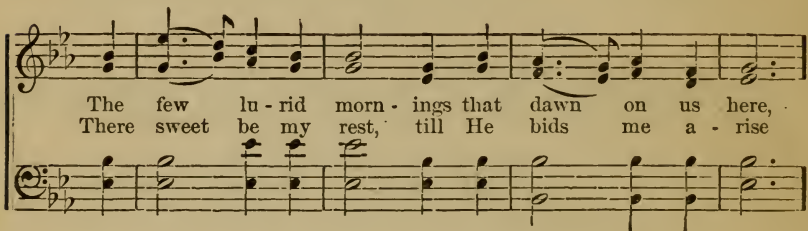
*I have thought it better to insert the words "Lord Jesus," instead of the Hebrew word Tsid-ke-nu (The Lord of righteousness), which occurs in the original.—H. R. P.

No. 67. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

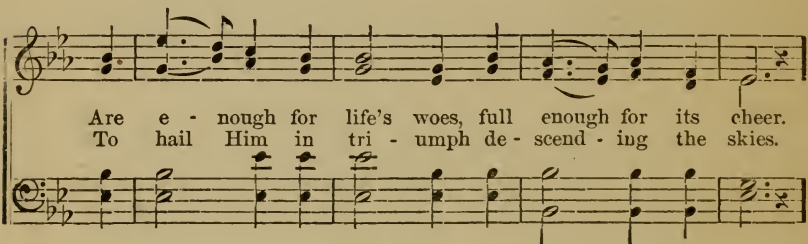
MECHLENBERG.



1. { I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay,
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the (Omit.) way;
2. { I would not live al - way: no, wel - come the tomb;
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (Omit.) gloom;

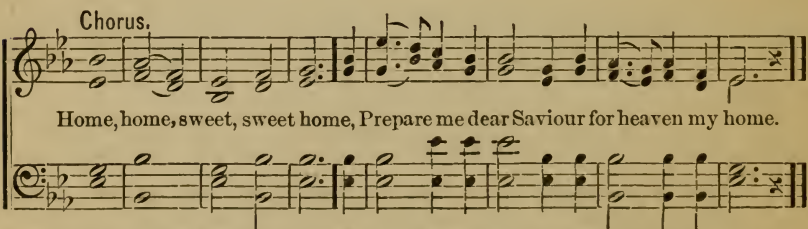


The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here,
There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise



Are e - nough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

Chorus.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Saviour for heaven my home.

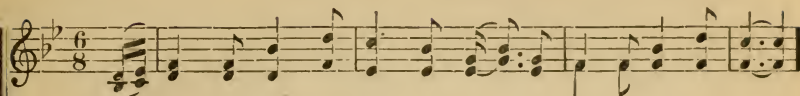
3 Who, who would live alway, away
from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmo -
ny meet,
Their Saviour and brethen transported
to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceas -
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

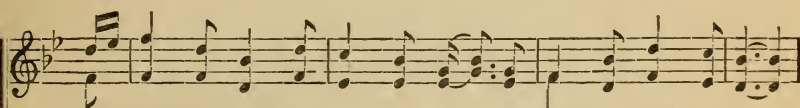
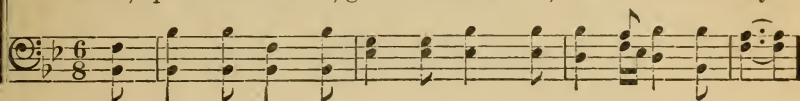
No. 68. THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

ALLEN.

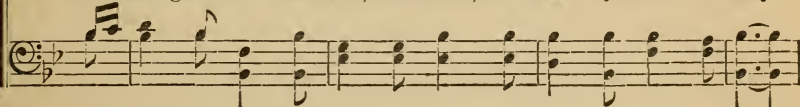
Chorus by I. BALTZELL, by per.



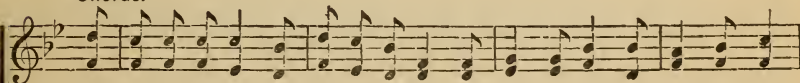
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove Who once went mourning here!
3. This con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!



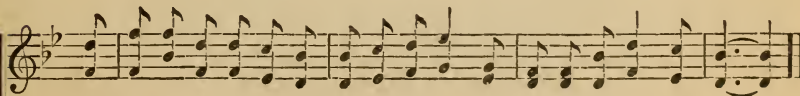
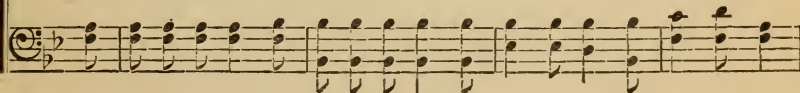
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels from the skies, come down, And bear my soul a - way.



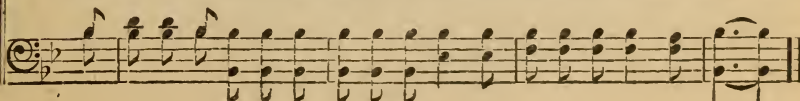
Chorus.



A beau - ti - ful crown in heaven to wear For all who here the cross will bear;



Oh, bear it, my brother! and when you get there A beautiful crown you'll wear.

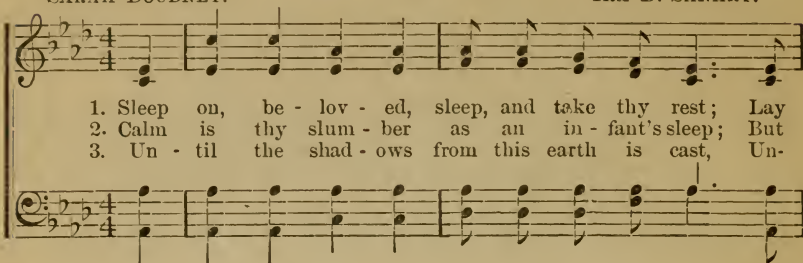


No. 69. THE CHRISTIAN'S "GOOD-NIGHT."

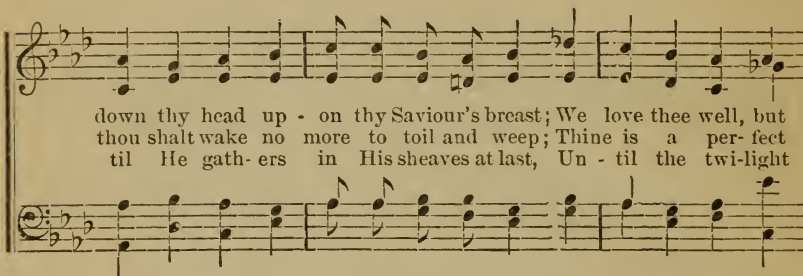
It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends
Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the
Resurrection Morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

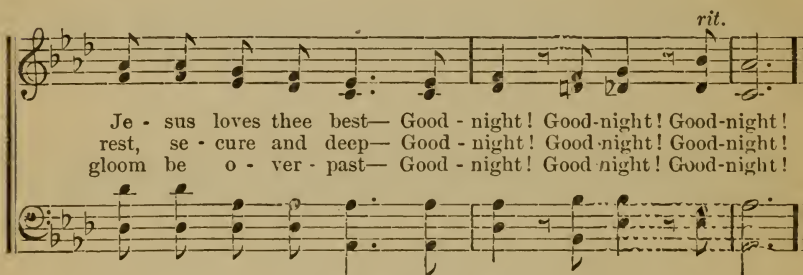
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep; But
3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth is cast, Un -



down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep; Thine is a per - fect
til He gath - ers in His sheaves at last, Un - til the twi - light



Je - sus loves thee best— Good - night! Good-night! Good-night!
rest, se - cure and deep— Good - night! Good-night! Good-night!
gloom be o - ver - past— Good - night! Good-night! Good-night!

Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

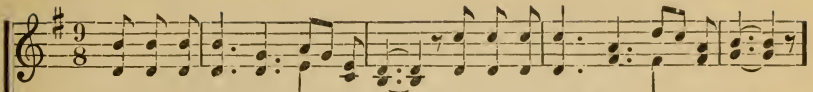
- 4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall rise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!
- 5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!
- 6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!
- 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

Used by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

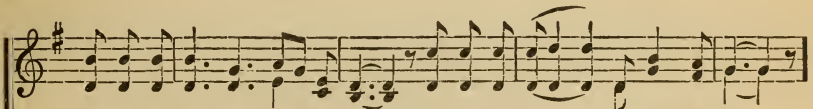
No. 70. AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE.

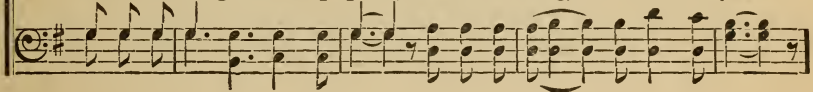
F. A. BLACKMER.



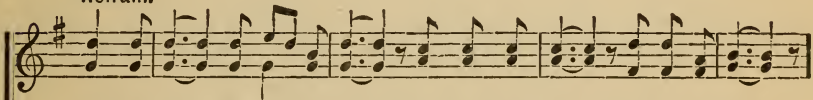
1. Af-ter the storm that sweeps the sea; After the drift-ing to the lea;
2. Af-ter the winter long and drear; After the snowclouds dis-ap-pear;
3. Af-ter the long and toilsome day; After the sun's fierce, burning ray;
4. Af-ter the course of life is run; After its work has all been done;
5. Af-ter the march of time shall cease, After earth-strife shall end in peace;



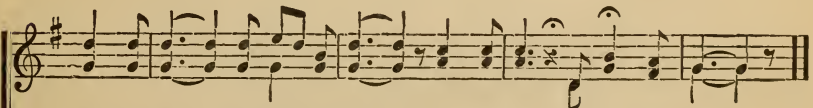
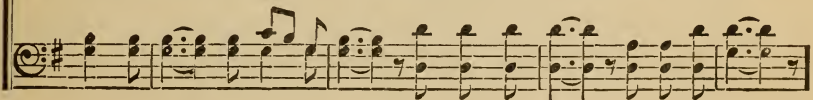
After the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
 After the winds sweet odors bring, Cometh the ev-er welcome spring.
 After the toil-er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re- pose.
 After the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
 After the changeful dis- ap- pears, Cometh the long, e- ter - nal years.



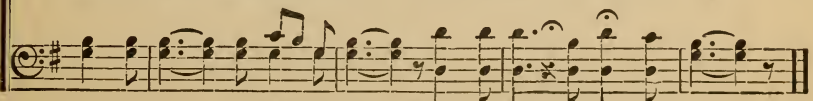
Refrain.



Af- ter all that here we see, What will there be, What will there be?



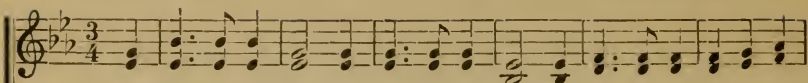
Af- ter all that here we see, Af- ter all, e- ter - ni - ty.



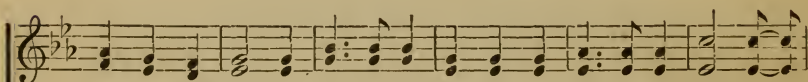
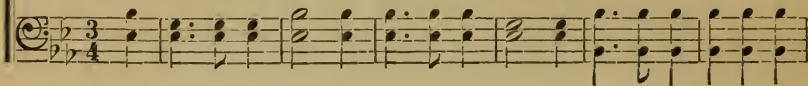
No. 71. A CHILD OF THE KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

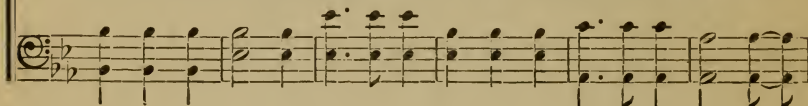
Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, by per.



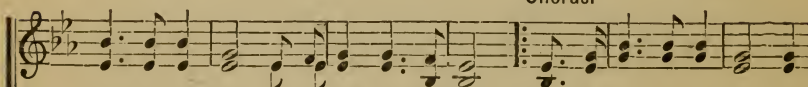
1. My Father is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth like the
3. I once was an out- cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care! They're building a palace for



world in His hands! Of ru- bies and diamonds, of sil- ver and gold His
 poor- est of men, But now He is reign- ing for- ev- er on high, Will
 al- ien by birth! But I've been a- dopt- ed, my name's written down, An
 me o- ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

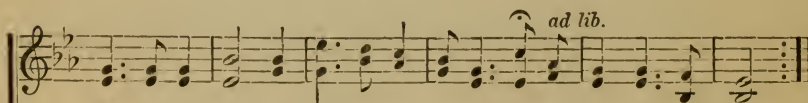
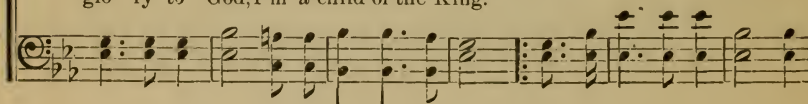


Chorus.

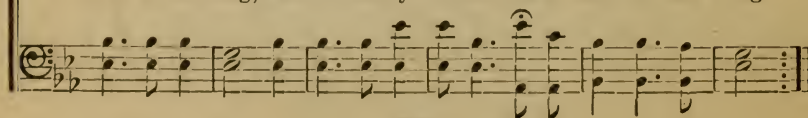


cof- fers are full, -He has rich- es untold.
 give me a home in heaven by and by.
 heir to a man- sion, a robe and a crown.
 glo- ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

I'm a child of the King, a



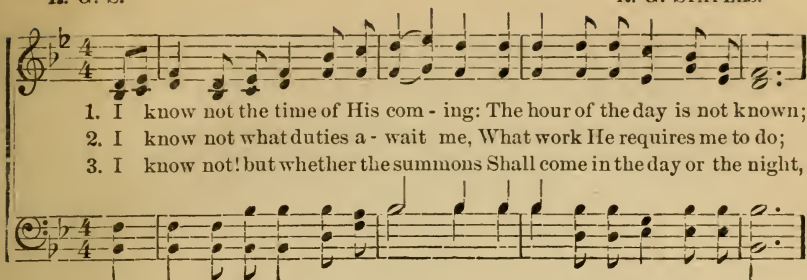
child of the King; With Je- sus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.



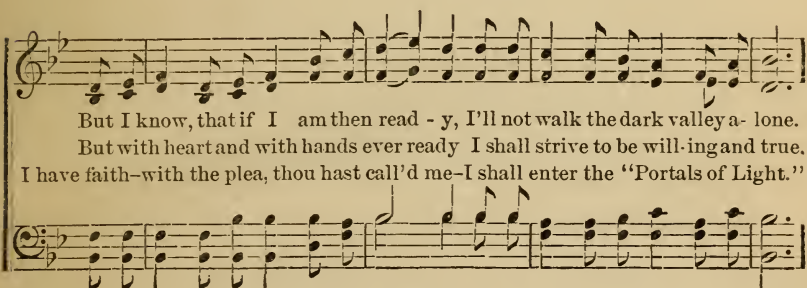
No. 72. THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

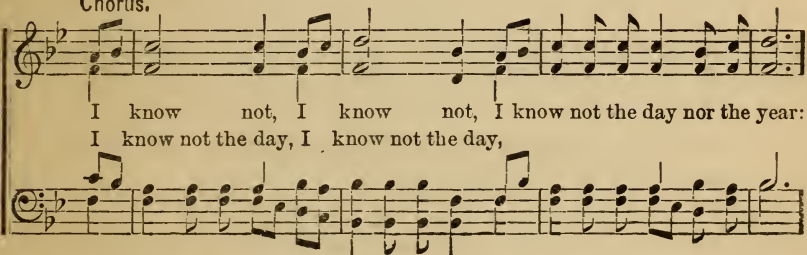


1. I know not the time of His com - ing: The hour of the day is not known;
 2. I know not what duties a - wait me, What work He requires me to do;
 3. I know not! but whether the summons Shall come in the day or the night,

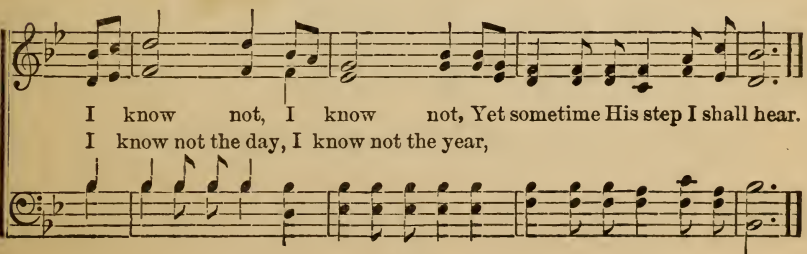


But I know, that if I am then read - y, I'll not walk the dark valley a - lone.
 But with heart and with hands ever ready I shall strive to be will - ing and true.
 I have faith - with the plea, thou hast call'd me - I shall enter the "Portals of Light."

Chorus.



I know not, I know not, I know not the day nor the year:
 I know not the day, I know not the day,

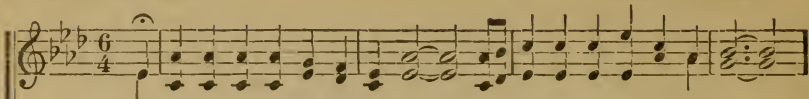


I know not, I know not, Yet sometime His step I shall hear.
 I know not the day, I know not the year,

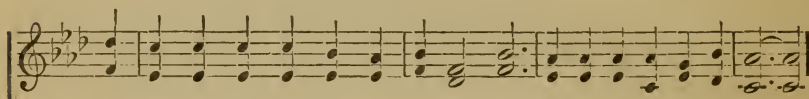
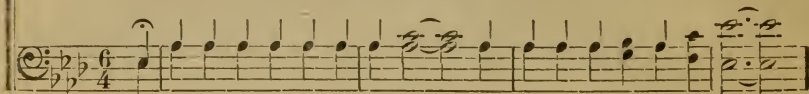
No. 73. MY PEACE I WILL GIVE UNTO THEE.

R. G. STAPLES.

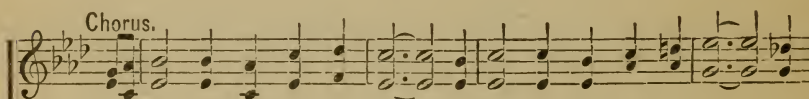
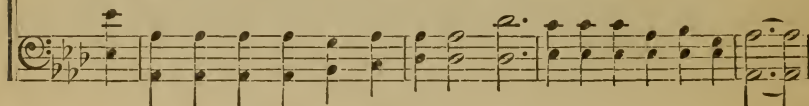
JOHN T. GRAPE.



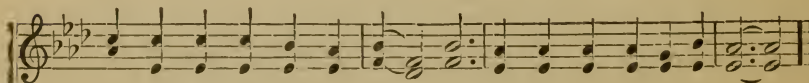
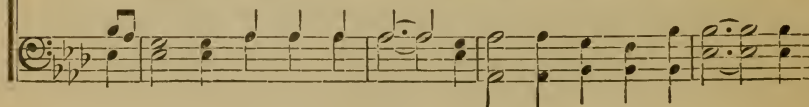
1. To Jesus my loving Redeemer, Whose blood flowed so freely for me,
2. I sought other ways, in my folly, I groped in the darkness of night;
3. At last in my weakness, I sought Him; His hand was extended to save;
4. 'Twas Jesus who saved me, and blessed me; I'll cling to His cross while I live;



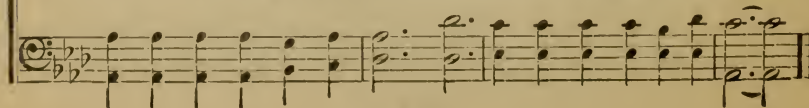
I came in my weakness and blindness—Sweet peace He has given to me.
No hope gleaned across the dark pathway, My sins they had blinded my sight.
I bowed at the cross in sub-mission— His mercy and pardon He gave.
His blood free-ly spilt for redemption, Will peace to a poor sinner give.



His blood has cleansed me from sin; My name is writ-ten on high; A

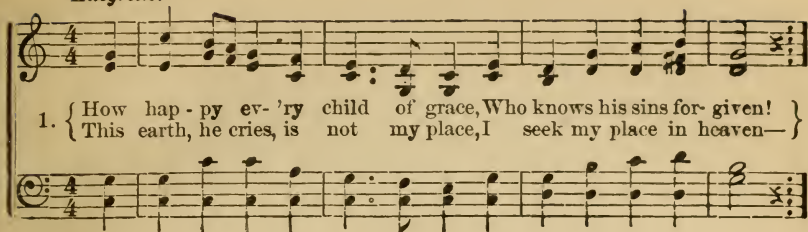


child by a - dop-tion—I'm heir To man-sions of light in the sky.

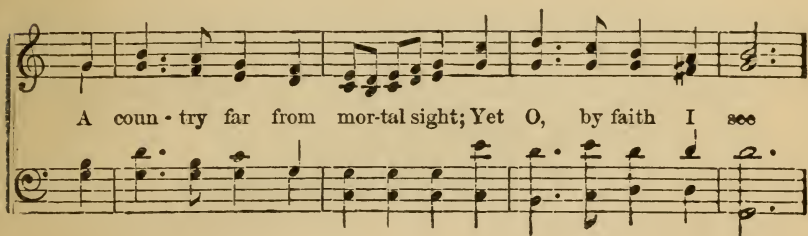


No. 74. THE LAND OF REST.

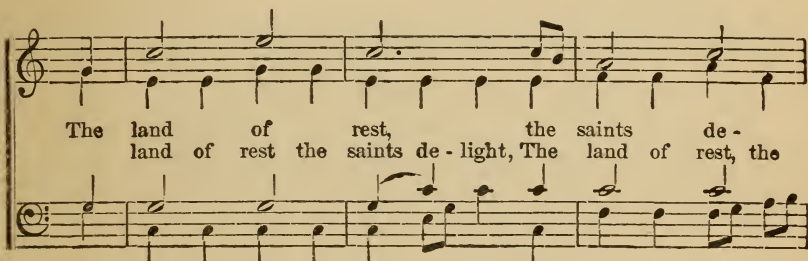
Allegretto.



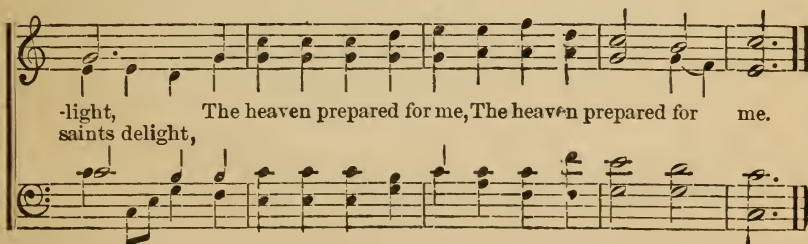
1. { How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - given! }
 { This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven— }



A coun - try far from mor - tal sight; Yet O, by faith I see



The land of rest, the saints de - light, The land of rest, the
 land of rest the saints de - light, The land of rest, the



-light, The heaven prepared for me, The heaven prepared for me.
 saints delight,

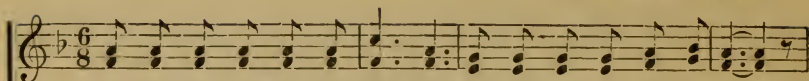
2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day;
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with His glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessels break,
 And let our ransomed spirit go
 To grasp the God we seek;
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me;
 And shout and wander at His grace,
 Through all eternity.

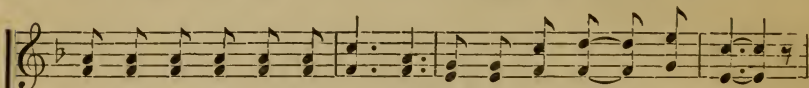
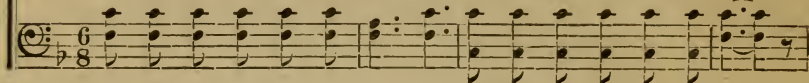
No. 75. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

E. A. H.

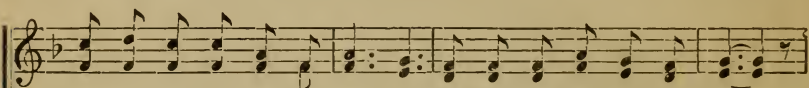
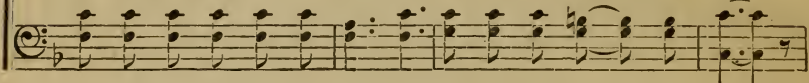
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



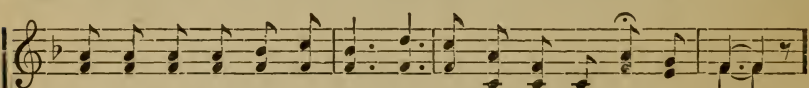
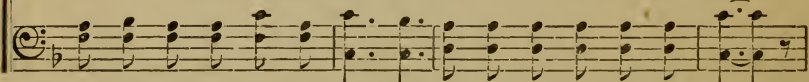
1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to-day?
2. Broth-er, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for-give;
3. Yes, He is com-ing to bless you, While in con-tri-tion you bow;



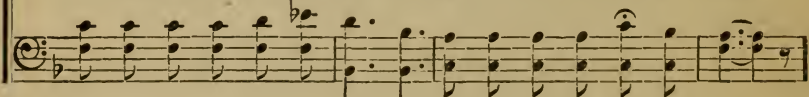
Welcome the news that we bring Him: "Je-sus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment ac-cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;



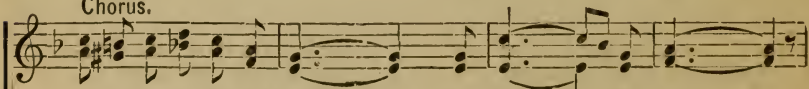
Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be-stow,
He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;
Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?



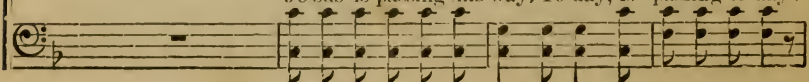
Com-ing to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.
O - pen your heart to ad-mit Him, While He is com-ing so near.



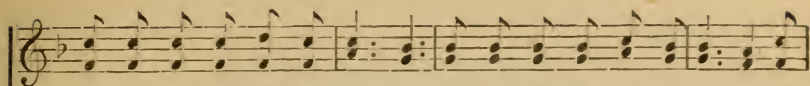
Chorus.



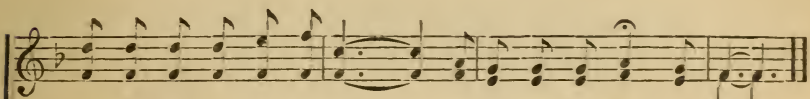
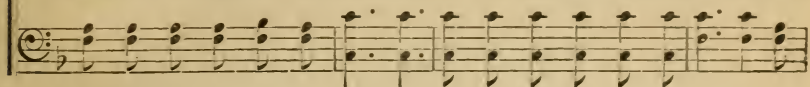
Je-sus is passing this way, . . . To-day, . . . To-day, . . .
Je-sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!



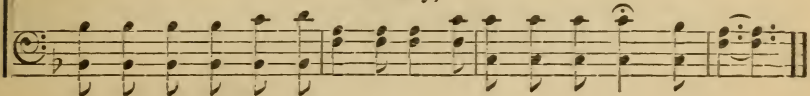
JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.—Concluded.



While He is near, O be-lieve Him, O - pen your heart to receive Him, For



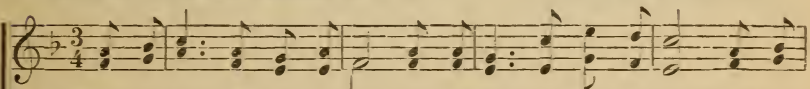
Je - sus is pass-ing this way,..... Is pass-ing this way to - day.
this way,



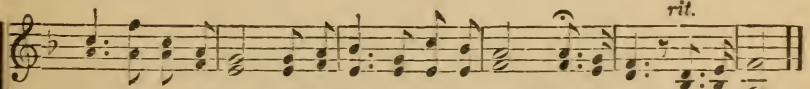
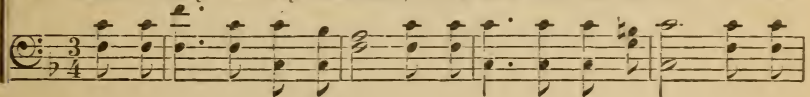
No. 76. Suffering Saviour, Save Me Now.

Words of 3d. & 4th. verses by D. H. L.

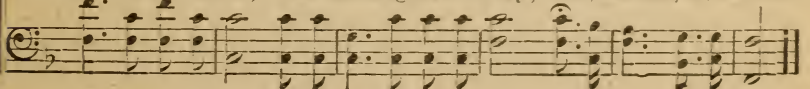
D. HAYDEN LLOYD.



1. Suff'ring Saviour, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down: Heavy
2. Precious Sav- iour, this for me, So un-worth-y, all for me! Ho - ly
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought. Gracious Lord, forbid it not; In the
4. Should I stray a - way from Thee, Je-sus wilt Thou res-cue me? For a



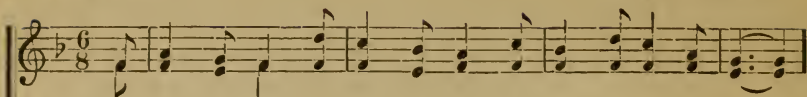
laden, weary, worn. Fainting, dying, crush'd, and torn. All for me! all for me!
Je - sus pure and mild. I would ev-er be Thy child: O bless me! E-ven me.
kingdom of Thy grace Give Thy wand'ring child a place. By Thy grace oh, save me.
sin- ner born to die; I am trusting and will cry, Lord, save me, oh, save me!



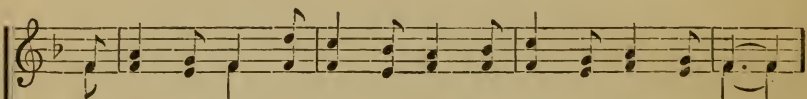
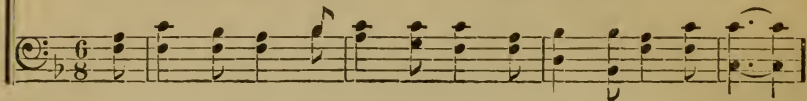
No. 77. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

S. STENNETT.

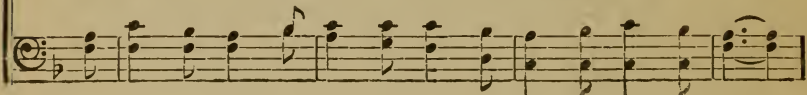
R. G. STAPLES.



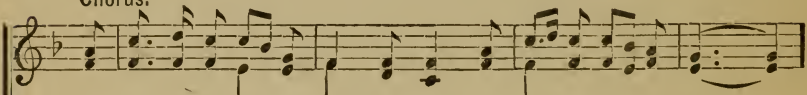
1. Yon-der, a - maz - ing sight! I see Th'in-car-nate Son of God,
2. The trem-bling earth, the darkened sky, Pro-claim the truth a - loud;
3. So great, so vast a sac - ri - fice May well my hope re - vive;
4. Oh, that these cords of love di-vine Might draw me, Lord, to Thee!



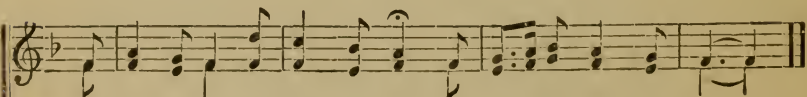
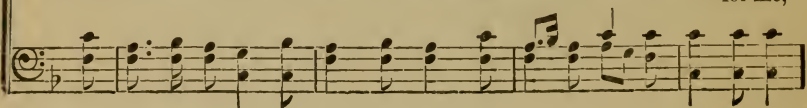
Ex - pir - ing on th'ac-curs - ed tree, And welt'ring in His blood.
And, with th'amazed cen - tu - rion cry, This is the Son of God.
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies, The sin - ners sure may live.
Thou hast my heart—it shall be Thine—Thine it shall ev - er be.



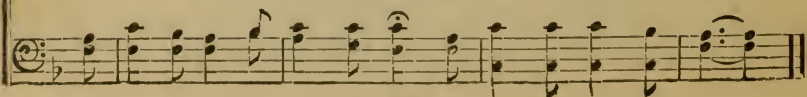
Chorus.



Oh, won-der-ful mer-cy can it be That Je - sus died for me?.....
for me,



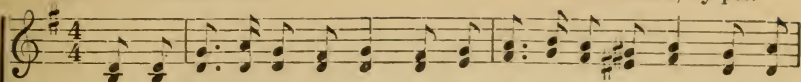
For me, for me He shed His blood On rug - ged Cal - va - ry.



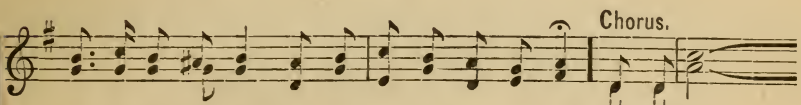
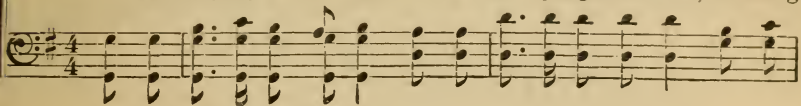
No. 78. NO OTHER NAME.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



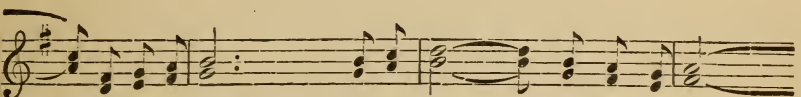
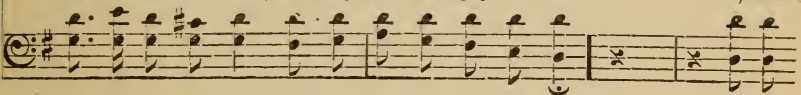
1. I am guid-ed on the way, I shall reach the perfect day; I can
2. This is all that I can claim, Trust in His redeeming name, In His
3. I have cast on Him my care, He will all my bur-dens bear; He will
4. I am sing-ing as I go, I can on-ly rap-ture know; Knowing



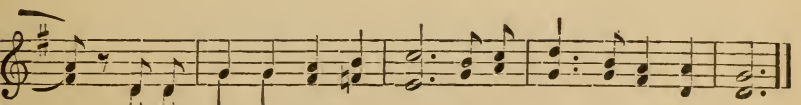
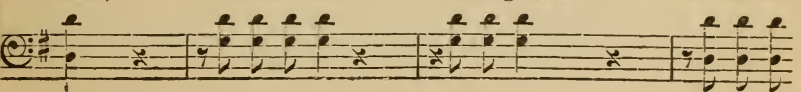
Chorus.

nev - er faint or fall, Je - sus ev - er hears my call. Oh, the name,
pow'r to save and bless, In His per - fect righteousness.
ev - 'ry need sup-ply, He is ev - er watching nigh.
that the Lord is mine, Fills my soul with joy di - vine.

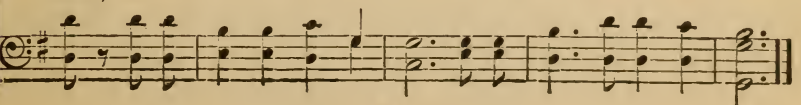
Oh, the



so sweet, so dear! Trusting hearts to bless and cheer;
name, so sweet, so dear! Trusting hearts to bless and



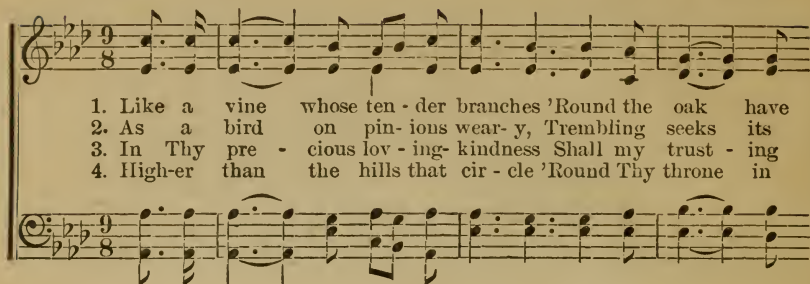
cheer, In it all my hope I rest, In its prom-ise I am blest.



No. 79. BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

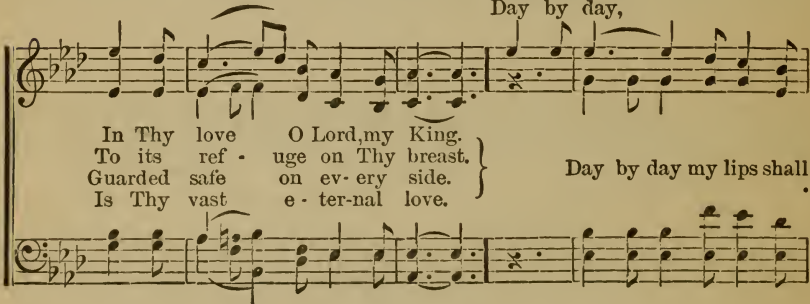


1. Like a vine whose ten - der branches 'Round the oak have
 2. As a bird on pin - ous wear - y, Trembling seeks its
 3. In Thy pre - cious lov - ing - kindness Shall my trust - ing
 4. High - er than the hills that cir - cle 'Round Thy throne in



learned to cling; So my heart has found a shelt - er
 par - ent nest, Came my spir - it heav - y la - den
 soul a - bide, From the ar - rows of op - pres - sion
 heaven a - bove, Deep - er than the might - y o - cean

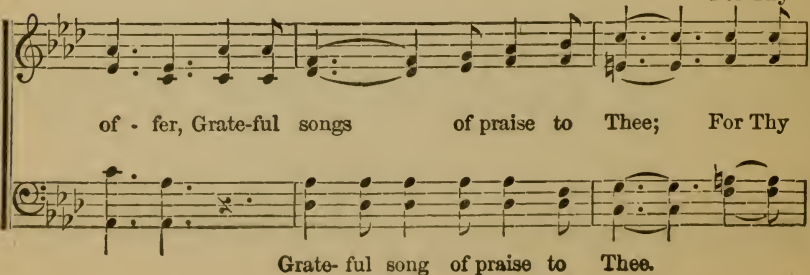
Chorus.
 Day by day,



In Thy love O Lord, my King.
 To its ref - uge on Thy breast.
 Guarded safe on ev - ery side.
 Is Thy vast e - ter - nal love.

Day by day my lips shall

For Thy



of - fer, Grate - ful songs of praise to Thee; For Thy
 Grate - ful song of praise to Thee.

BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.—Concluded.

won · drous

wondrous, wondrous loving kindness, Bet-ter far than life to me.

No. 80. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav- iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice And tell its rap- tures all a- broad. }
 2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer- its all my love; }
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done. I am my Lord's, and He is mine. }
 { He drew me, and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice di- vine. }

Chorus. FINE.

Hap- py day, hap- py day, When Je- sus washed my sins a- way.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re- joic- ing ev-'ry day.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possess'd.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

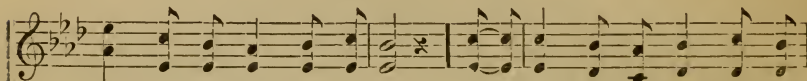
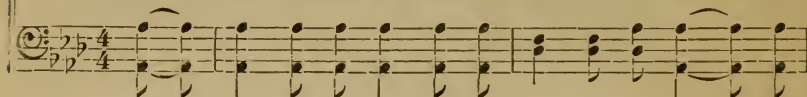
No. 81. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

M. M. M., "Christian Intelligencer."

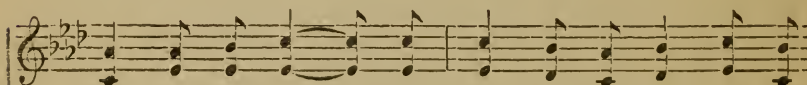
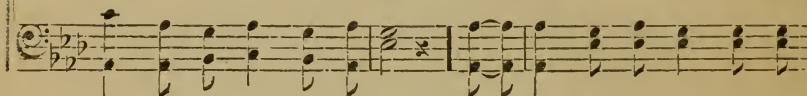
R. G. STAPLES.



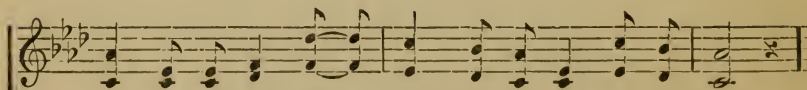
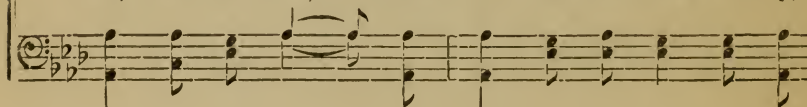
1. Oh, why do you car - ry your bur - den a - lone, That
2. Go tell all your troubles, He'll give you re - lief, When-
3. When sick - ness or pain shall dis - tress, He will heal, Or
4. Then go to Him al - ways what - ev - er be - fall, If



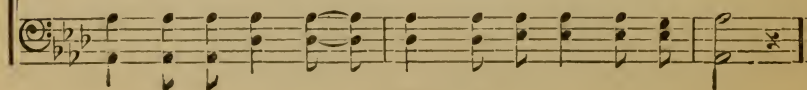
bur - den so heav - y to bear? Why un - der its weight do you
ev - er on Him you de - pend; This blest "Man of sor - rows, ac -
else give you strength to endure; For our Sav - iour who suf - fered will
sick - ness, or sor - row, or care; If pain should dis - turb you, or



la - bor and groan, When Je - sus is say - ing in
quaint - ed with grief," To the cries of His child - ren will
ten - der - ly deal With His own strick - en child - ren, if
sin, tell Him all, At the foot of the cross humb - ly,



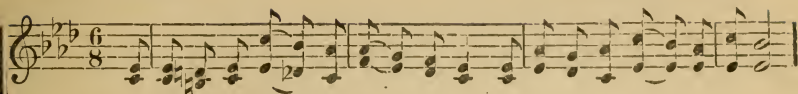
ten - der - est tone, My child, cast on me ev - 'ry care?
nev - er be deaf, If on - ly in faith they as - cend.
they will but kneel And ask this Phy - si - cian to cure.
trust - ing - ly fall, And leave ev - 'ry bur - den right there.



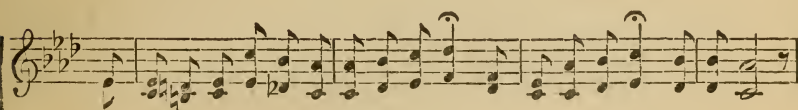
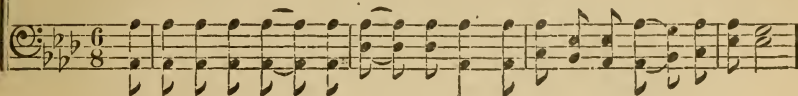
No. 82. NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING.

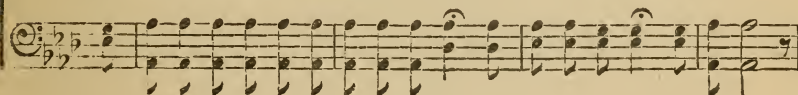
I. BALTZELL, by per.



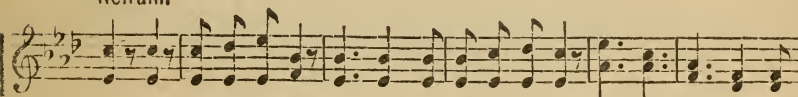
1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un-for-given,
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all over;
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that He gave you;



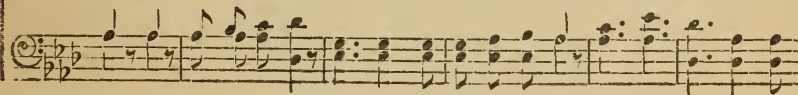
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate, Should answer, No room in heaven.
To know that the reapers had gather'd the grain, And left thee alone fore-er.
The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And Jesus now waits to save you.



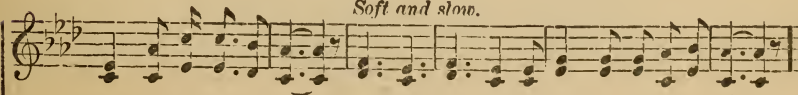
Refrain.



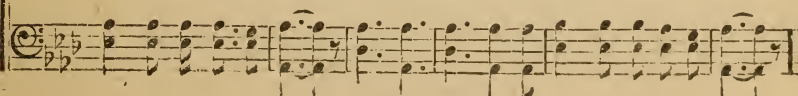
Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No



Soft and slow.



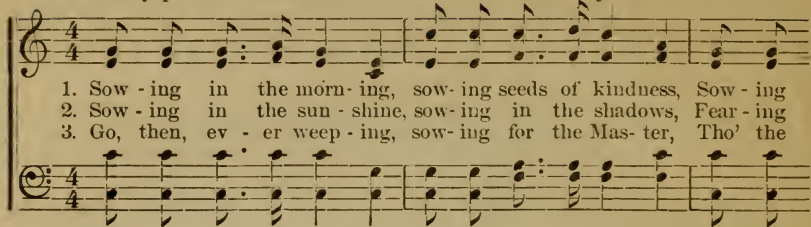
room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee



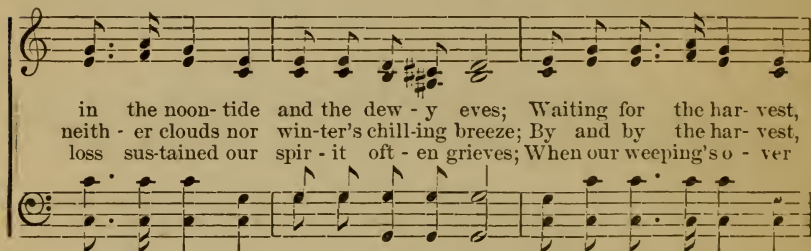
No. 83. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW.
Words by per. FILLMORE BROS.

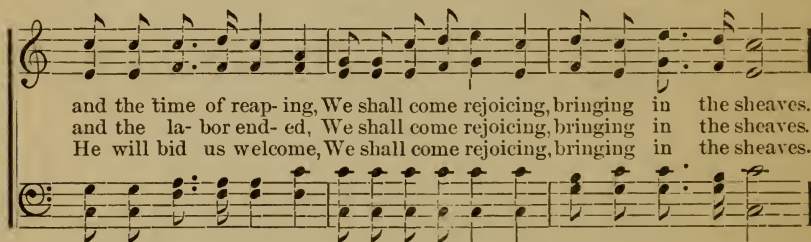
GEO. A. MINOR.
Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.



1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kindness, Sow - ing
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shadows, Fear - ing
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the

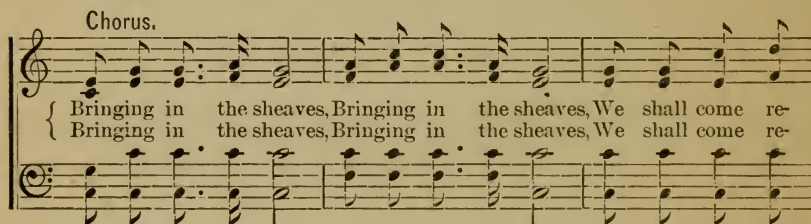


in the noon - tide and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the har - vest,
neith - er clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
loss sus - tained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver

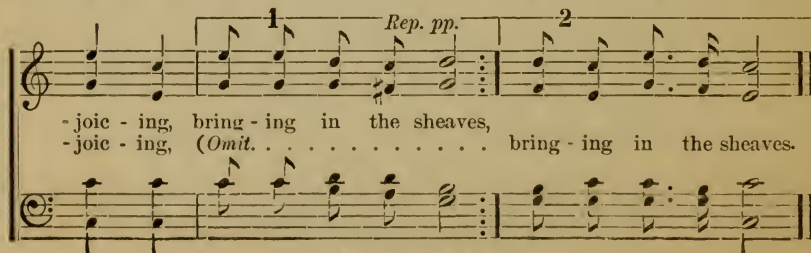


and the time of reap - ing, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.



{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re -
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re -

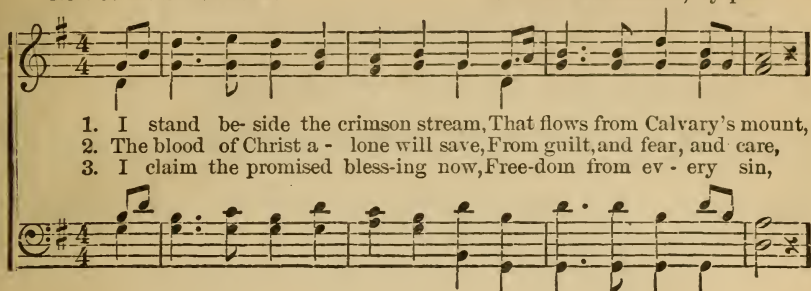


1. - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves, Rep. pp. 2.
- joic - ing, (Omit.) bring - ing in the sheaves.

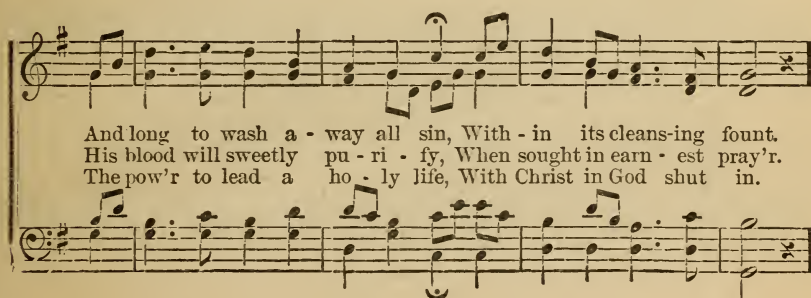
No. 84. THE CRIMSON STREAM.

Rev. J. W. STEVENSON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER, by per.

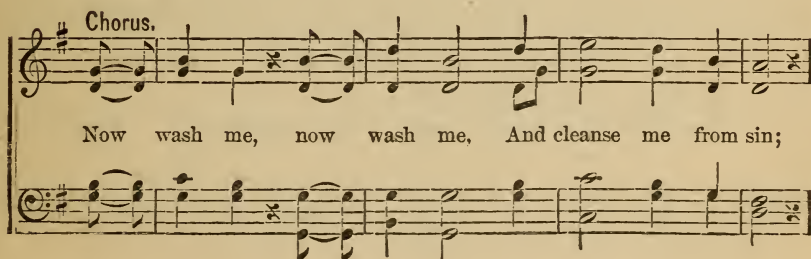


1. I stand be-side the crimson stream, That flows from Calvary's mount,
 2. The blood of Christ a-lone will save, From guilt, and fear, and care,
 3. I claim the promised bless-ing now, Free-dom from ev-ery sin,

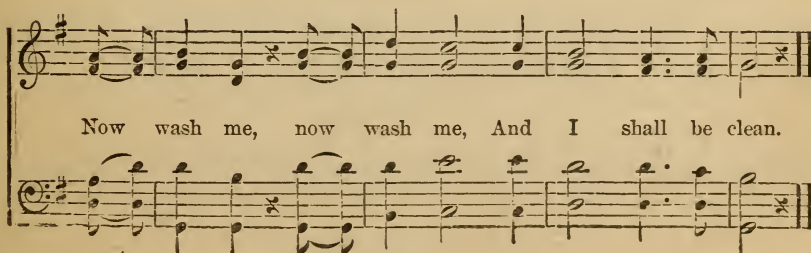


And long to wash a-way all sin, With-in its cleans-ing fount.
 His blood will sweetly pu-ri-fy, When sought in earn-est pray'r.
 The pow'r to lead a ho-ly life, With Christ in God shut in.

Chorus.



Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;



Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.

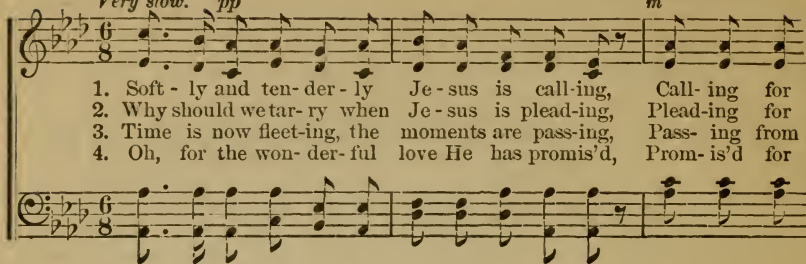
No. 85. Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T.

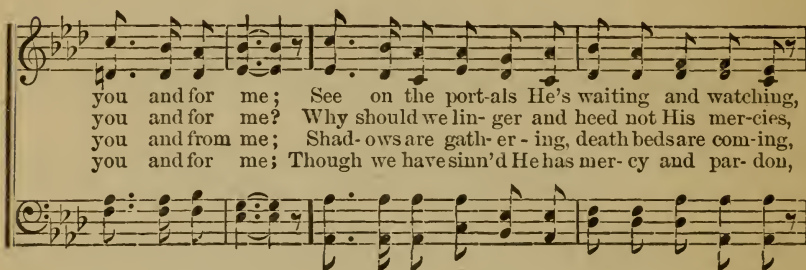
W. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

m



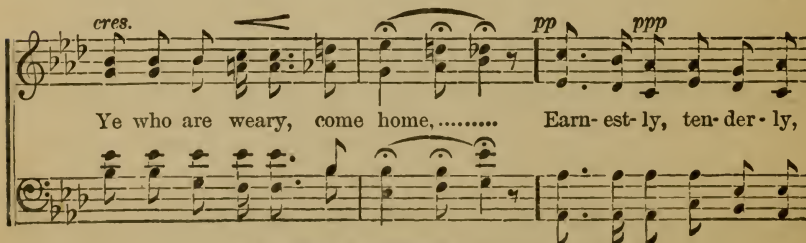
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has promis'd, Prom - is'd for



you and for me; See on the port - als He's waiting and watching,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Though we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don,



Chorus. m
 Watching for you and for me. Come home, Come home;
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home, Come home,



cres. *pp* *ppp*
 Ye who are weary, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

Softly and Tenderly, Etc.—Concluded.

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner come home!

No. 86. 'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

E. A. BARNES.

G. J. KURZENKNABE.

1. To God in realms a-bove, 'Tis sweet to pray; To God so rich in love,
2. As He is al-ways near, 'Tis sweet to pray; As He will help to cheer,
3. At morning's ear-ly light, 'Tis sweet to pray; Then at the coming night,

'Tis sweet to pray. I call up-on His name; I do not call in vain;
'Tis sweet to pray. I know He cares for me; I know His love is free;
'Tis sweet to pray. I knock and I be-lieve; I ask and I re-ceive;

Slow.

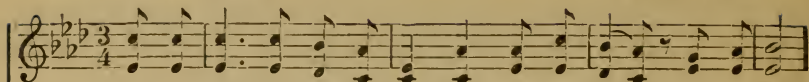
Oh, it is mine to say, 'Tis sweet to pray, Sweet to pray.

By per. J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

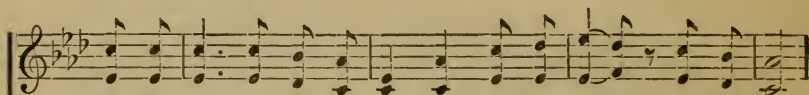
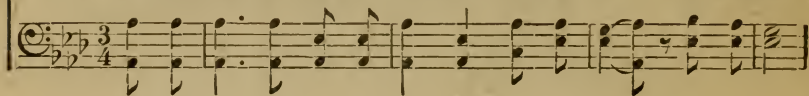
No. 87. BY AND BY.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, D. D.

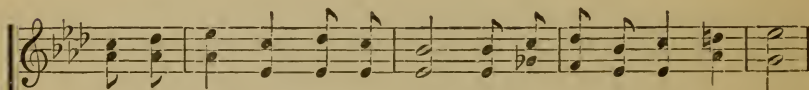
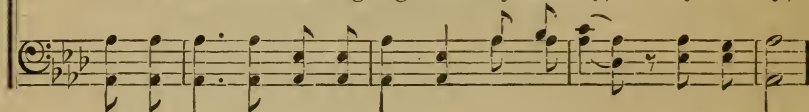
R. G. STAPLES.



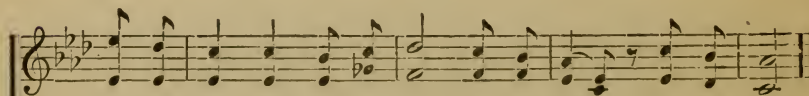
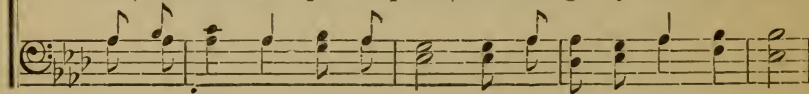
1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harp of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
3. Wearing robes of snow-y whiteness, By and by, by and by;



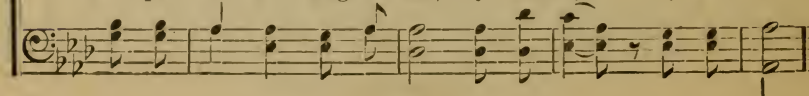
And the dark-ness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing re-demption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness By and by, by and by;



With the toil - some jour-ney done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
And the strains for ev - er - more, Shall resound in sweet-ness o'er,
Then, our storms and per - ils passed, And with glo - ry ours at last,

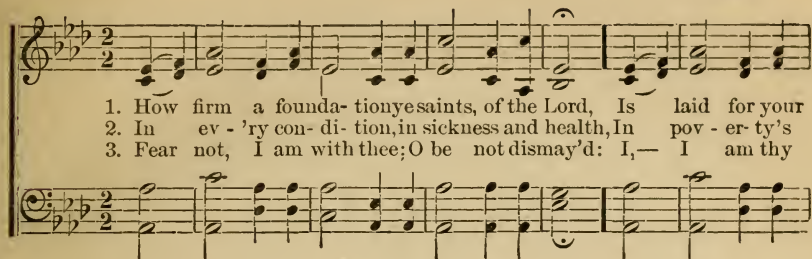


We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.
We'll pos - sess the kingdom vast, By and by, by and by.

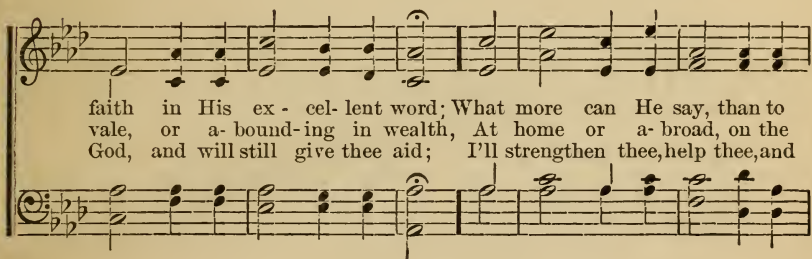


No. 88. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

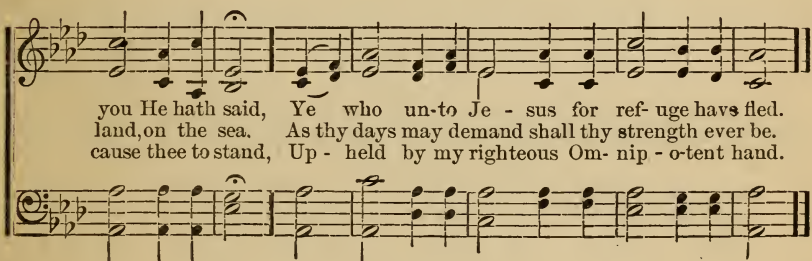
Arranged.



1. How firm a founda- tion yesaints, of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con- di- tion, in sickness and health, In pov - er - ty's
 3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd: I, — I am thy



faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He say, than to
 vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home or a - broad, on the
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you He hath said, Ye who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.
 land, on the sea. As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous Om - nip - o - tent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

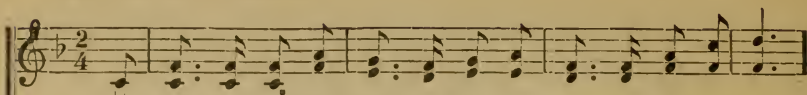
5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
 My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.

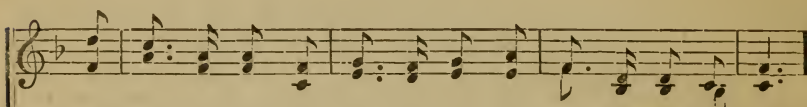
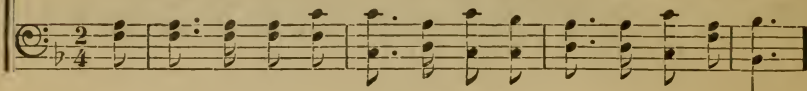
7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

No. 89. JESUS, I LOVE THY CHARMING NAME.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



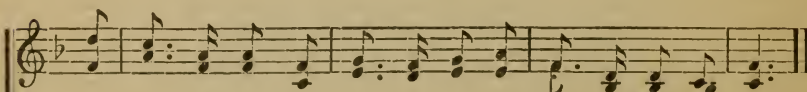
1. Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
2. All my capacious pow - ers can wish In Thee doth rich - ly meet;
3. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fragrance there;
4. I'll speak the hon - ors of Thy name With my last labor-ing breath;



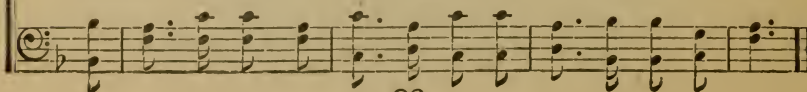
Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and Heaven should hear.
Not to mine eyes is light so dear; Nor friendship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care.
Then, speech-less, clasp Thee in mine arms, The Con - quer - or of death.



That earth and heaven should hear,	That earth and heaven should hear.
Nor friend-ship half so sweet,	Nor friend-ship half so sweet.
The cor - dial of its care,	The cor - dial of its care.
The Con - quer - or of death,	The Con - quer - or of death.



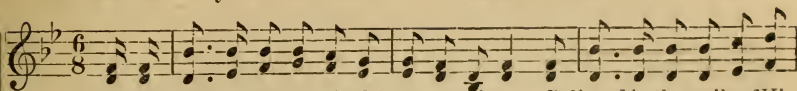
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven should hear.
Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend-ship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms, The Con - quer - or of death.



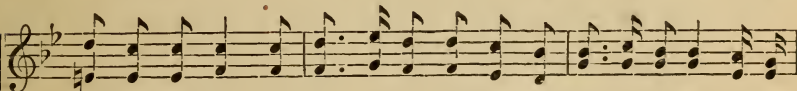
No. 90. BELIEVE, AND KEEP ON BELIEVING.

Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN.

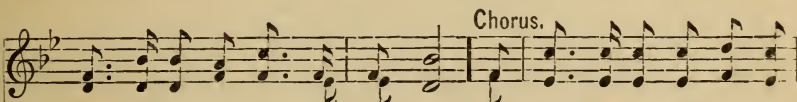
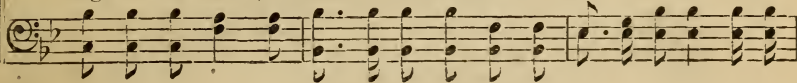
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



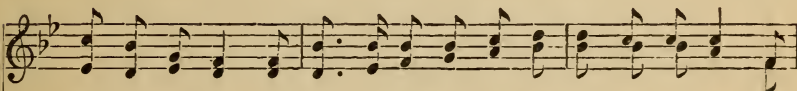
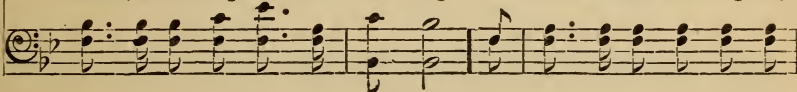
1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my cru- ci-fied Lord, Believed in redemption a-
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true liv-ing One, Believed in His presence on



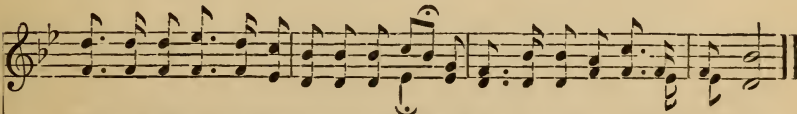
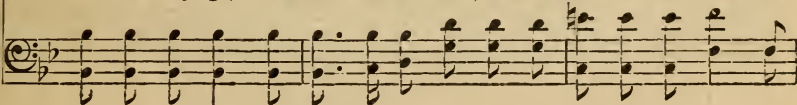
rec- on- ciled face, Believed in His message of par-don and peace, I be-
lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word; I be-
bless-ed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-
high on the throne, Believed in His com-ing in glo- ry full soon; I be-



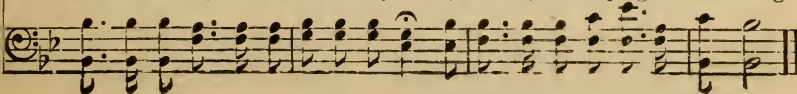
lieved, and I keep on be- liev- ing. Be- lieve! and the feel- ing may



come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ-ten to show That



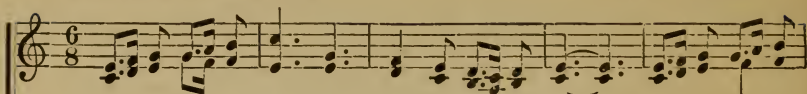
all who believe, their salvation may know, Believe, and keep right on believing.



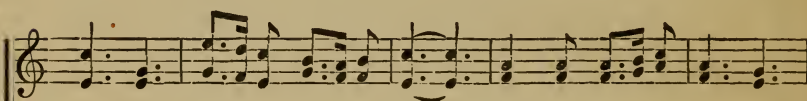
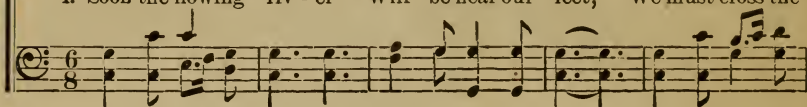
No. 91. BE NOT AFRAID.

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

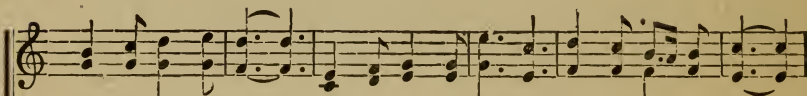
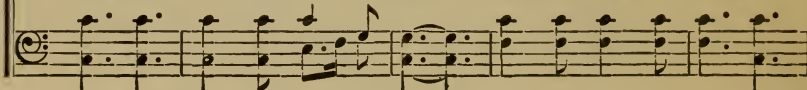
R. G. STAPLES



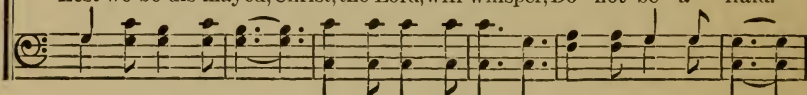
1. Tho' the tempest rag - es, And the day is past, Tho the shadows
2. Nothing can be harm-ful Which the Father sends; E- ven loss and
3. In the way we trav- el There are mountain heights; There must be the
4. Soon the flowing riv- er Will be near our feet; We must cross the



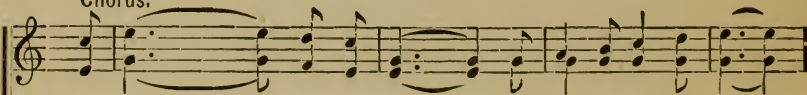
deep - en, And the night falls fast, There is heard a whis - per
sor - row, And the lack of friends, Need not make us fear - ful,
fad - ing Of the household lights; Thro' the boisterous wa - ters
wa - ters, Ere our lov'd we meet, But to give us cour- age,



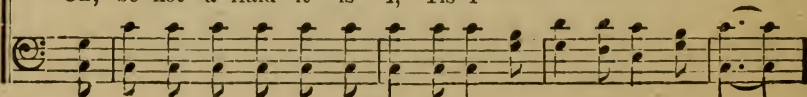
In the thick'ning shades, It is I, the Mas-ter, Do not be a - fraid.
Troubled or dismayed, Since the Lord is say- ing, Do not be a - fraid.
We must slowly wade; But we hear Christ whisper, Do not be a - fraid.
Lest we be dis-mayed, Christ, the Lord, will whisper, Do not be a - fraid.



Chorus.



'Tis I, it is I, O, do not be a - fraid.
Oh, be not a-fraid it is I, 'Tis I



BE NOT AFRAID,—Concluded.

'Tis I it is I O, do not be a - fraid.
Oh, be not a - fraid, it is I, 'tis I,

No. 92. DO I NOT NEED THEE?

R. G. STAPLES.

M. L. McPHAIL.

Slow. p *cres.* *p*

1. Do I not need Thee, Sav - iour di - vine? To Thy dear
2. Do I not need Thee Each hour, each day? Pit - y me,
3. Do I not need Thee? What power have I? No arm to
4. Do I not need Thee? Wear - y and faint, Come I un-

cres. *rit.* Chorus.

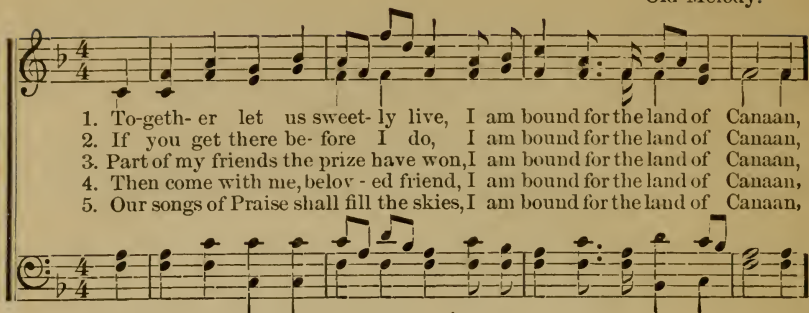
pre - cepts My heart in - cline.
Sav - iour, Be Thou my stay. } How much I need Thee,
lean on— Sav - iour, draw nigh. } 4th v. Yes, I do need Thee;
- to Thee; Heed my com - plaint.

ff *p* *cres.* *rit.*

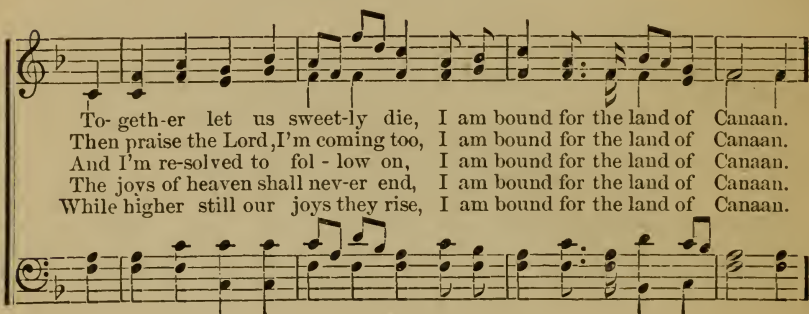
I scarce-ly know; Dear, pre - cious Sav - iour, Thy love be - stow.
Thy love is strong; Grant me pro - tec - tion All the day long.

No. 93. BRIGHT CANAAN.

Old Melody.

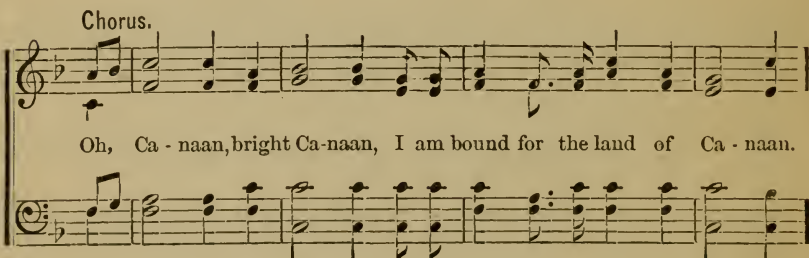


1. To-gether let us sweet-ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 2. If you get there be-fore I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 4. Then come with me, be-lov-ed friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan,

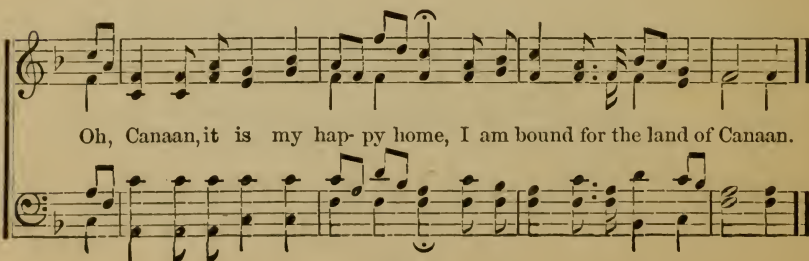


To-gether let us sweet-ly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 And I'm re-solved to fol-low on, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 The joys of heaven shall nev-er end, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Chorus.



Oh, Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.

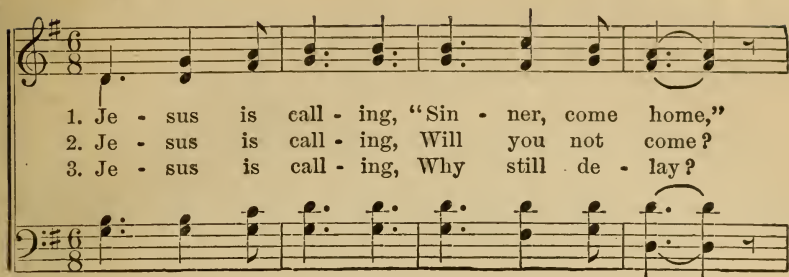


Oh, Canaan, it is my hap-py home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

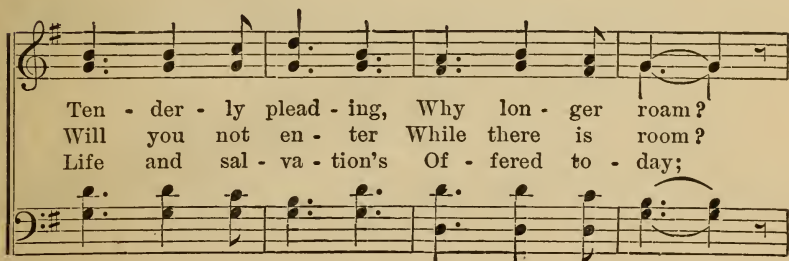
NO. 94. JESUS IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

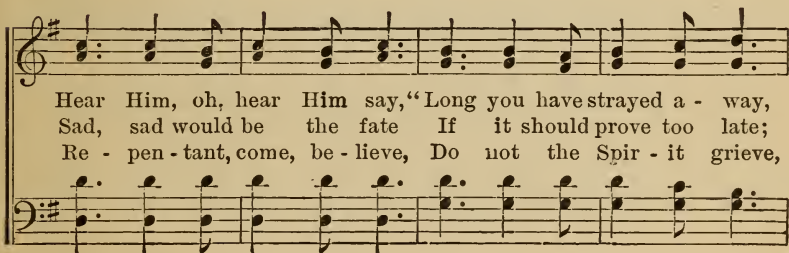
THOMAS F. SIMMS.



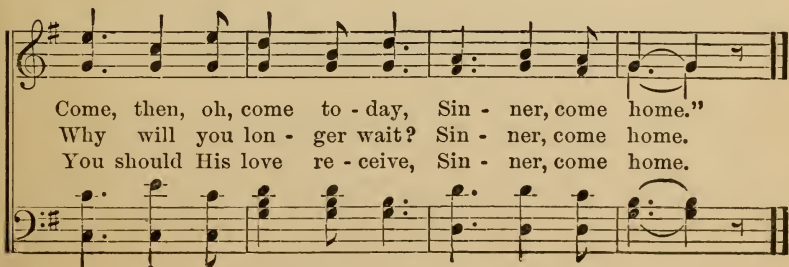
1. Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home,"
 2. Je - sus is call - ing, Will you not come?
 3. Je - sus is call - ing, Why still de - lay?



Ten - der - ly plead - ing, Why lon - ger roam?
 Will you not en - ter While there is room?
 Life and sal - va - tion's Of - fered to - day;



Hear Him, oh, hear Him say, "Long you have strayed a - way,
 Sad, sad would be the fate If it should prove too late;
 Re - pen - tant, come, be - lieve, Do not the Spir - it grieve,

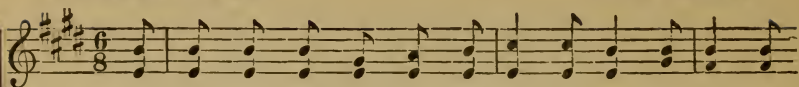


Come, then, oh, come to - day, Sin - ner, come home."
 Why will you lon - ger wait? Sin - ner, come home.
 You should His love re - ceive, Sin - ner, come home.

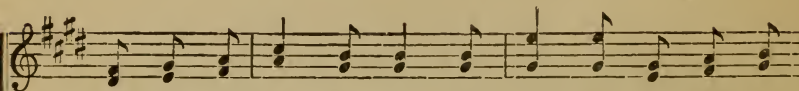
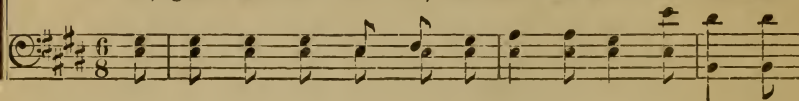
No. 95. REDEEMED.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES

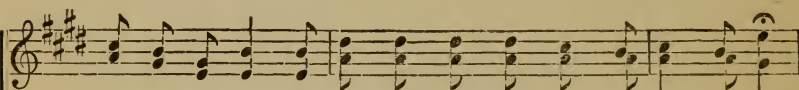
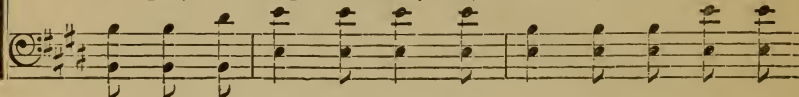
D. B. TOWNER.



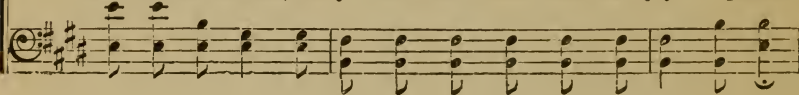
1. Oh, glad "who - so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are
2. I came to my Sav - iour, His word believed, When He the
3. Oh, glad "who - so - ev - er," the crim - son tide Is free and



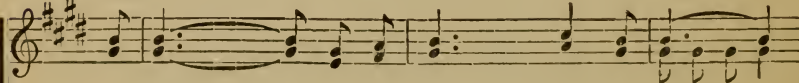
par - doned thro' Christ the Son, Of love so pre - cious I
sin - ner at once re - ceived, And now His prais - es I
o - pen, is deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth - er, and



nev - er had dreamed, Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed.
joy - ful - ly sing. And dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
bathe in the stream, And you shall be filled with a joy supreme.



Chorus.



Oh, glo - - ry to Je - - sus, re - deemed!
Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed,



REDEEMED.—Concluded.

re - deemed! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed,
my soul is redeemed! Of

Oh rap - tu - rous sto - ry, re - deemed!
Oh, rap - tu - rous sto - ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

re-deemed! Oh, glo - - - ry! Oh,
my soul is re-deemed! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my

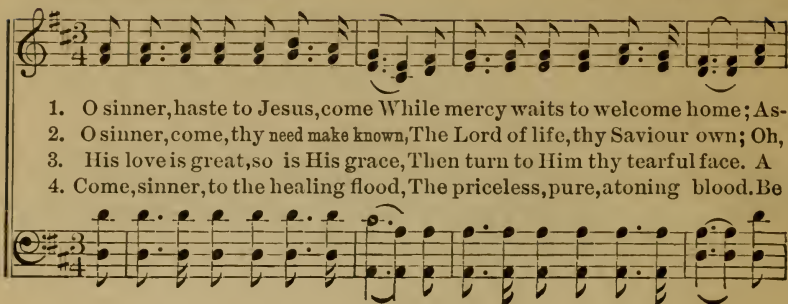
glo • ry, re-deemed! re - deemed.
soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed, my soul is redeemed.

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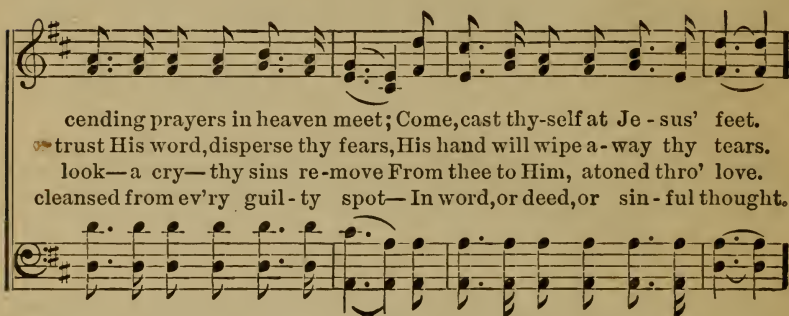
No. 96. O SINNER, HASTE TO JESUS.

Rev. GEO. E. TRUETT.

R. G. STAPLES.

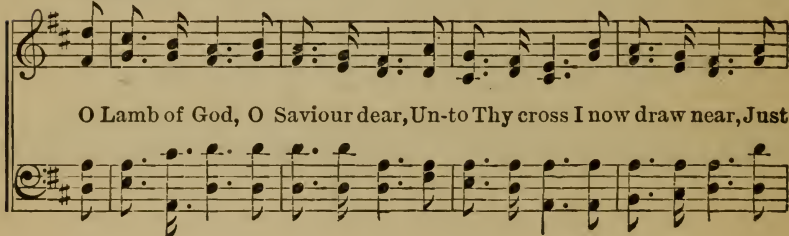


1. O sinner, haste to Jesus, come While mercy waits to welcome home; As-
2. O sinner, come, thy need make known, The Lord of life, thy Saviour own; Oh,
3. His love is great, so is His grace, Then turn to Him thy tearful face. A
4. Come, sinner, to the healing flood, The priceless, pure, atoning blood. Be

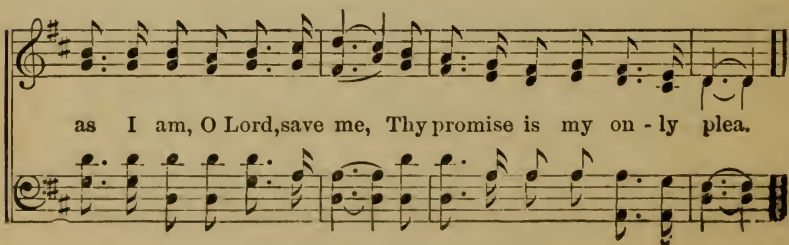


ending prayers in heaven meet; Come, cast thy-self at Je - sus' feet.
 trust His word, disperse thy fears, His hand will wipe a-way thy tears.
 look—a cry—thy sins re-move From thee to Him, atoned thro' love.
 cleansed from ev'ry guil-ty spot— In word, or deed, or sin-ful thought.

CHORUS.



O Lamb of God, O Saviour dear, Un-to Thy cross I now draw near, Just

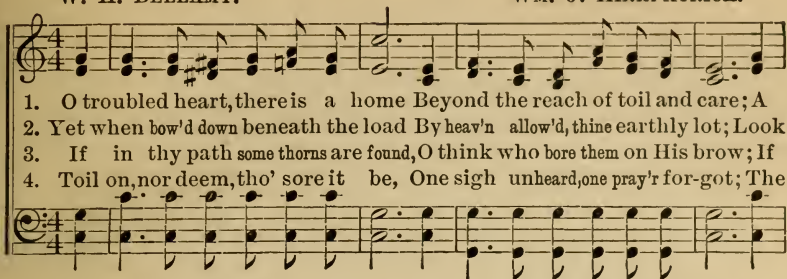


as I am, O Lord, save me, Thy promise is my on-ly plea.

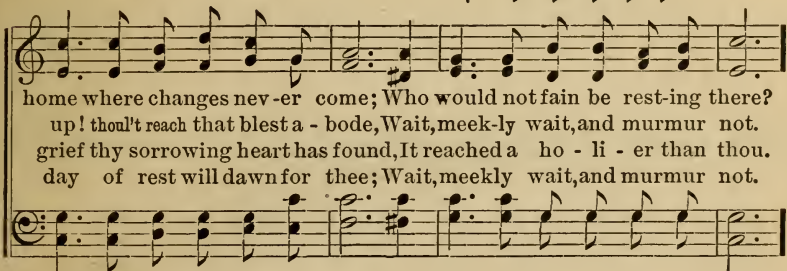
No. 97. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

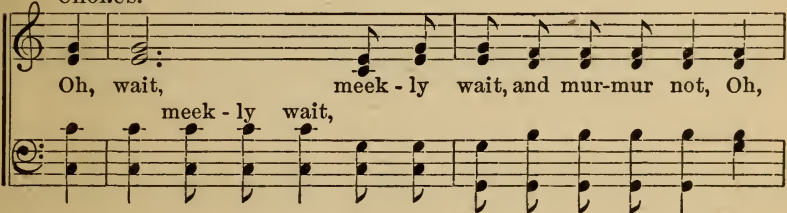


1. O troubled heart, there is a home Beyond the reach of toil and care; A
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Look
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O think who bore them on His brow; If
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got; The

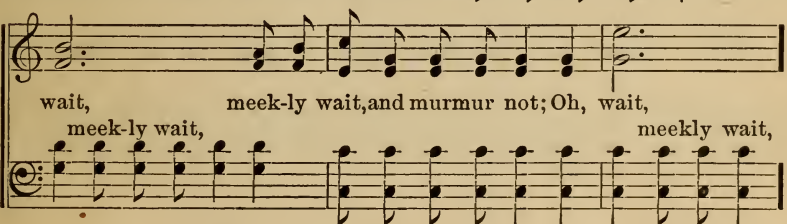


home where changes nev-er come; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 up! thoult reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

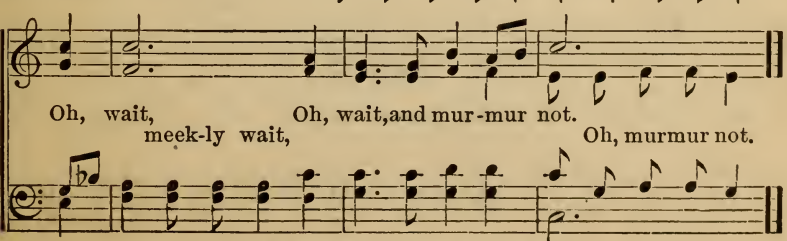
CHORUS.



Oh, wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, Oh,
 meek-ly wait,



wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not; Oh, wait,
 meek-ly wait, meekly wait,



Oh, wait, Oh, wait, and mur-mur not.
 meek-ly wait, Oh, murmur not.

From "Leaflet Gems" by per. JOHN J. HOOD.

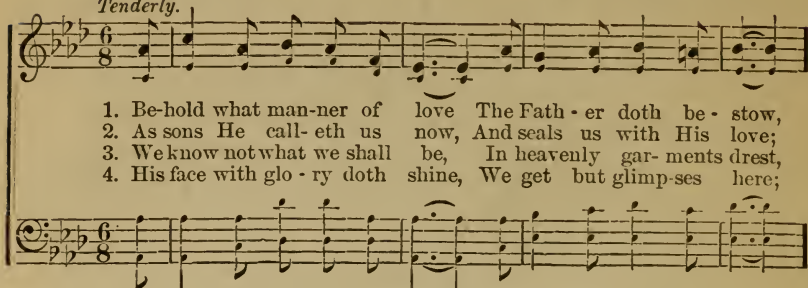
No. 98. BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

(May be sung as Chorus by using grace notes.)

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

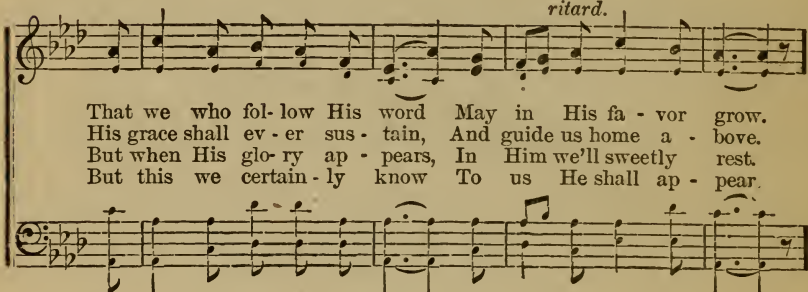
W. H. DOANE, by per.

Tenderly.



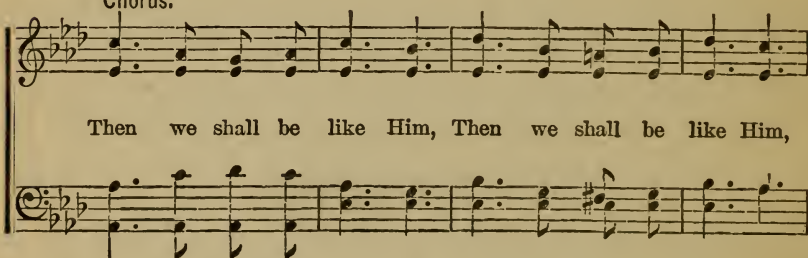
1. Be-hold what man-ner of love The Fath-er doth be-stow,
 2. As sons He call-eth us now, And seals us with His love;
 3. We know not what we shall be, In heavenly gar-ments drest,
 4. His face with glo-ry doth shine, We get but glimp-ses here;

ritard.



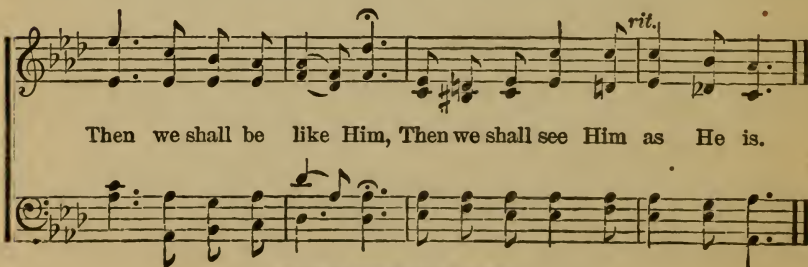
That we who fol-low His word May in His fa-vor grow.
 His grace shall ev-er sus-tain, And guide us home a-bove.
 But when His glo-ry ap-pears, In Him we'll sweetly rest.
 But this we certain-ly know To us He shall ap-pear.

Chorus.



Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall be like Him,

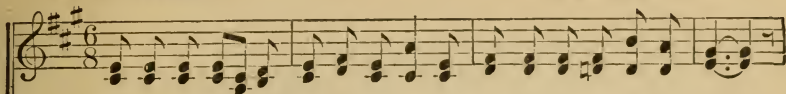
rit.



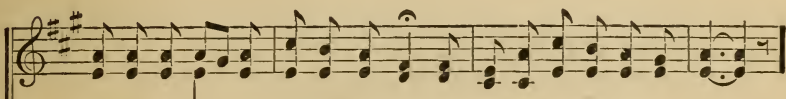
Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall see Him as He is.

R. G. STAPLES.

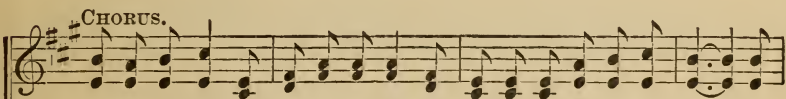
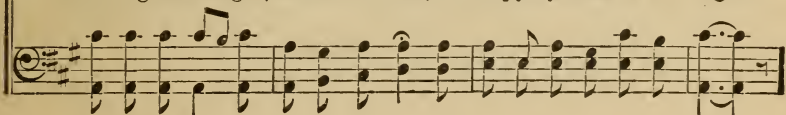
FRANK M. DAVIS.



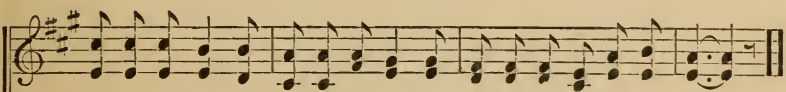
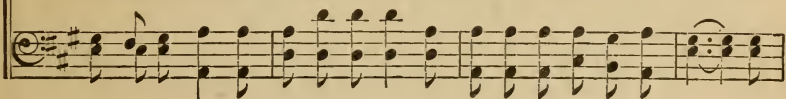
1. Jesus is here:oh,what will you do?He knocks at the door of your heart;
2. Jesus is here:oh,what will you do?Your heart will grow callous and cold;
3. Jesus is here:oh,what will you do?Your Saviour can bless you to - night;



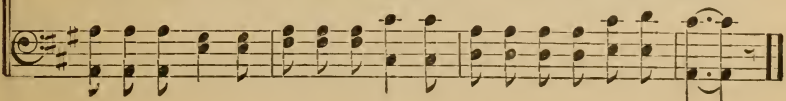
Je-sus is here,de-cide it to-night,And let not the Saviour de - part.
While He is waiting, can you re-fuse To en-ter the door of the fold?
Soul in great danger, almost but lost,God help you just now to do right.



Je-sus is here,yes, Jesus is here: Oh,what are you going to do? His



life blood He gave a ransom to save A poor dying sinner like you.

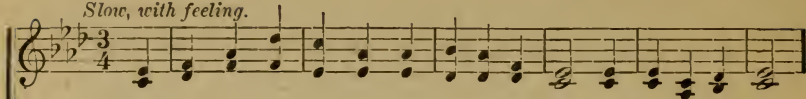


No. 100. PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

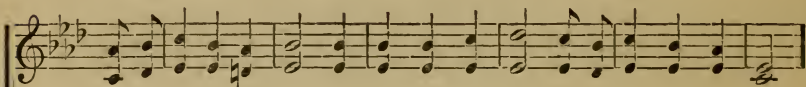
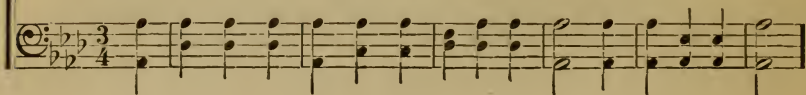
Rev. W. T. DALE.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

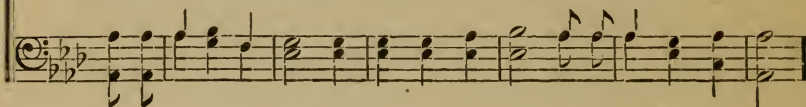
Slow, with feeling.



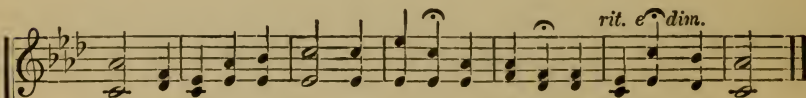
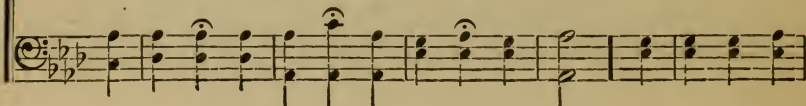
1. When bowed with afflictions and woes here below, As on in my way
2. 'Mid tri - als and loss - es that fall on me here, When mingling the cup
3. When weeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, My friends all depart-



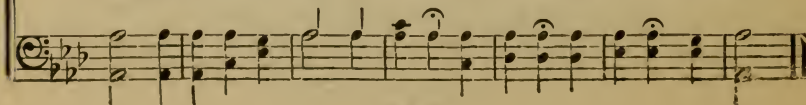
to bright Canaan I go, I hear a sweet voice-'tis the voice of my God:
of thanks-giving and tears, I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God:
-ed beyond the dark wave, I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God:



"I love thee, I love thee, pass un-der the rod." }
"I love thee, I love thee, pass un-der the rod." } Pass un-der the
"I love thee, I love thee, pass un-der the rod." }



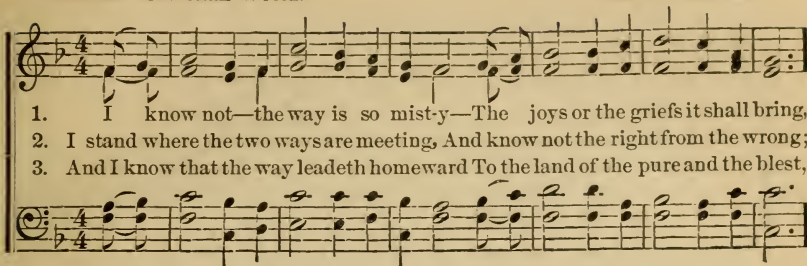
rod, pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.



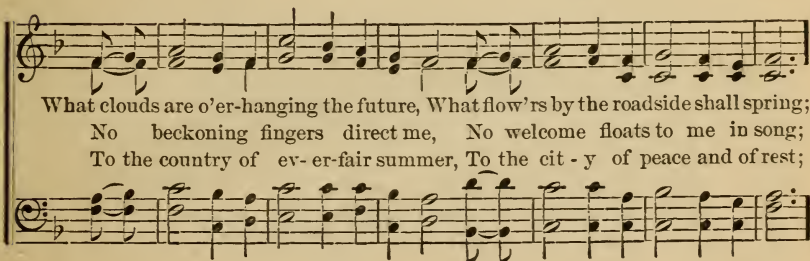
No. 101. HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

London "Christian World."

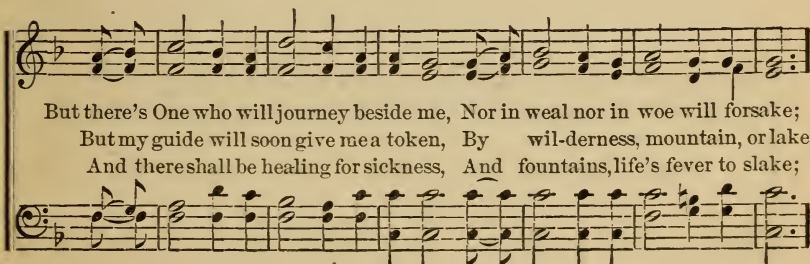
R. G. STAPLES.



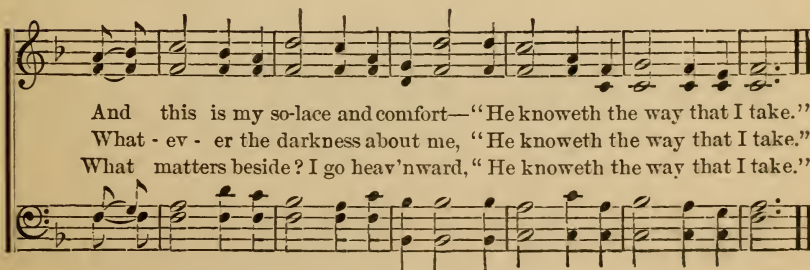
1. I know not—the way is so mist-y—The joys or the griefs it shall bring,
 2. I stand where the two ways are meeting, And know not the right from the wrong;
 3. And I know that the way leadeth homeward To the land of the pure and the blest,



What clouds are o'er-hanging the future, What flow'rs by the roadside shall spring;
 No beckoning fingers direct me, No welcome floats to me in song;
 To the country of ev-er-fair summer, To the cit-y of peace and of rest;



But there's One who will journey beside me, Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
 But my guide will soon give me a token, By wil-derness, mountain, or lake
 And there shall be healing for sickness, And fountains, life's fever to slake;



And this is my so-lace and comfort—"He knoweth the way that I take."
 What - ev - er the darkness about me, "He knoweth the way that I take."
 What matters beside? I go heav'nward, "He knoweth the way that I take."

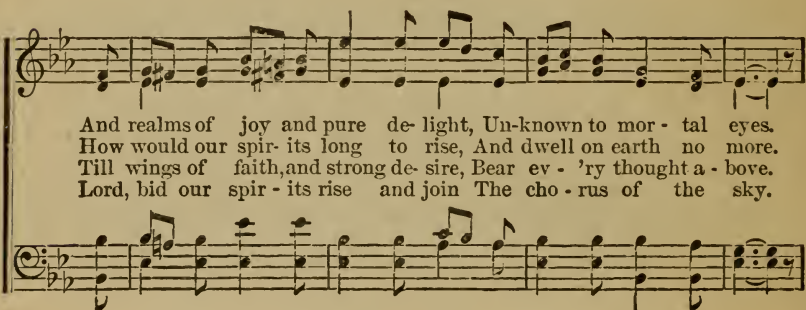
No. 102. SATISFIED BY AND BY.

ANNIE STEEL.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



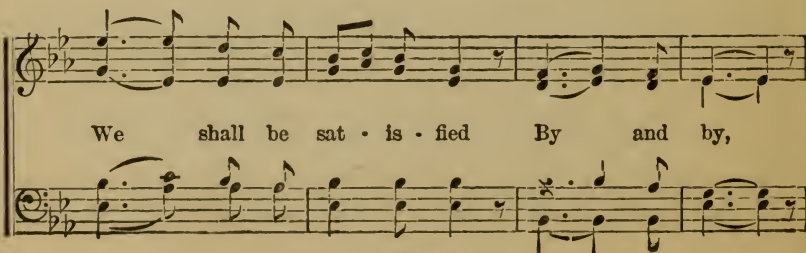
1. Far from these scenes of night Un-bounded glo-ries rise,
 2. Fair land! could mor-tal eyes But half its charms ex-plore,
 3. O may the prospect fire Our hearts with ar-dent love,
 4. Pre-pared, by grace di-vine, For Thy bright courts on high,



And realms of joy and pure de-light, Un-known to mor-tal eyes.
 How would our spir-its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.
 Till wings of faith, and strong de-sire, Bear ev-'ry thought a-bove.
 Lord, bid our spir-its rise and join The cho-rus of the sky.

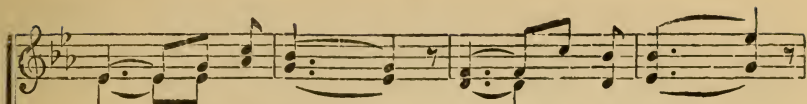


There with the glo-ri-fied, Safe by our Sav-iour's side,
 There with the Safe by our Sav-iour's side,

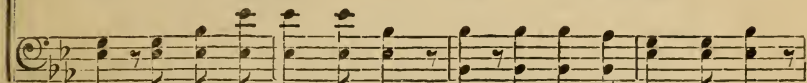


We shall be sat-is-fied By and by,

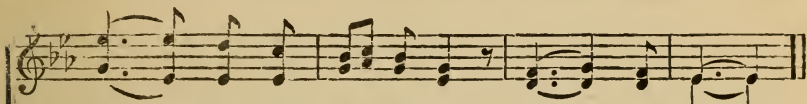
SATISFIED BY AND BY.—Concluded.



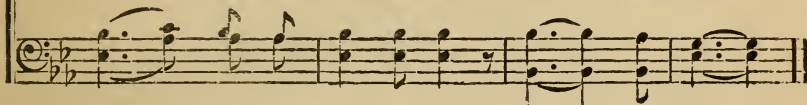
By and by, By and by,



There, there with the glo - ri - fied, Safe, safe by our Sav-iour's side.



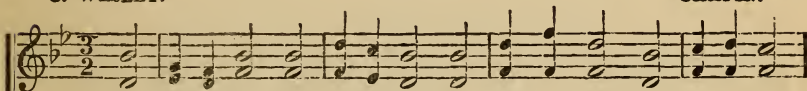
We shall be sat - is - fied By and by.



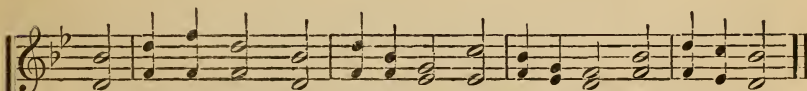
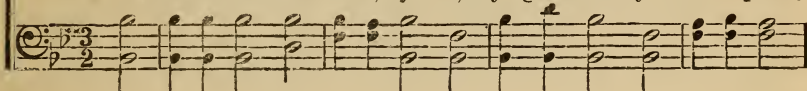
No. 103. FOREST. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

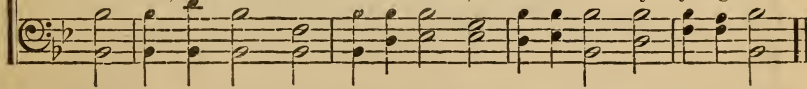
CHAPIN.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit
2. Rest for my soul I long to find; Sav-iour of all, if mine Thou art,
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And ful - ly set my spir - it free;
4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God, Thy light and eas-y burden prove,



At Je - sus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind. And stamp Thine image on my heart.
I can-not rest till pure within, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood, The labour of Thy dy-ing love.

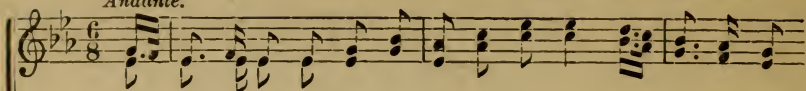


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 I would; but Thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.</p> | <p>6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!</p> |
|--|---|

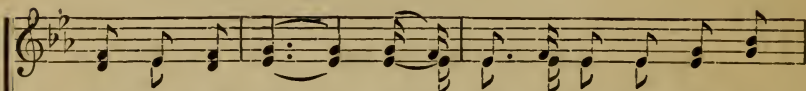
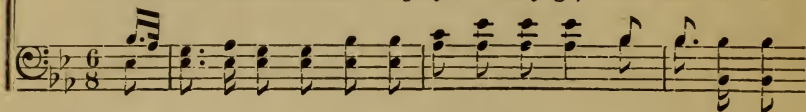
No. 104. THAT SWEET OLD STORY.

Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.

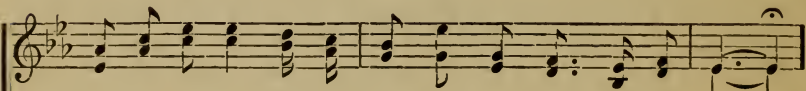
Andante.



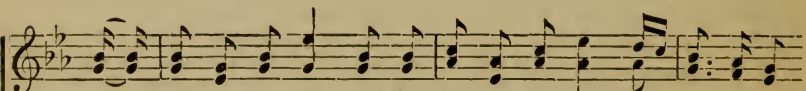
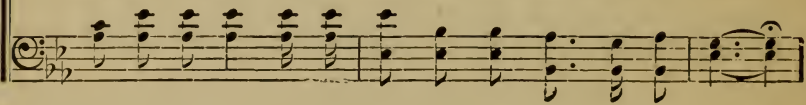
1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of -old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a



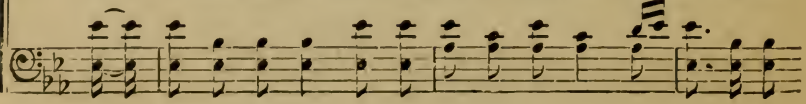
here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
share of His love; And if I now but ear - nest - ly



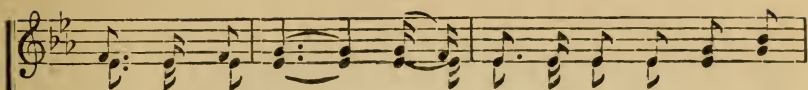
lambs to His fold I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.



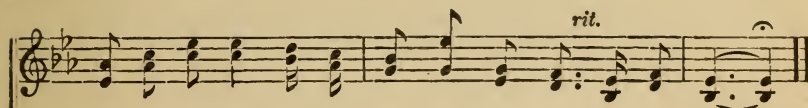
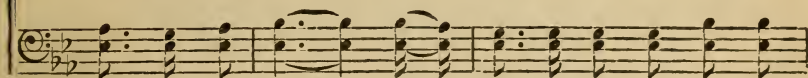
I wish that His hand had been placed on my head His arm had been
In that beauti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare, For all who are



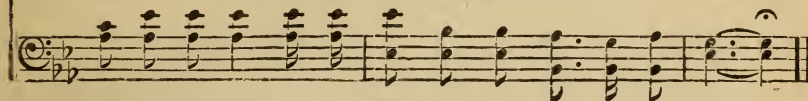
THAT SWEET OLD STORY.—Concluded.



thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
wash'd and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil-dren are

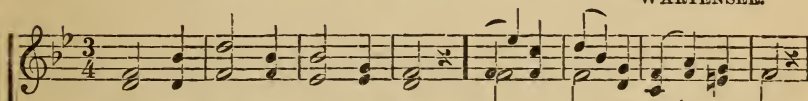


look when He said Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me.
gath - er - ing there, For of such is the king - dom of heaven.

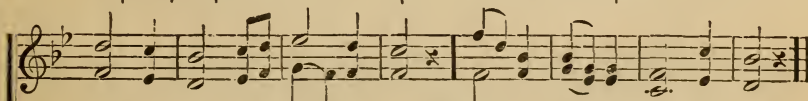
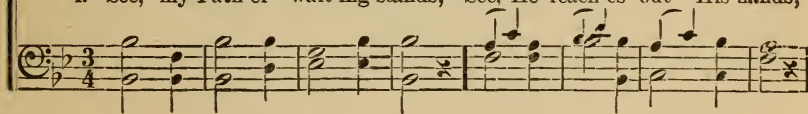


No. 105. LOVE FOR ALL.

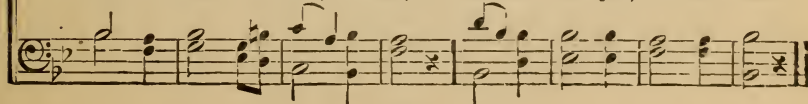
WARTENSEE.



1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
2. I, the dis - o - bedient child, Wayward, pas-sion-ate, and wild;
3. I, who spurned His loving hold, I, who would not be controlled;
4. See, my Fath-er wait-ing stands; See, He reach-es out His hands;



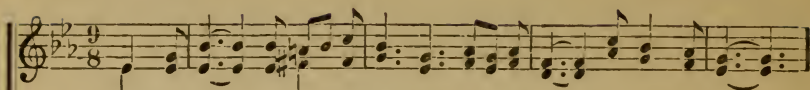
I, who strayed so long a - go, Strayed so far, and fell so low?
I, who left my Father's home, In for - bid - den ways to roam!
I, who would not hear His call, I, the will-ful prod-i - gal.
God is love! I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me.



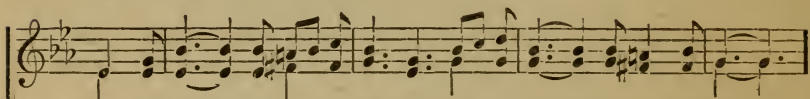
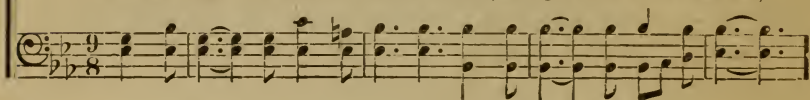
No. 106. HEAR, O HEAR ME.

R. G. STAPLES.

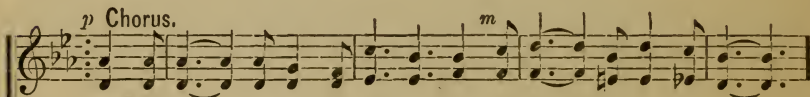
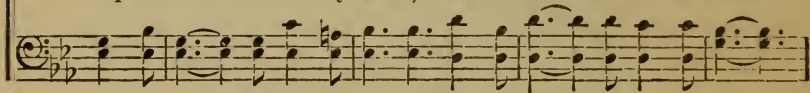
GEO. C. HUGG.



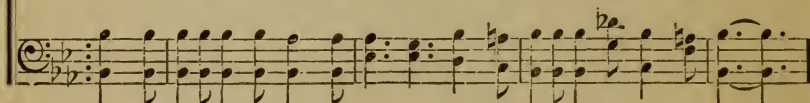
1. Hear, O hear me, lov- ing Saviour, When I call up- on Thy name;
2. Can I long- er stay far from Thee, Shall I long- er walk in sin,
3. No! dear Sav- iour, I am com- ing; Tho' I'm vile, I'll en- ter in;
4. I am hap- py precious Saviour, Once, though blind- I now can see;



Let me know Thy gracious fa- vor, Free my soul from guilty shame.
While Thy gen- tle spir- it woos me, And my soul is stirred within.
Help me cease my thoughtless roaming, Let Thy blood cleanse me from sin.
Keep me ev- er in Thy fa- vor; Bind me clos- er still to Thee.

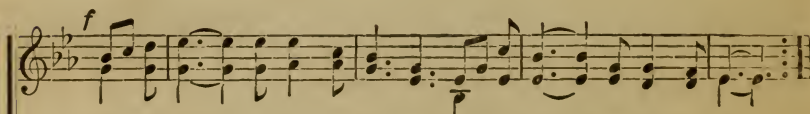


I have heard the melting sto- ry, Of Thy death up- on the tree.

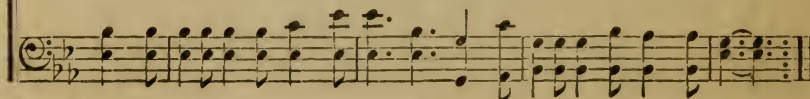


I have heard, have heard,

Of Thy death, Thy death,



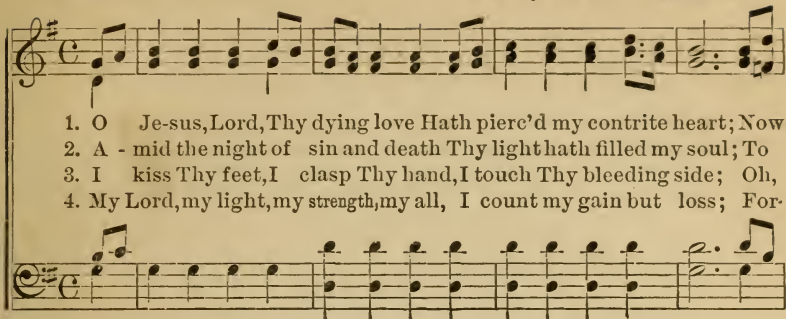
Of Thy ag- o- ny so bit- ter- Precious Sav- iour, all for me.



No. 107. AT THE CROSS.

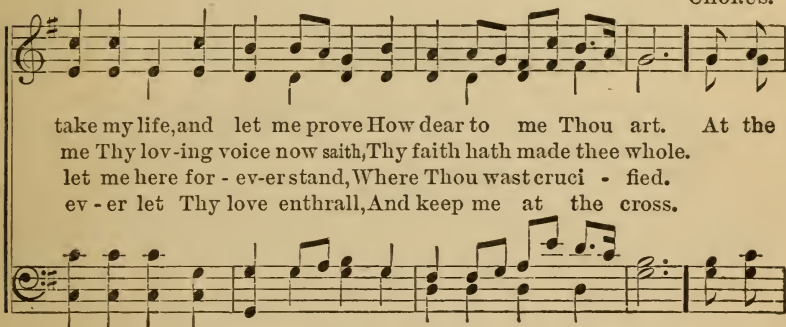
R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

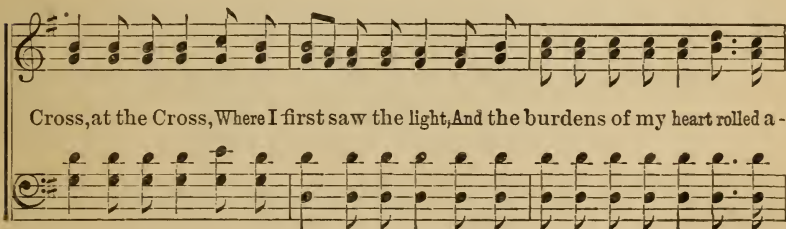


1. O Je-sus, Lord, Thy dying love Hath pierc'd my contrite heart; Now
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul; To
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I touch Thy bleeding side; Oh,
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss; For

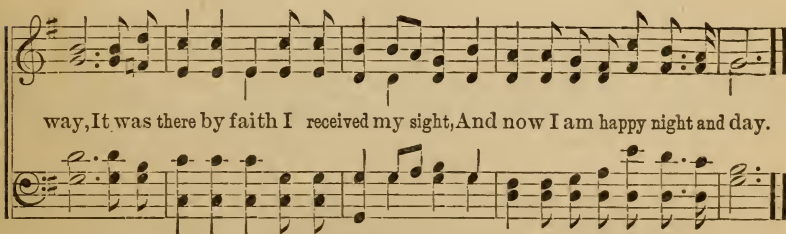
CHORUS.



take my life, and let me prove How dear to me Thou art. At the
me Thy lov-ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
let me here for - ev-er stand, Where Thou wast cruci - fied.
ev - er let Thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.



Cross, at the Cross, Where I first saw the light, And the burdens of my heart rolled a -

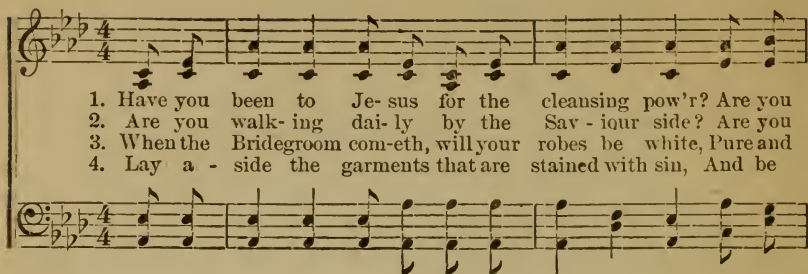


way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day.

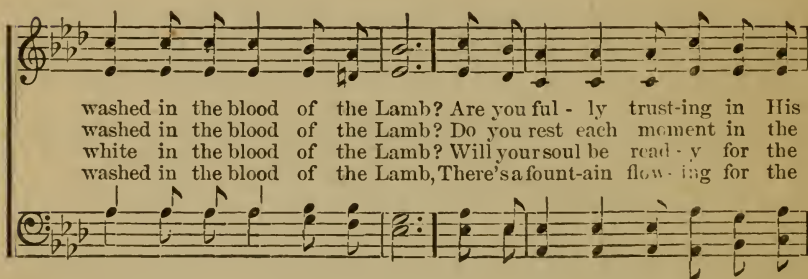
No. 108. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

E. A. H.

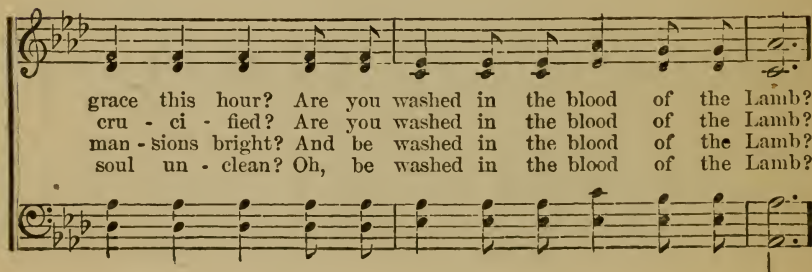
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



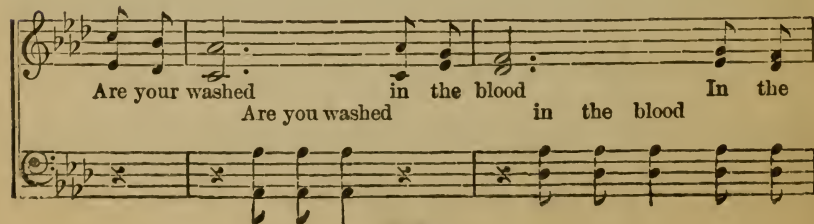
1. Have you been to Je- sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk- ing dai- ly by the Sav- iour side? Are you
 3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust- ing in His
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb, There's a fount-ain flow- ing for the



grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 man - sions bright? And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un - clean? Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb?



Are you washed in the blood In the
 Are you washed in the blood

Are you Washed in the Blood?—Concluded.

soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
of the Lamb?

spotless? Are they white as snow? Are they wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 109. JUST AS I AM.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that Thy blood wasshed for me,
2. Just as I am and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a conflict many a doubt,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
With fears with-in, and foes without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

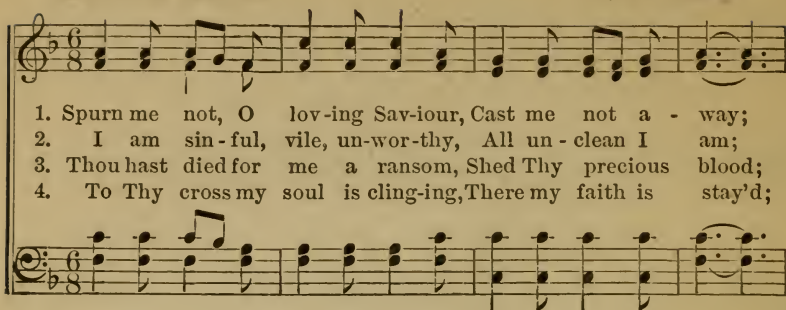
4 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come, come!

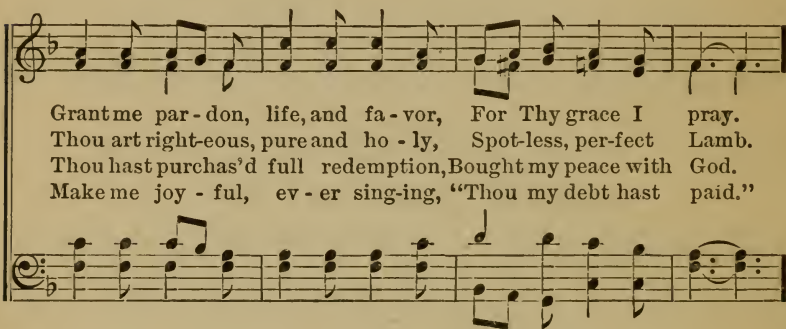
No. 110. SPURN ME NOT.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.

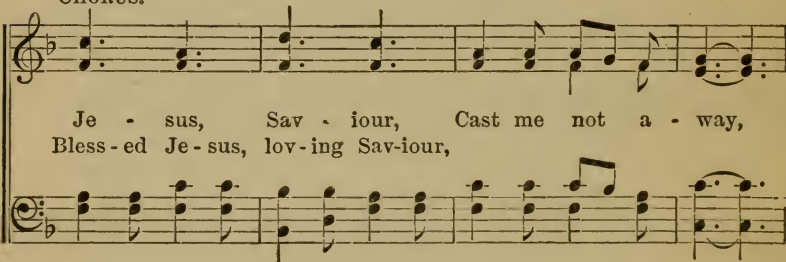


1. Spurn me not, O lov-ing Sav-iour, Cast me not a - way;
 2. I am sin-ful, vile, un-wor-thy, All un-clean I am;
 3. Thou hast died for me a ransom, Shed Thy precious blood;
 4. To Thy cross my soul is cling-ing, There my faith is stay'd;

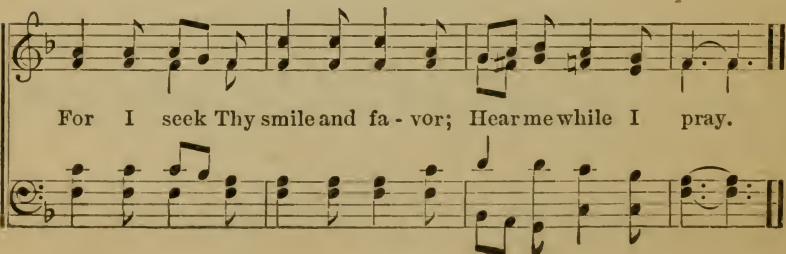


Grant me par-don, life, and fa-vor, For Thy grace I pray.
 Thou art right-eous, pure and ho-ly, Spot-less, per-fect Lamb.
 Thou hast purchas'd full redemption, Bought my peace with God.
 Make me joy-ful, ev-er sing-ing, "Thou my debt hast paid."

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Sav - iour, Cast me not a - way,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, lov-ing Sav-iour,

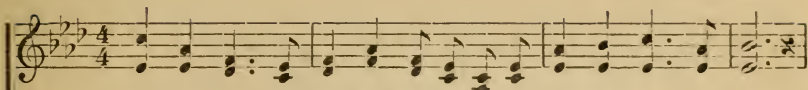


For I seek Thy smile and fa-vor; Hear me while I pray.

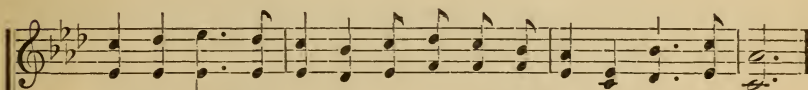
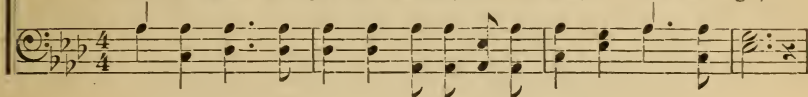
No. 111. THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

R. G. S.

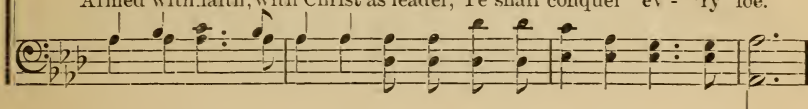
R. G. STAPLES.



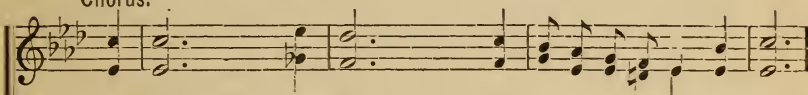
1. Christians, lo! the fields are whit'ning For the harvest of the Lord;
2. On-ward, Christians, still press onward, Singing sweetly as we go;
3. Christians, lo! the dawn is breaking, Of a clear-er bright-er day;
4. Gird-ed with the gos-pel armor, Join the war, to bat-tle go;



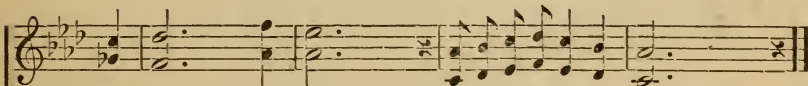
Be not i - dle, on-ward ev - er, Ye shall reap a rich re-ward.
 Strong in faith, we soon shall triumph, Tho' opposed by many a foe.
 Yield not to the clouds of sor-row, Ev - er on-ward press your way.
 Armed with faith, with Christ as leader, Ye shall conquer ev - 'ry foe.



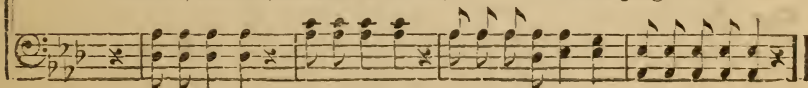
Chorus.



Toil on, toil on, The time of reaping soon will come,
 Ev-er on-ward, Christian toil on,

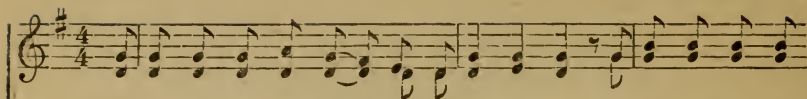


Work on, work on, Soon the reaping time will come.
 brothers, work on, brothers, work on, The reaping time will come.

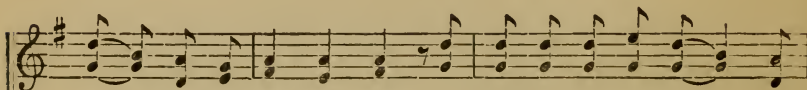
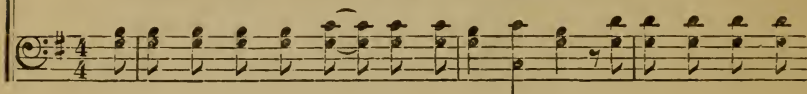


No. 112. THE TEN VIRGINS.

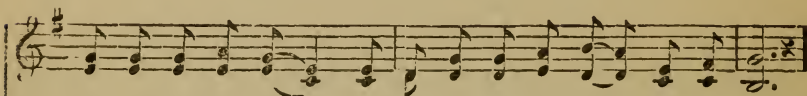
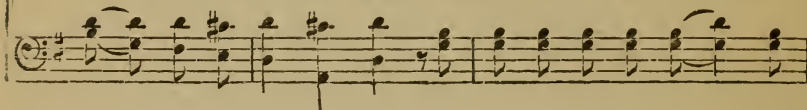
J. R. MURRAY.



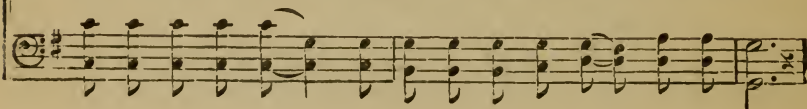
1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
2. Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
3. The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The foolish had no



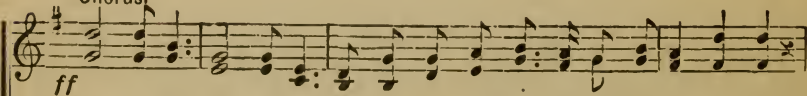
wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise,
 foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish,
 oil when the Bridegroom came, The fool- ish had no oil, The



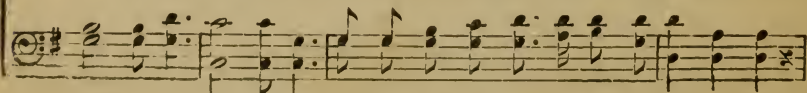
Five of them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came.
 Five of them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came.
 fool- ish had no oil, The fool- ish had no oil when He came.



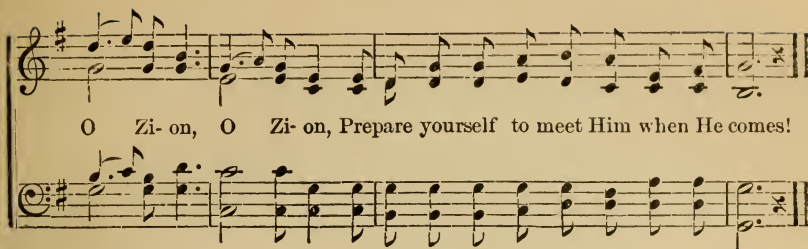
Chorus.



O Zi- on, O Zi-on, Go ye out to meet Him when the bridegroom comes!



THE TEN VIRGINS.—Concluded.



O Zi-on, O Zi-on, Prepare yourself to meet Him when He comes!

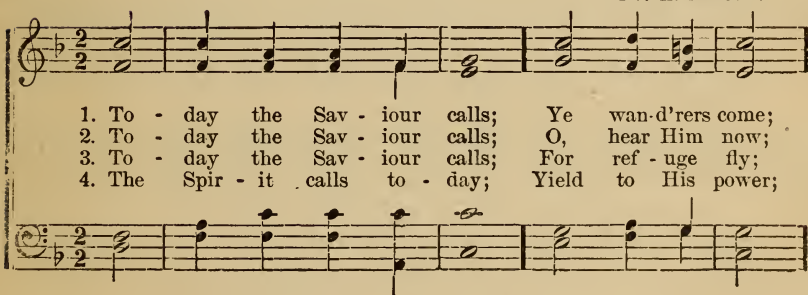
4 The foolish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came,
The foolish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came,
||: The foolish kept a-knocking, :|| when He came.

5 Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
||: Go ye out to meet Him, :|| when He comes!

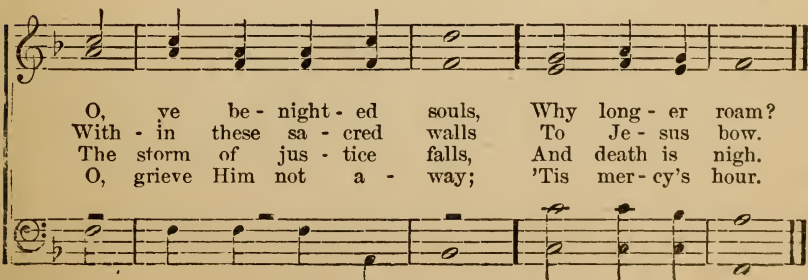
6 Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
||: Have your lamps a-burning, :|| when He comes.

No. 113. TO-DAY.

Dr. L. MASON.



1. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Ye wan-d'rers come;
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; O, hear Him now;
3. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly;
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His power;

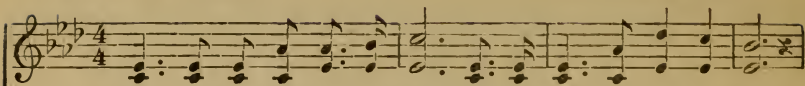


O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
O, grieve Him not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

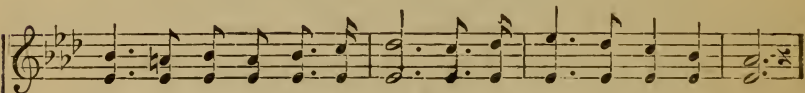
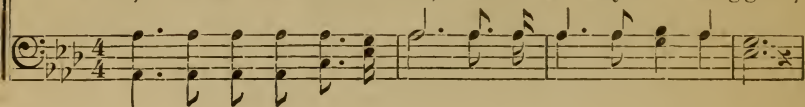
No. 114. LO! HE CALLS YOU.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

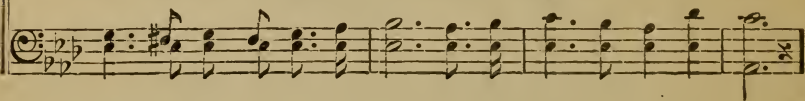
FRANK M. DAVIS.



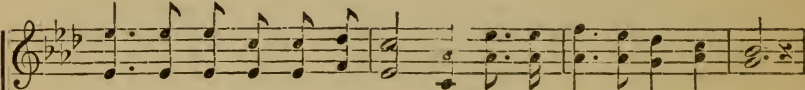
1. Have you ev - er closed your heart, To the Sav-iour's ten- der claim?
2. Have you heard how Je-sus died? On the cross that you might live,
3. Why in blindness do you wait, Wand'ring far-ther from the light?
4. Soon the sum-mer days will go, And the har - vest time be past;
5. Oh, the tree that bears no fruit, Can-not al - ways cumbering grow;



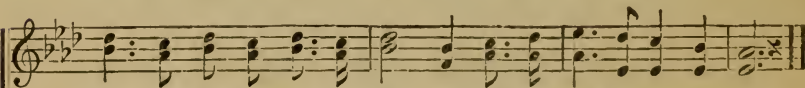
Have you ev - er tak - en part, With the world a - gainst His name?
 Have you scorned the crimson tide, Which e - ter - nal life can give?
 Loving things which you should hate, Sinking deep - er in - to night.
 Then will cease His pleading low, And your doom be sealed at last.
 For His blade will smite the root, And its beau - ty be laid low.



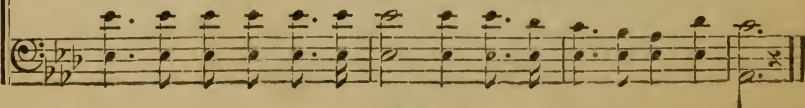
Chorus.



Lo! He calls you for re - pen - tance, Now poor wand'r'er tempest tossed;



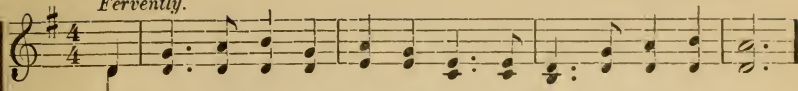
Hear the Mas-ter's sol - emn mes - sage, Come re-pent or you are lost.



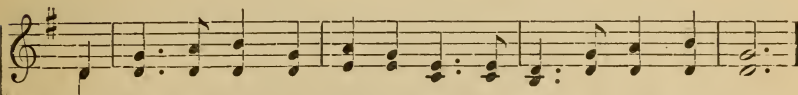
No. 115. THE DAY-SPRING.

R. G. STAPLES.

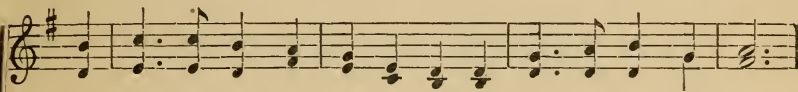
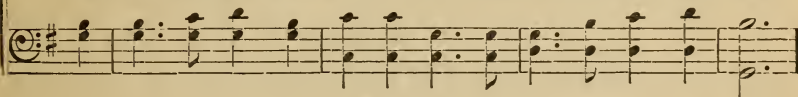
Fervently.



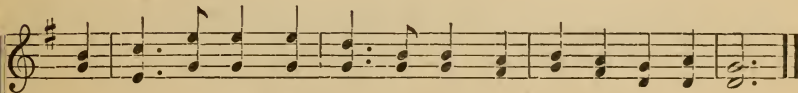
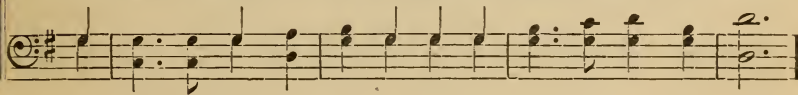
1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night Come heav'n's melodious strains,
2. The an - swer-ing hills of Palestine Send back the glad re - ply;
3. "Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring—



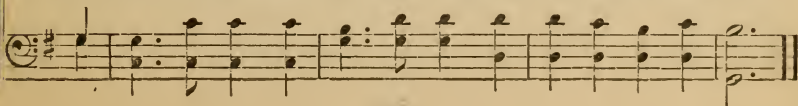
Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver-man-tled plains.
And greet, from all their ho - ly heights The day-spring from on high.
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's e - ter - nal King."



Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
Light on thy hills, Je - ru - sa - lem! The Sav - iour now is born!



And an - gels with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And Sha - ron waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
And bright on Bethlehem's joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn.

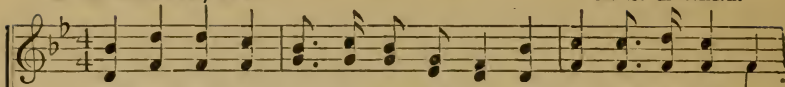


No. 116. TELL IT TO JESUS.

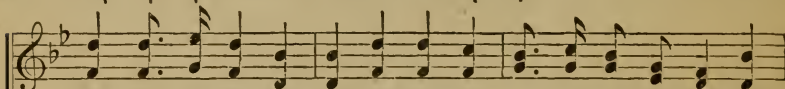
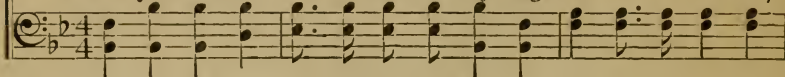
"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

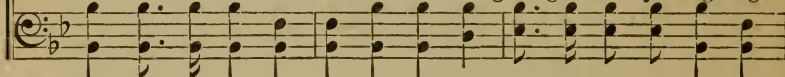
E. S. LORENZ.



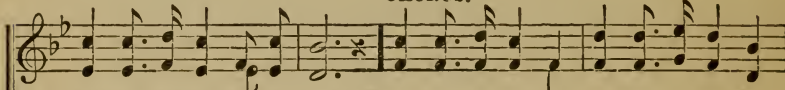
1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,



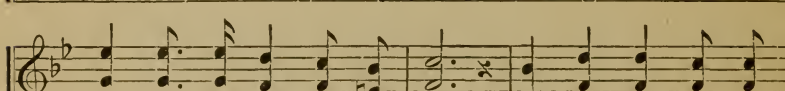
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving o - ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?



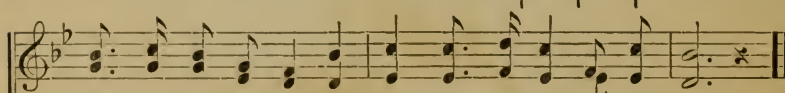
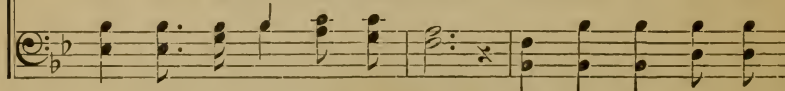
CHORUS.



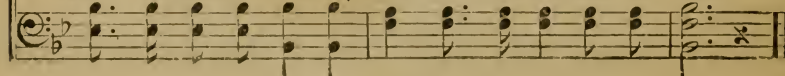
Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.



He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er



such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

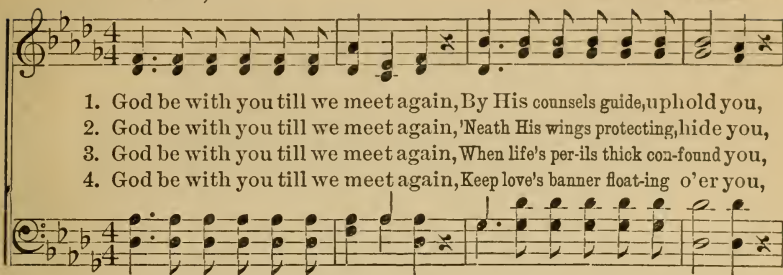


No. 117. GOD BE WITH YOU.

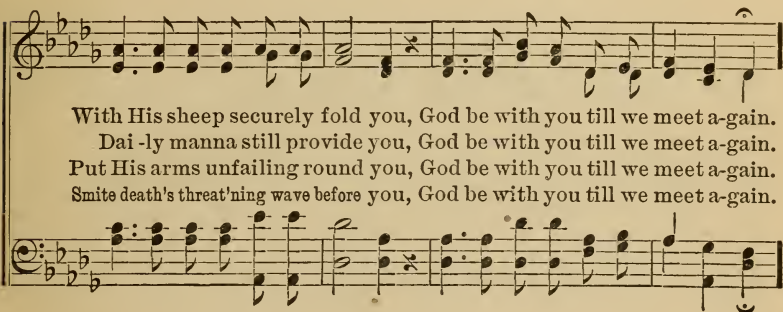
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

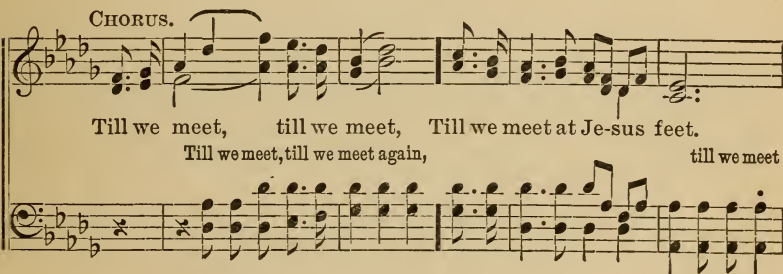


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting, hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,



With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai-ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus feet.
 Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet



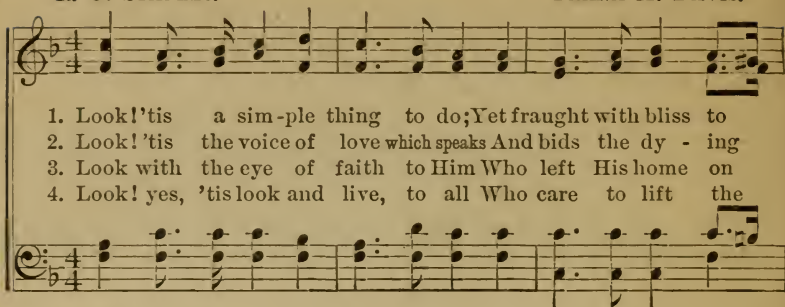
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

No. 118. LOOK, SINNER, LOOK!

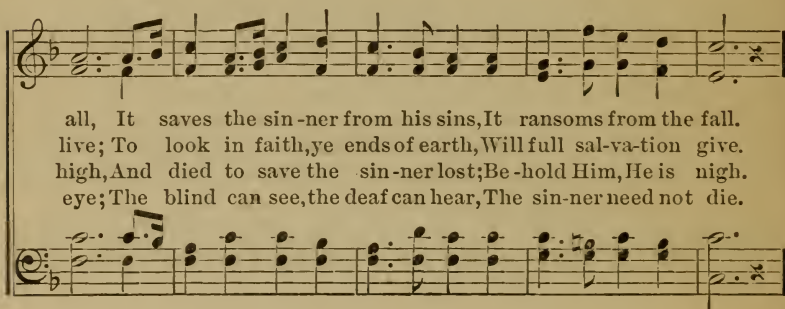
"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isalah 45: 22.

R. G. STAPLES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

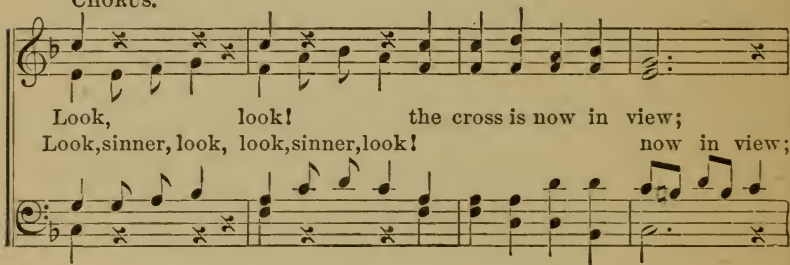


1. Look! 'tis a sim-ple thing to do; Yet fraught with bliss to
 2. Look! 'tis the voice of love which speaks And bids the dy - ing
 3. Look with the eye of faith to Him Who left His home on
 4. Look! yes, 'tis look and live, to all Who care to lift the

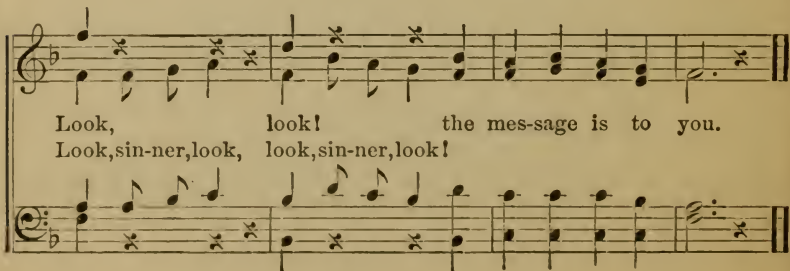


all, It saves the sin-ner from his sins, It ransoms from the fall.
 live; To look in faith, ye ends of earth, Will full sal-va-tion give.
 high, And died to save the sin-ner lost; Be-hold Him, He is nigh.
 eye; The blind can see, the deaf can hear, The sin-ner need not die.

CHORUS.



Look, look! the cross is now in view;
 Look, sinner, look, look, sinner, look! now in view;

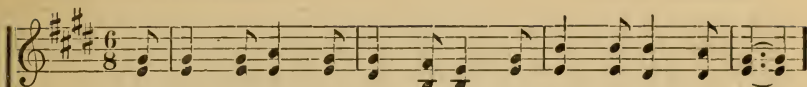


Look, look! the mes-sage is to you.
 Look, sin-ner, look, look, sin-ner, look!

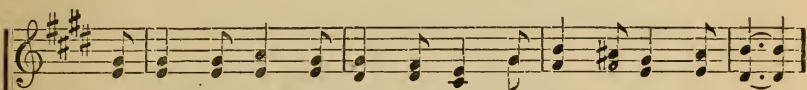
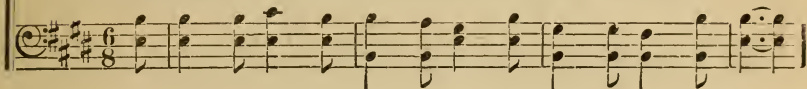
No. 119. There is a Green Hill far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

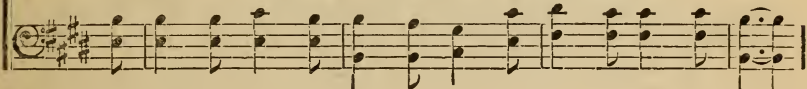
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



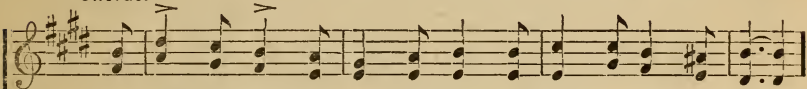
1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good;
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin;



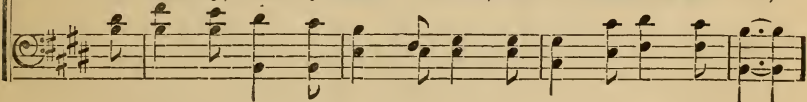
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.



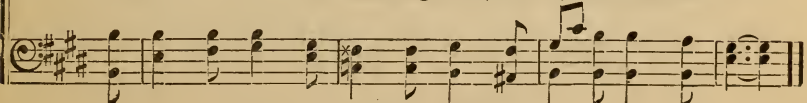
Chorus.



Oh dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;



And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.



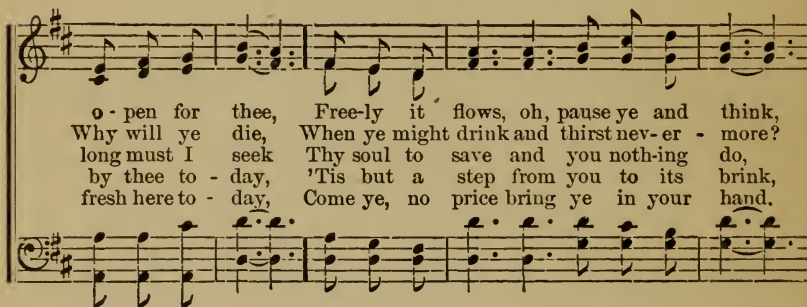
No. 120. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

E. M. C.

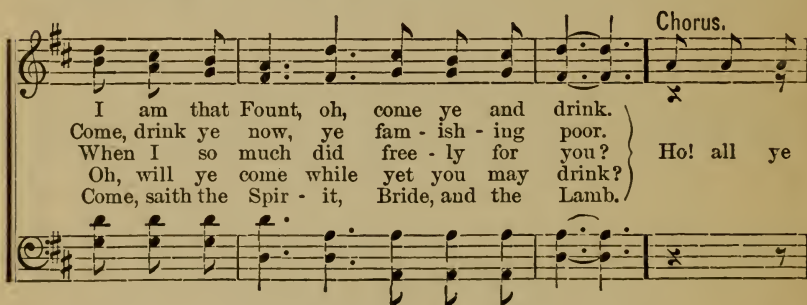
E. MANFORD CLARK, by per.



1. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come un-to me, I have a fount-ain
 2. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye, draw nigh, Come ere ye per-ish!
 3. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Wea-ry and weak, Come un-to me, how
 4. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye this way, Come, still the stream flows
 5. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye I pray, Wa-ter thy soul a-



o - pen for thee, Free-ly it flows, oh, pause ye and think,
 Why will ye die, When ye might drink and thirst nev-er - more?
 long must I seek Thy soul to save and you noth-ing do,
 by thee to - day, 'Tis but a step from you to its brink,
 fresh here to - day, Come ye, no price bring ye in your hand.



Chorus.

I am that Fount, oh, come ye and drink.
 Come, drink ye now, ye fam-ish-ing poor. }
 When I so much did free-ly for you? } Ho! all ye
 Oh, will ye come while yet you may drink?
 Come, saith the Spir-it, Bride, and the Lamb.



thirst - y come un-to me, I have a fount - ain

Ho! all ye thirsty, come unto me, I have a fount-ain
 Ho! all ye thirst - y, Come un-to me, I have a fount-

From the International Lesson Hymnal.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. Concluded.

o - pen for thee, Come, drink ye, free..... yea, free-ly I

o - pen for thee,..... Come, drink ye free, yea, freely I
ain o - pen for thee, Come, drink ye, free, yea,

Ho! all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.....

give,..... Ho! all ye thirst-y, drink ye and live.
free-ly I give Ho! all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.

No. 121. THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Scotch.

1. Sin - ner go, will you go To the high-lands of heav - en; }
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en? }
D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting,

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting; *D.C.*

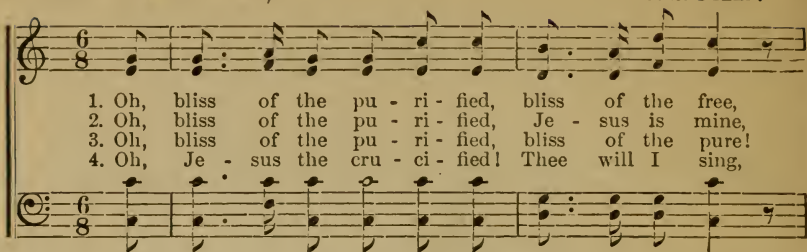
2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

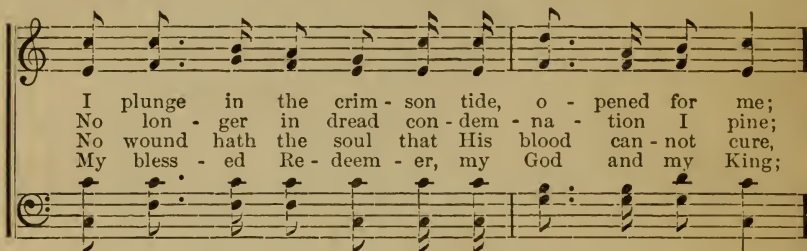
No. 122. HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D.

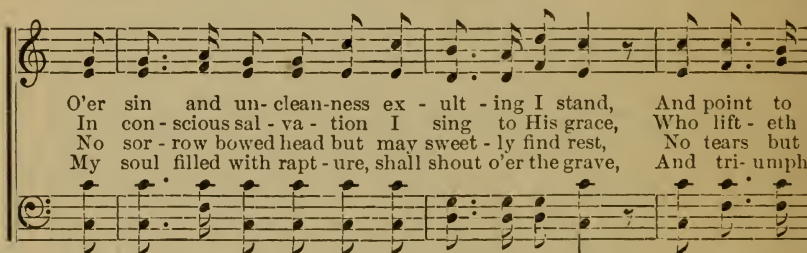
I. S. FIELD.



1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free,
 2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine,
 3. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the pure!
 4. Oh, Je - sus the cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing,

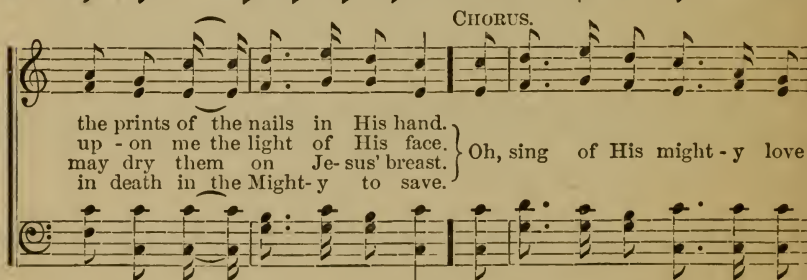


I plunge in the crim - son tide, o - pened for me;
 No lon - ger in dread con - dem - na - tion I pine;
 No wound hath the soul that His blood can - not cure,
 My bless - ed Re - deem - er, my God and my King;

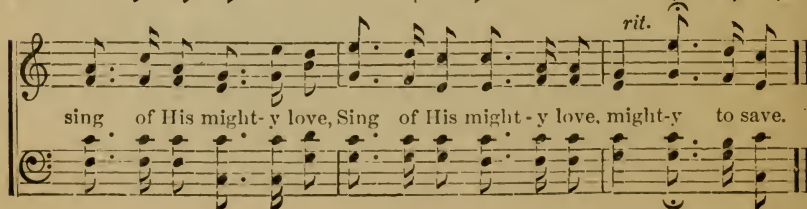


O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to
 In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing to His grace, Who lift - eth
 No sor - row bowed head but may sweet - ly find rest, No tears but
 My soul filled with rapt - ure, shall shout o'er the grave, And tri - umph

CHORUS.



the prints of the nails in His hand.
 up - on me the light of His face.
 may dry them on Je - sus' breast. } Oh, sing of His might - y love
 in death in the Might - y to save.

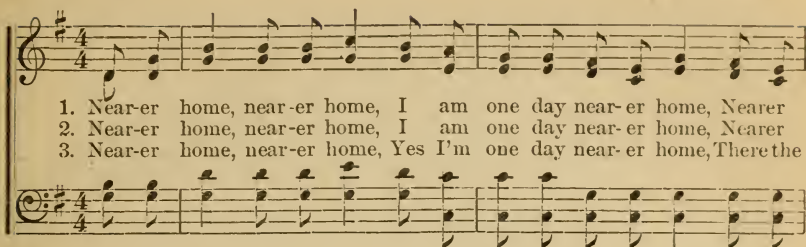


sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love, might - y to save.

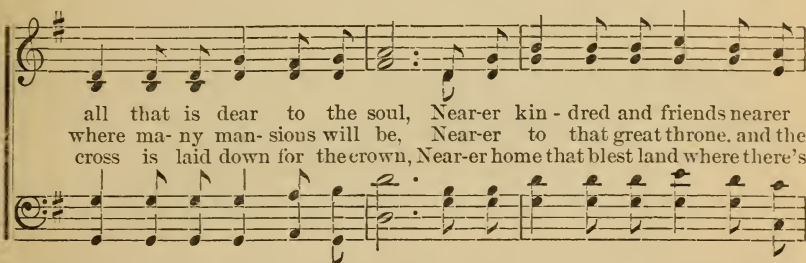
No. 123. ONE DAY NEARER.

C. A. F.

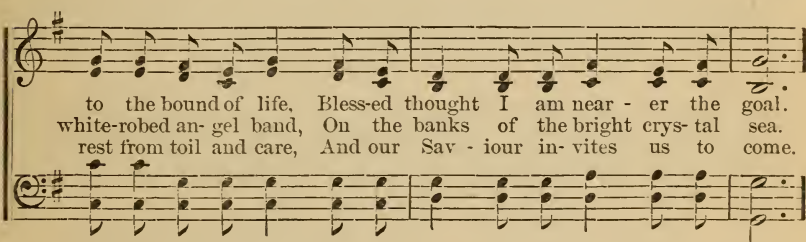
C. A. FYKE.



1. Near-er home, near-er home, I am one day near-er home, Nearer
 2. Near-er home, near-er home, I am one day near-er home, Nearer
 3. Near-er home, near-er home, Yes I'm one day near-er home, There the

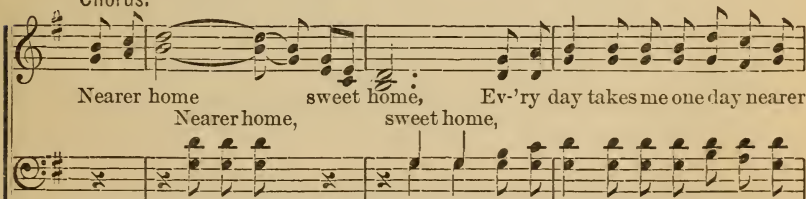


all that is dear to the soul, Near-er kin-dred and friends nearer
 where ma-ny man-sions will be, Near-er to that great throne, and the
 cross is laid down for the crown, Near-er home that blest land where there's

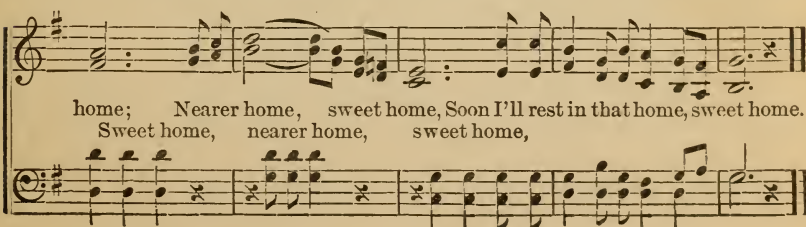


to the bound of life, Bless-ed thought I am near-er the goal.
 white-robed an-gel band, On the banks of the bright crys-tal sea.
 rest from toil and care, And our Sav-iour in-vites us to come.

Chorus.



Nearer home sweet home, Ev'-ry day takes me one day nearer
 Nearer home, sweet home,

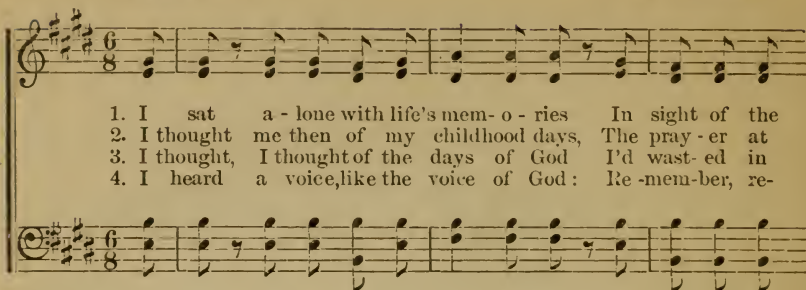


home; Nearer home, sweet home, Soon I'll rest in that home, sweet home.
 Sweet home, nearer home, sweet home,

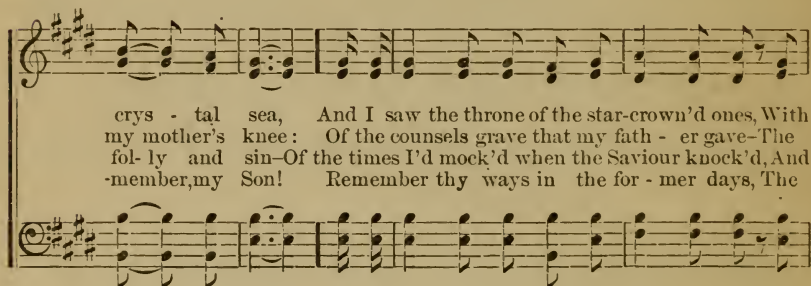
No. 124. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

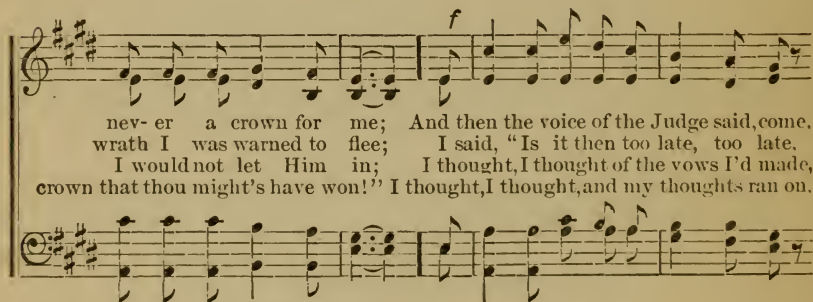
J. W. BISCHOFF.



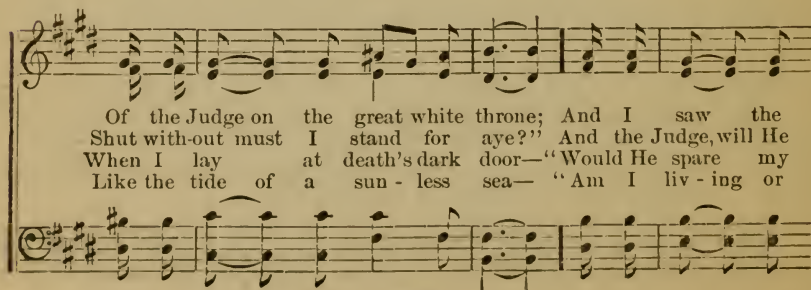
1. I sat a-lone with life's mem-o-ries In sight of the
 2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The pray-er at
 3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd wast-ed in
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: Re-mem-ber, re-



crys-tal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones, With
 my mother's knee: Of the counsels grave that my fath-er gave—The
 fol-ly and sin—Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd, And
 -member, my Son! Remember thy ways in the for-mer days, The

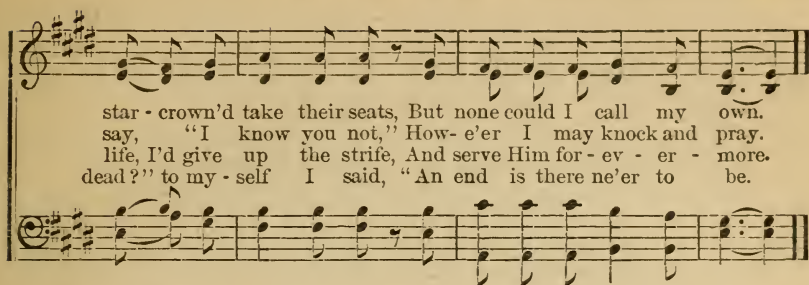


nev-er a crown for me; And then the voice of the Judge said, come,
 wrath I was warned to flee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late,
 I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made,
 crown that thou might'st have won!" I thought, I thought, and my thoughts ran on.



Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the
 Shut with-out must I stand for aye?" And the Judge, will He
 When I lay at death's dark door—"Would He spare my
 Like the tide of a sun-less sea—"Am I liv-ing or

IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.—Concluded.



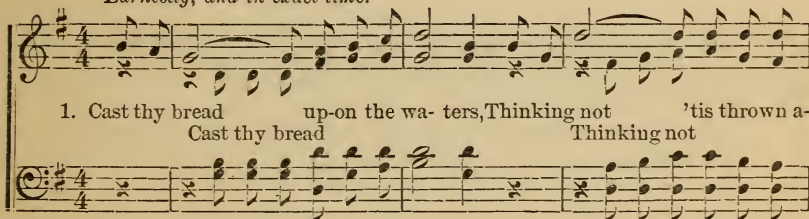
star - crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.
say, "I know you not," How-e'er I may knock and pray.
life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for - ev - er - more.
dead?" to my - self I said, "An end is there ne'er to be.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child,
And I wept and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.</p> | <p>6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,
And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd
I know there's a crown for me; [come,
And when the voice of the Judge says,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
There's one I shall call my own. [ones.</p> |
|---|--|

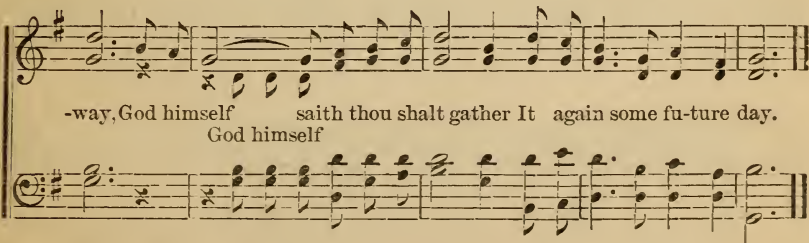
No. 125. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

R. G. STAPLES.

Earnestly, and in exact time.



1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa- ters, Thinking not 'tis thrown a-
Cast thy bread Thinking not



-way, God himself saith thou shalt gather It again some fu-ture day.
God himself

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly through the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.</p> <p>3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?</p> | <p>Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.</p> <p>4 Give, then, freely of thy substance--
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign:
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 126. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. F. KINSEY. By per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er - side, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day,

We shall cross the storm-y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring 'round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

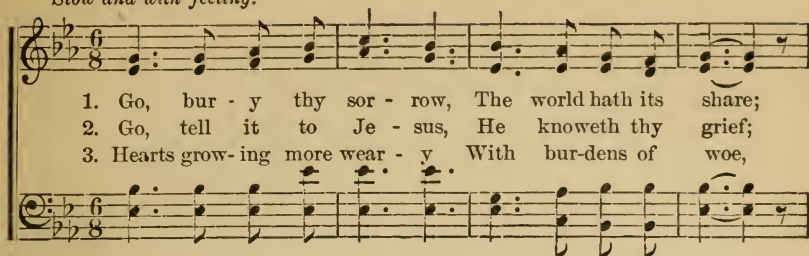
We shall press the sands of gold, While be-fore our eyes un - fold
We will hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapt - ure ev - 'ry - where;

Heav-en's splen-dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

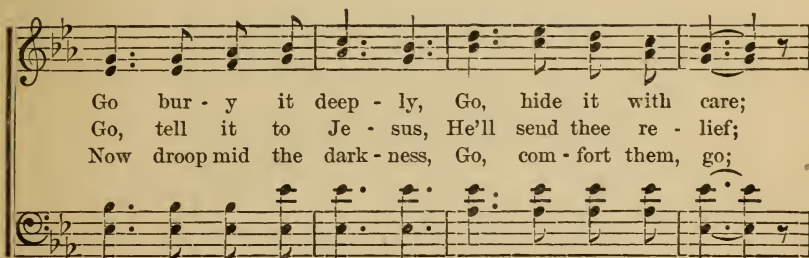
No. 127. GO, BURY THY SORROW.

R. G. STAPLES.

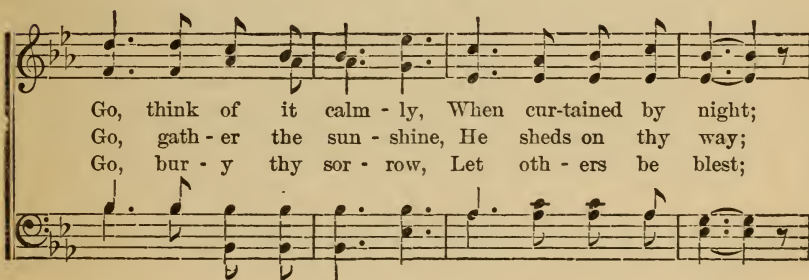
Slow and with feeling.



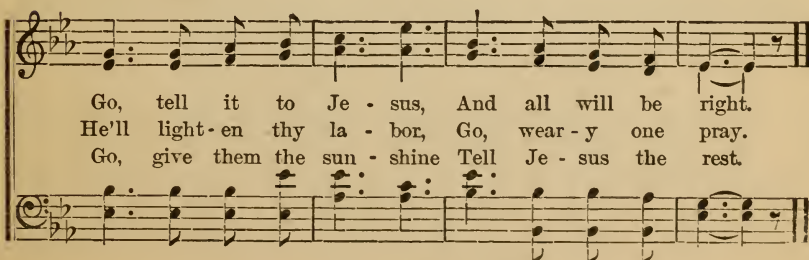
1. Go, bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
 2. Go, tell it to Je - sus, He knoweth thy grief;
 3. Hearts grow - ing more wear - y With bur - dens of woe,



Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go, hide it with care;
 Go, tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief;
 Now droop mid the dark - ness, Go, com - fort them, go;



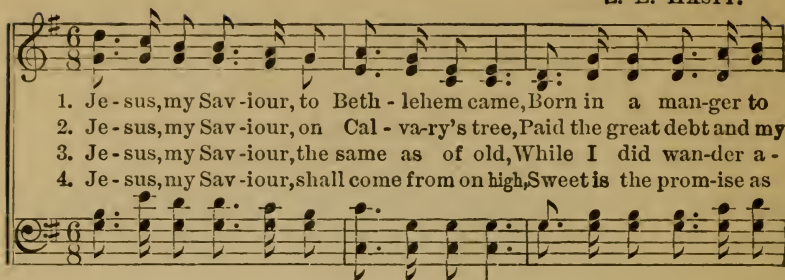
Go, think of it calm - ly, When cur - tained by night;
 Go, gath - er the sun - shine, He sheds on thy way;
 Go, bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest;



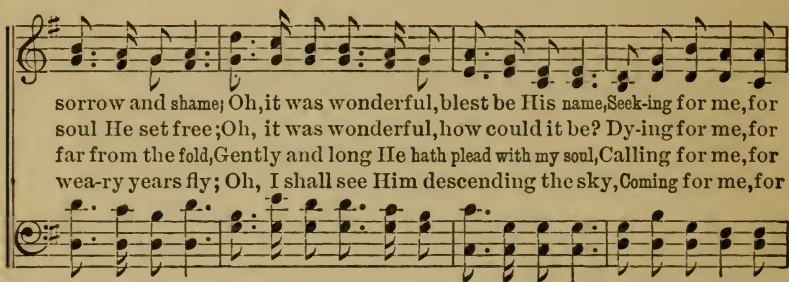
Go, tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 He'll light - en thy la - bor, Go, wear - y one pray.
 Go, give them the sun - shine Tell Je - sus the rest.

No. 128. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.

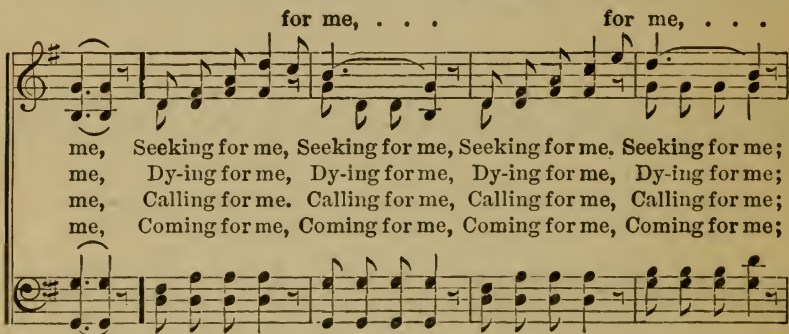


1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - lehem came, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as

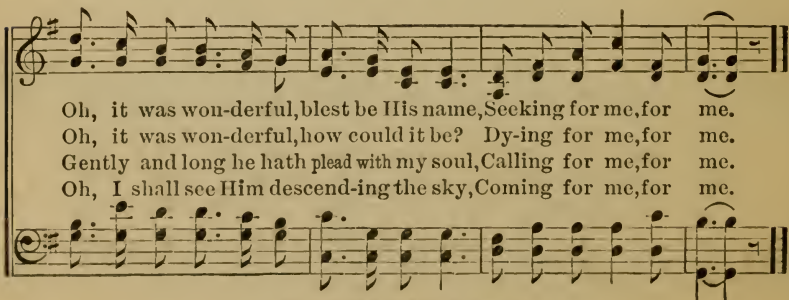


sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for
 soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for
 far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

for me, . . . for me, . . .



me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
 me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me;
 me, Calling for me. Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
 me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

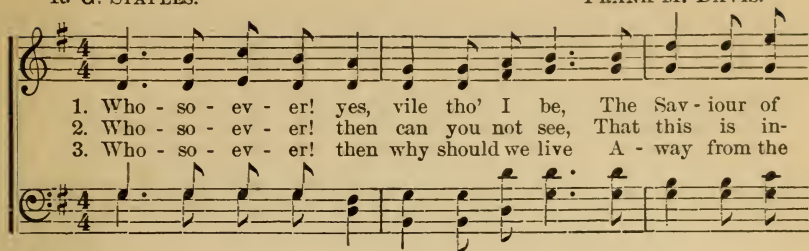


Oh, it was won - derful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won - derful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him descend - ing the sky, Coming for me, for me.

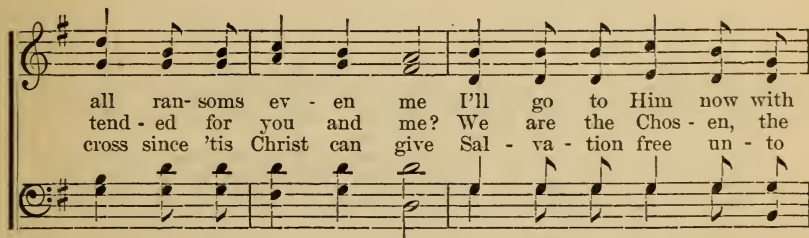
No. 129. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

R. G. STAPLES.

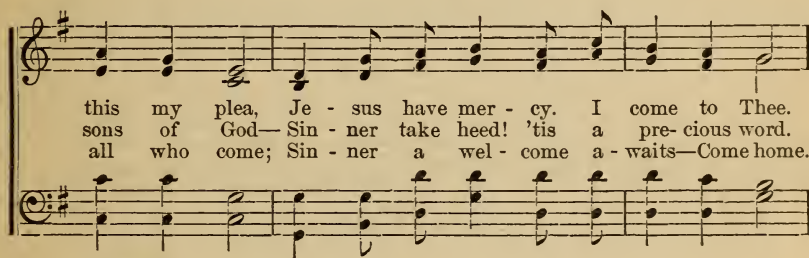
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Who - so - ev - er! yes, vile tho' I be, The Sav - iour of
 2. Who - so - ev - er! then can you not see, That this is in-
 3. Who - so - ev - er! then why should we live A - way from the

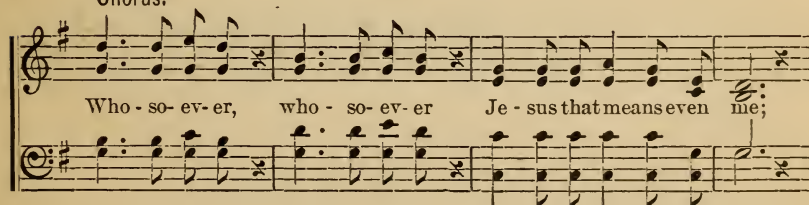


all ran - soms ev - en me I'll go to Him now with
 tend - ed for you and me? We are the Chos - en, the
 cross since 'tis Christ can give Sal - va - tion free un - to

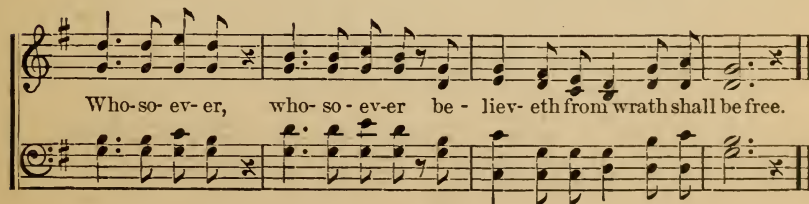


this my plea, Je - sus have mer - cy. I come to Thee.
 sons of God—Sin - ner take heed! 'tis a pre - cious word.
 all who come; Sin - ner a wel - come a - waits—Come home.

Chorus.



Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er Je - sus that means even me;

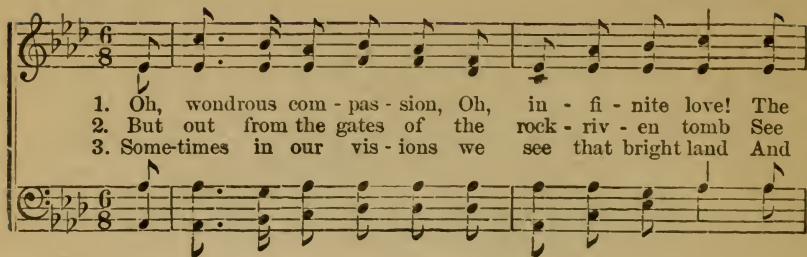


Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth from wrath shall be free.

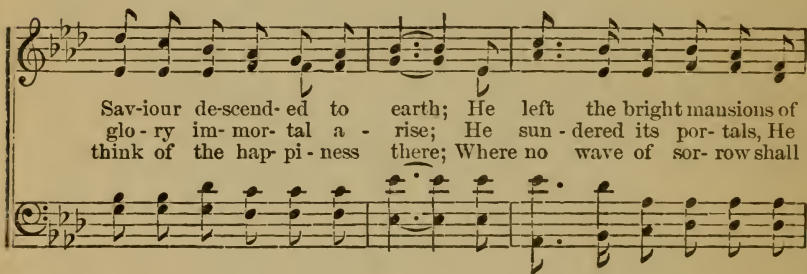
No. 130. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

A. B. B.

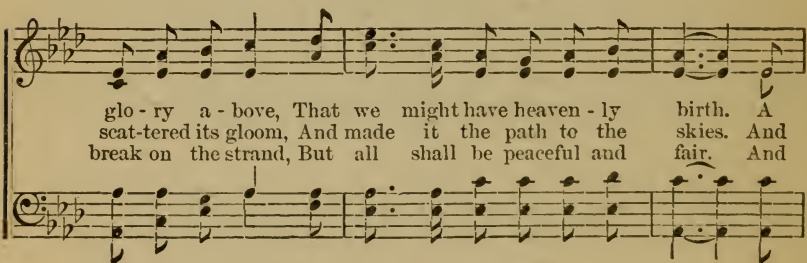
A. B. BRAGDON.



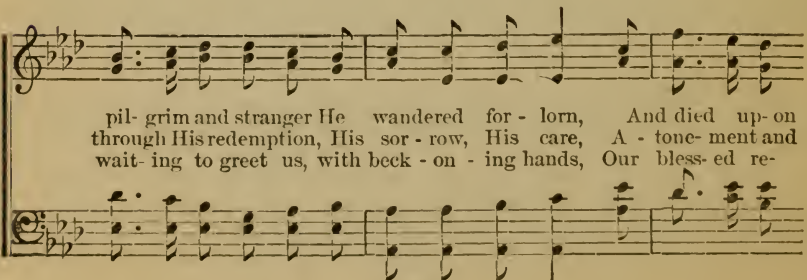
1. Oh, wondrous com - pas - sion, Oh, in - fi - nite love! The
 2. But out from the gates of the rock - riv - en tomb See
 3. Some-times in our vis - ions we see that bright land And



Sav-iour descend-ed to earth; He left the bright mausions of
 glo-ry im-mor-tal a - rise; He sun-dered its por-tals, He
 think of the hap-pi-ness there; Where no wave of sor-row shall



glo-ry a - bove, That we might have heaven - ly birth. A
 scat-tered its gloom, And made it the path to the skies. And
 break on the strand, But all shall be peaceful and fair. And



pil-grim and stranger He wandered for - lorn, And died up-on
 through His redemption, His sor-row, His care, A - tone-ment and
 wait-ing to greet us, with beck-on-ing hands, Our bless-ed re-

FOR YOU AND FOR ME. Concluded.

sad Cal - va - ry; Be tray'd and re - ject - ed and
 sac - ri - fice free, There awaits, in the home He has
 deem - er we see; Where, just on the shore of the

crown - ed with thorn, He suf - fered for you and for me.
 gone to pre - pare, A man - sion for you and for me.
 riv - er He stands, In wel - come for you and for me.

No. 131. I WILL ARISE.

M. B. WHARTON, D. D.

Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.

1. O'er the wea - ry roads of sad-ness, Wand'ring child, why longer roam?
2. Cease, O cease your vain endeavor Still to live on famine's dole;
3. Why go on your Lord re - pell - ing. Why re - sist the gracious call;
4. When you left Him, wild-ly, mad-ly, Peace and plent-y on you smiled,
5. In His lov - ing arms He'll press you, By His side will be your place,

CHORUS:—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms,

D. C. for Chorus.

Come! there's rest, and joy, and gladness, In your Father's hap-py home.
 For the husks of sin can nev - er Sat - is - fy the hun - gry soul.
 In your Heav'nly Father's dwelling Bread there is e-nough for all.
 Back then come, for He will glad-ly Welcome His re - turn - ing child.
 In His spot-less robe He'll dress you He will fill you with his grace.

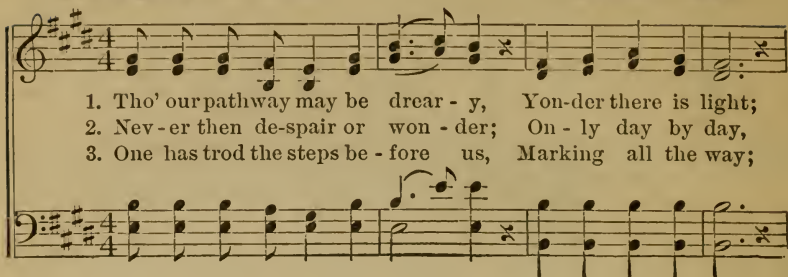
In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O there are ten thousand charms.

No. 132. UP YONDER.

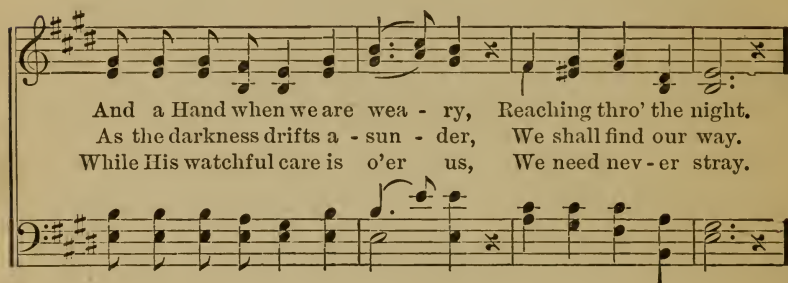
"In Thy light shall we see light."—Psa. 36: 9.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

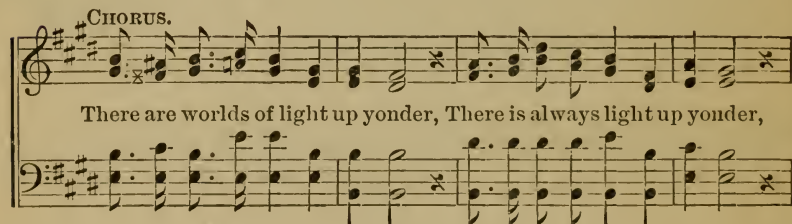


1. Tho' our pathway may be drear - y, Yon - der there is light;
 2. Nev - er then de - spair or won - der; On - ly day by day,
 3. One has trod the steps be - fore us, Marking all the way;

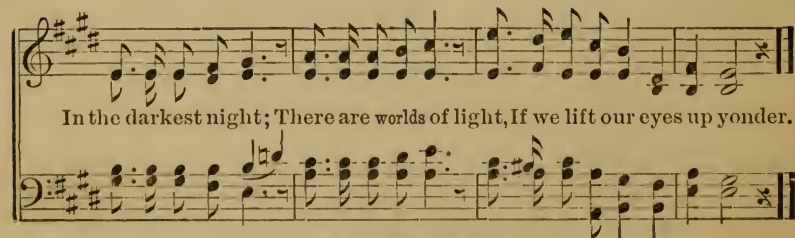


And a Hand when we are wea - ry, Reaching thro' the night.
 As the darkness drifts a - sun - der, We shall find our way.
 While His watchful care is o'er us, We need nev - er stray.

CHORUS.



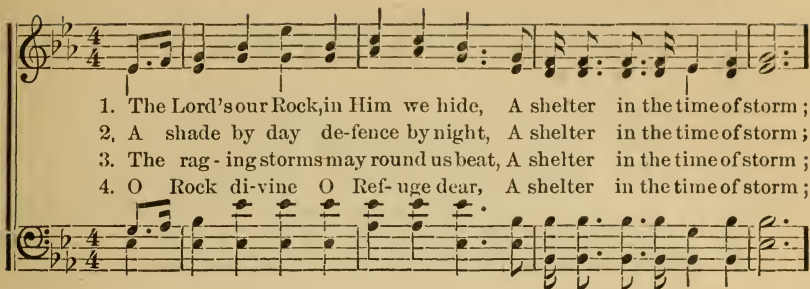
There are worlds of light up yonder, There is always light up yonder,



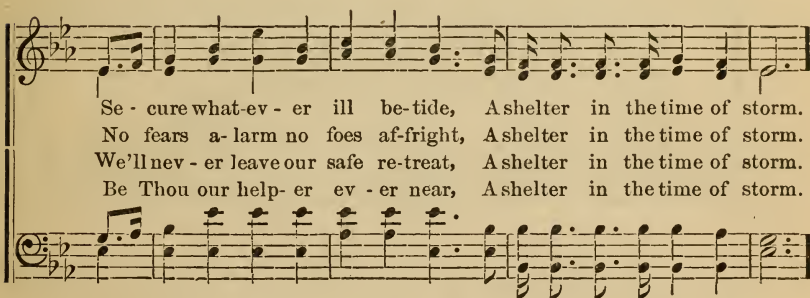
In the darkest night; There are worlds of light, If we lift our eyes up yonder.

No. 133. THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

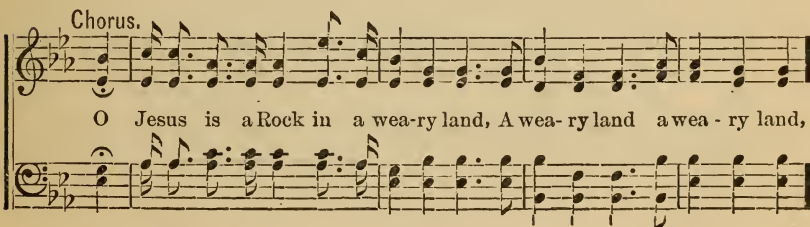


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
 2. A shade by day defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
 3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
 4. O Rock di-vine O Ref-uge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

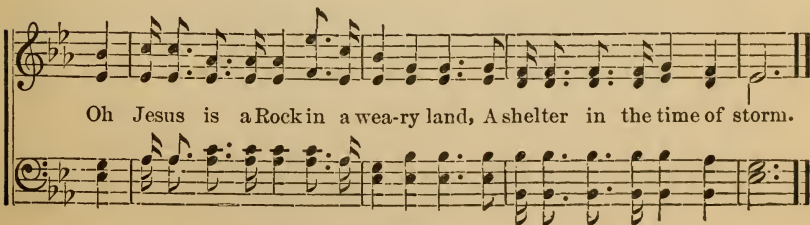


Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
 No fears a-larm no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
 We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
 Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus.



O Jesus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land a wea-ry land,

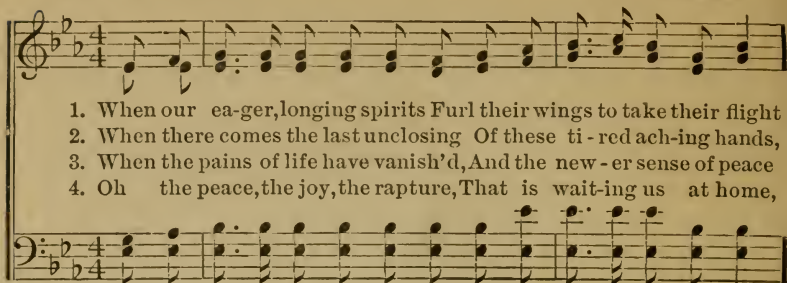


Oh Jesus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shelter in the time of storm.

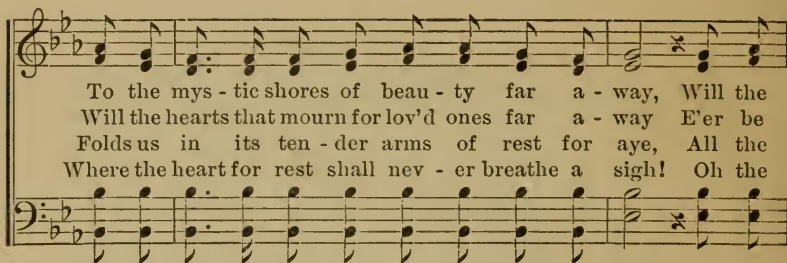
No. 134. WHEN OUR WAITING.

NEVA E. PARKHILL.

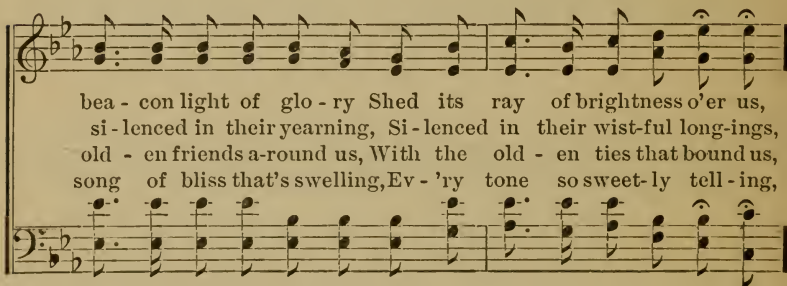
G. R. STURGIS.



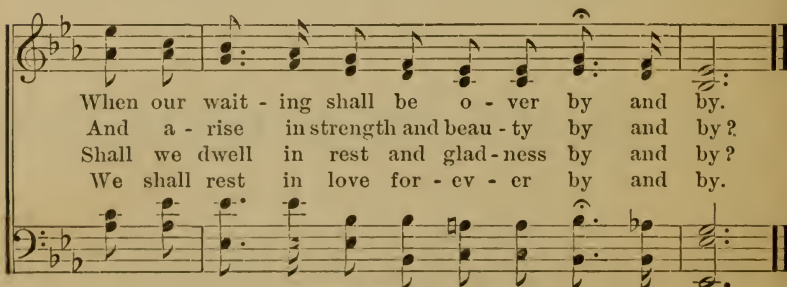
1. When our ea-ger, longing spirits Furl their wings to take their flight
2. When there comes the last unclosing Of these ti - red ach-ing hands,
3. When the pains of life have vanish'd, And the new - er sense of peace
4. Oh the peace, the joy, the rapture, That is wait-ing us at home,



To the mys - tic shores of beau - ty far a - way, Will the
Will the hearts that mourn for lov'd ones far a - way E'er be
Folds us in its ten - der arms of rest for aye, All the
Where the heart for rest shall nev - er breathe a sigh! Oh the



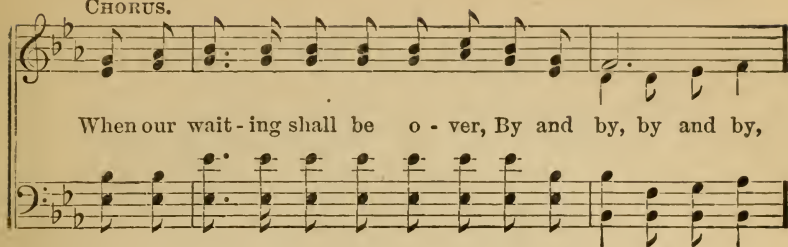
bea - con light of glo - ry Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,
si - lenced in their yearning, Si - lenced in their wist - ful long - ings,
old - en friends a - round us, With the old - en ties that bound us,
song of bliss that's swelling, Ev - 'ry tone so sweet - ly tell - ing,



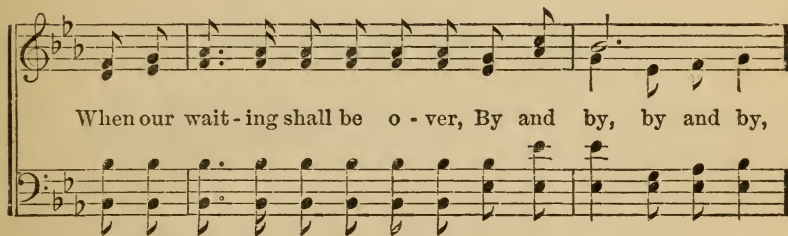
When our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by.
And a - rise in strength and beau - ty by and by?
Shall we dwell in rest and glad - ness by and by?
We shall rest in love for - ev - er by and by.

When Our Waiting shall be Over.—Concluded.

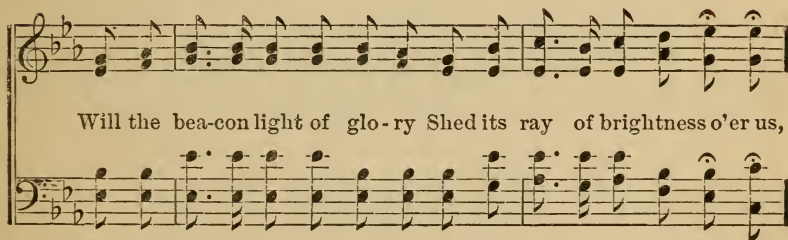
CHORUS.



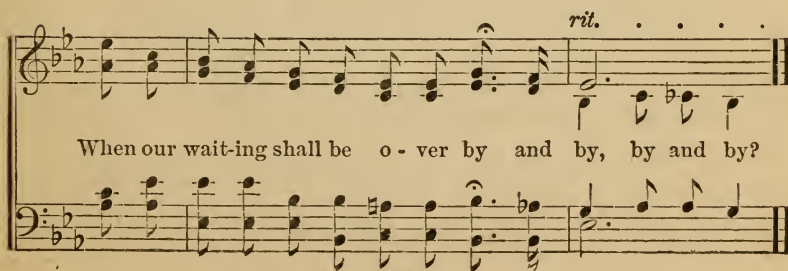
When our wait - ing shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by,



When our wait - ing shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by,



Will the bea-con light of glo-ry Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,

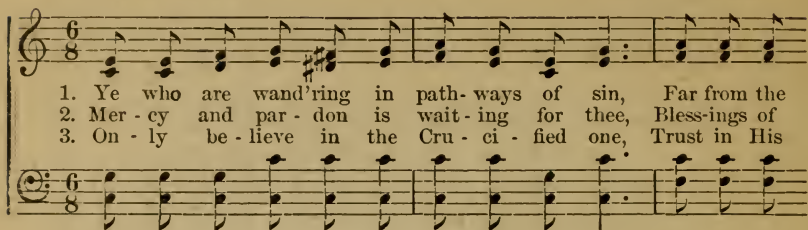


When our wait-ing shall be o - ver by and by, by and by?

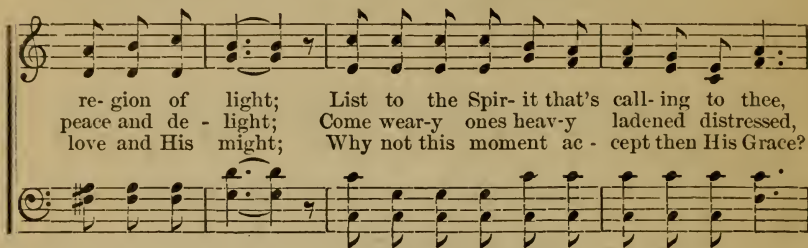
No. 135. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-NIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

THOMAS F. SIMMS.

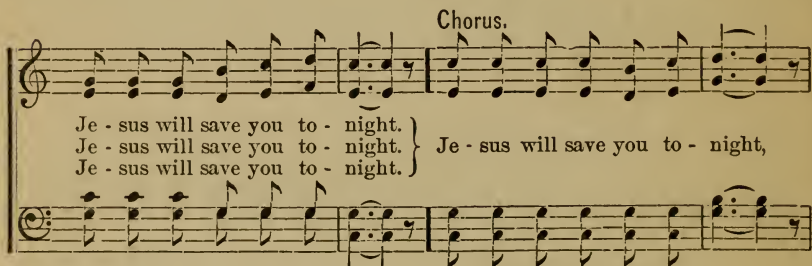


1. Ye who are wand'ring in path-ways of sin, Far from the
 2. Mer-cy and par-don is wait-ing for thee, Bless-ings of
 3. On-ly be-lieve in the Cru-ci-fied one, Trust in His

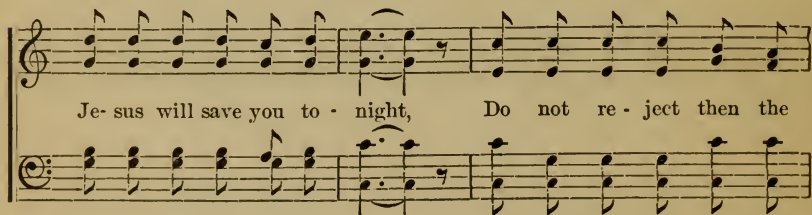


re-gion of light; List to the Spir-it that's call-ing to thee,
 peace and de-light; Come wear-y ones heav-y laden distressed,
 love and His might; Why not this moment ac-cept then His Grace?

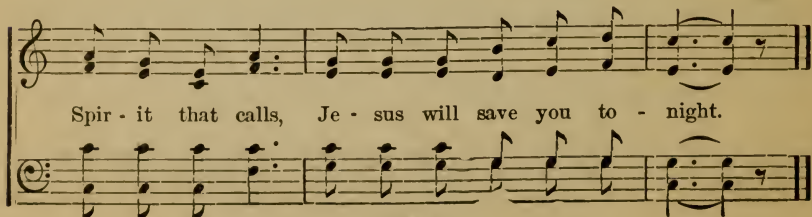
Chorus.



Je-sus will save you to-night.
 Je-sus will save you to-night.
 Je-sus will save you to-night. } Je-sus will save you to-night,



Je-sus will save you to-night, Do not re-ject then the

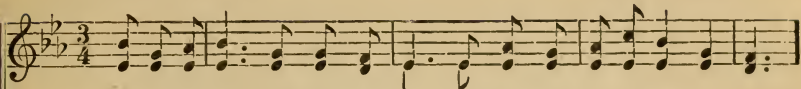


Spir-it that calls, Je-sus will save you to-night.

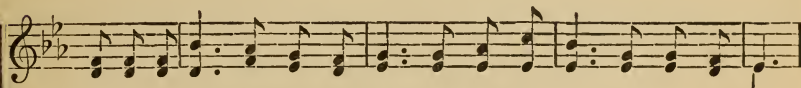
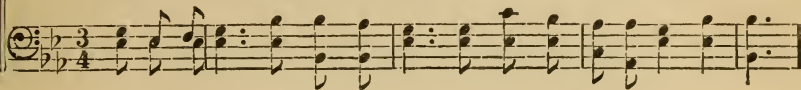
No. 136. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR.

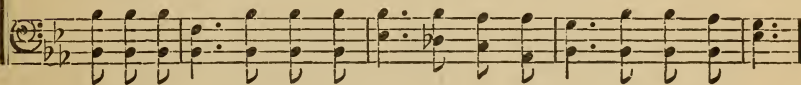
IRA D. SANKEY.



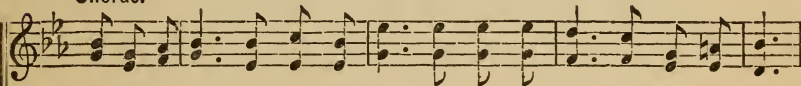
1. O! do not let the Word depart, And close Thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise, To bless Thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de- light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls unite;



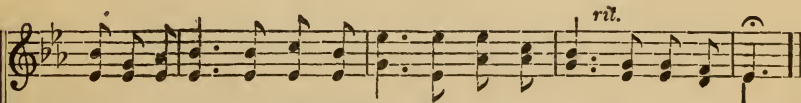
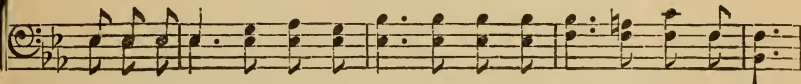
Poor sinner, harden not your heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace begun! Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*



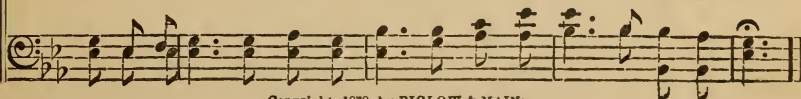
Chorus.



Why **not** to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



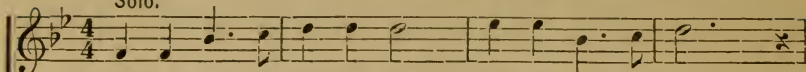
No. 137. SAVE THE BOY.

(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

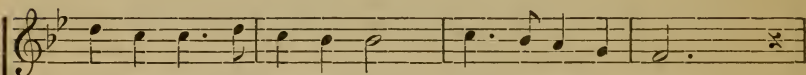
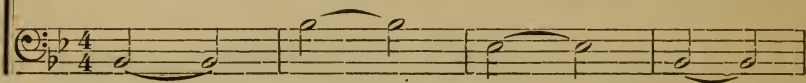
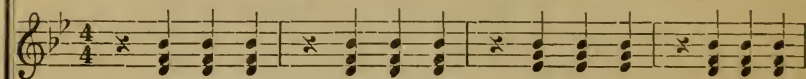
Mrs. S. C. ELLSWORTH.

W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

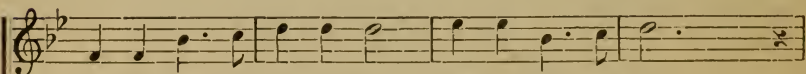
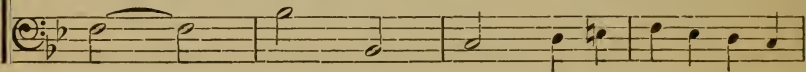
Solo.



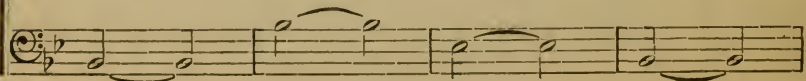
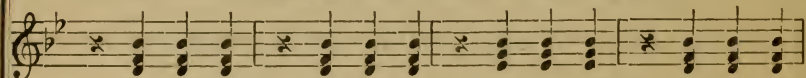
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Once he was so bright and fair, | Glad, and light and free, |
| 2. Once he was so brave and true, | Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r. |
| 3. Once he was my on - ly hope, | Source of joy and pride, |
| 4. Tell him tho' he's wander'd far, | Love can nev - er die, |



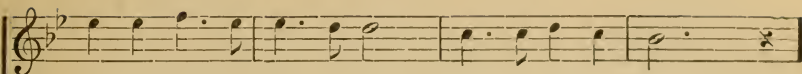
Fil'd my soul with peace and joy,	Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm - ly stood,	Till that dreadful hour,
Then I thought that love might clasp,	Hold him to my side,
Lives in hope of his re - turn,	Looks with patient eye,



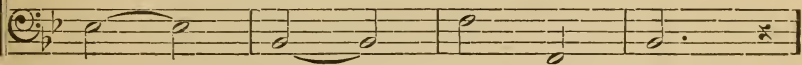
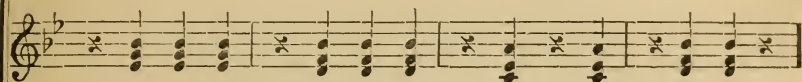
But he took the fa - tal glass,	'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup,	Seem'd without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for - sakes	Home with all its joy,
Lov-ing hearts have pleaded long,	Pray'd for light and joy,



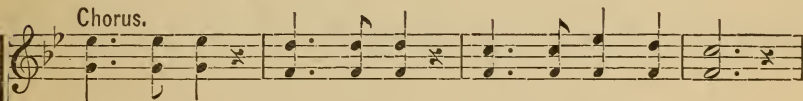
SAVE THE BOY. Concluded.



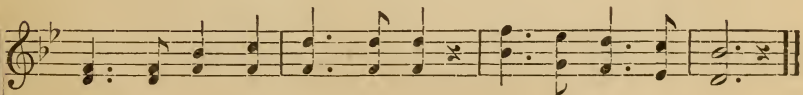
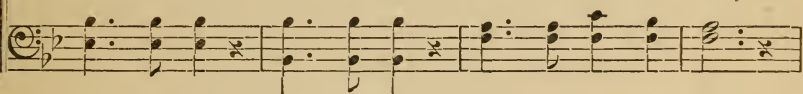
Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasp'd my darling boy.
 Fair the hand that cap-tiveled, My poor wand'ring boy.
 Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh save, the boy.
 Keeping still a wel-come there For the wand'ring boy.



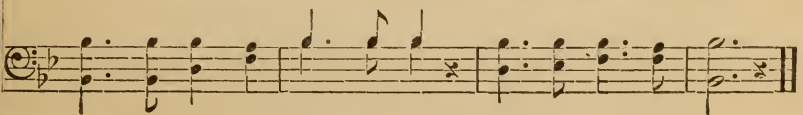
Chorus.



Save the boy! save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy;



Lov-ing hearts are plead-ing now, Save, O save the boy.

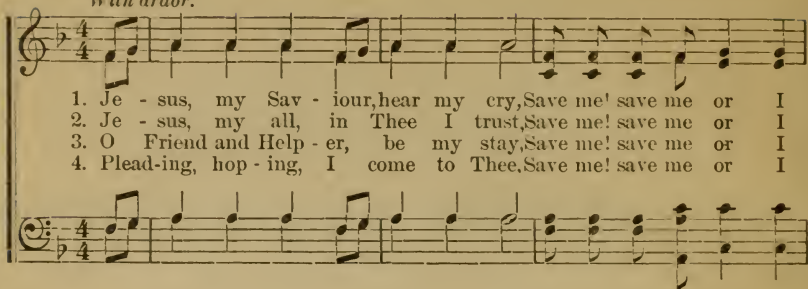


No. 138, NOTHING BUT THY GRACE.

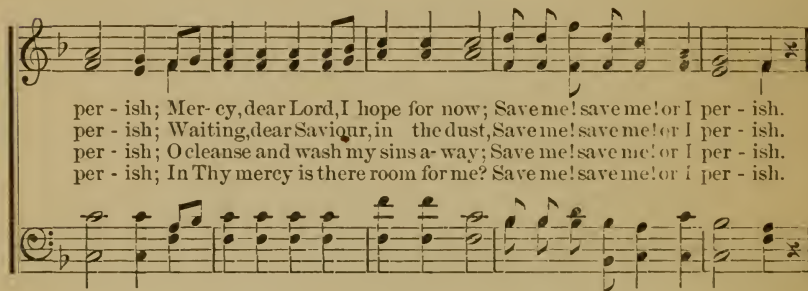
EMMA PITT.

R. S. HARRINGTON.

With ardor.

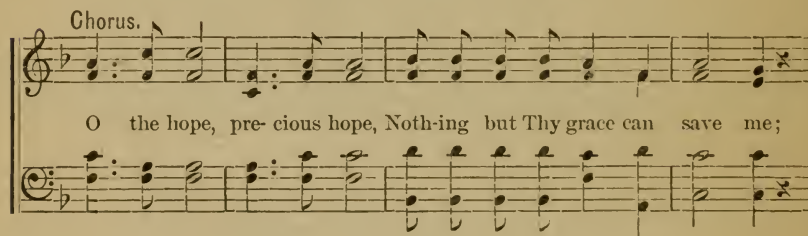


1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, hear my cry, Save me! save me or I
 2. Je - sus, my all, in Thee I trust, Save me! save me or I
 3. O Friend and Help - er, be my stay, Save me! save me or I
 4. Plead - ing, hop - ing, I come to Thee, Save me! save me or I

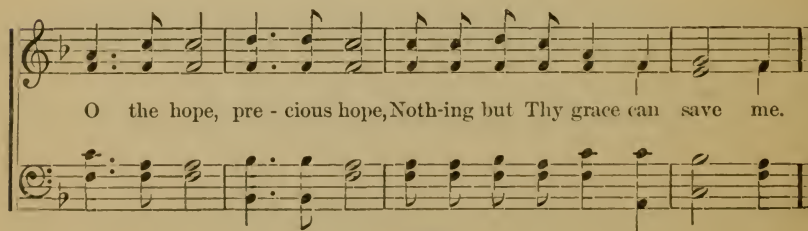


per - ish; Mer - cy, dear Lord, I hope for now; Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
 per - ish; Waiting, dear Saviour, in the dust, Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
 per - ish; O cleanse and wash my sins a - way; Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
 per - ish; In Thy mercy is there room for me? Save me! save me! or I per - ish.

Chorus.



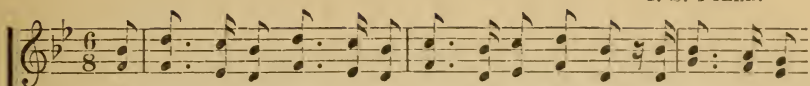
O the hope, pre - cious hope, Noth - ing but Thy grace can save me;



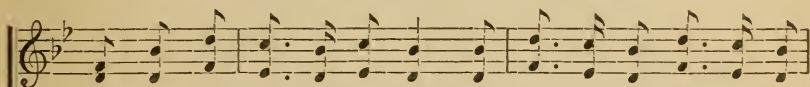
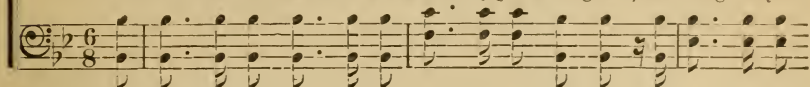
O the hope, pre - cious hope, Noth - ing but Thy grace can save me.

No. 139. COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR.

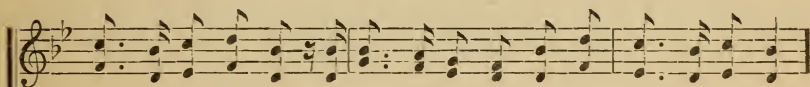
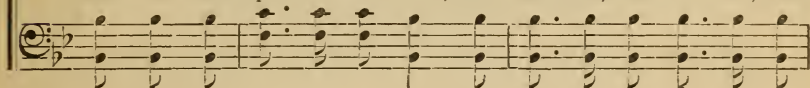
I. S. FIELD.



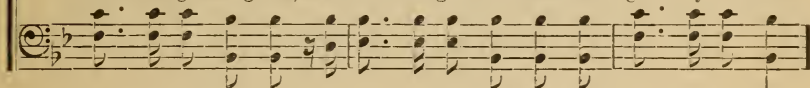
1. Oh, come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls thee, Oh come to the
2. Oh, come then to Je - sus whose arms are ex - tend - ed, To fold His dear
3. Then come to the Sav - iour whose mer - cy grows brighter, The long - er you



Lord who for - gives and for - gets. Tho' dark be the lot which on
 chil - dren in clos - est em - brace; Oh come, and your ex - ile shall
 look at the depths of His love; Oh fear not, 'tis Je - sus, and



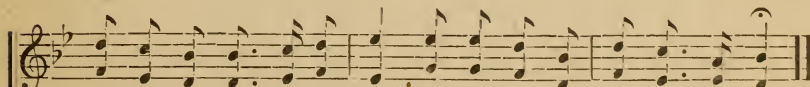
earth now be - falls thee, A bright home awaits thee, whose sun nev - er sets.
 short - ly be end - ed, And Je - sus will show you the light of His face.
 life's cares grow lighter; While thinking of home and the glo - ry a - bove.



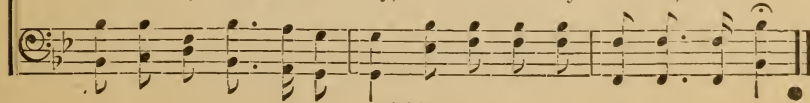
CHORUS.



Come home, come home, in dark - ness no long - er to roam, 'Tis Je - sus who



ten - der - ly calls thee to - day, oh broth - er my broth - er, come home.



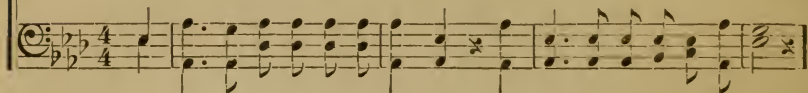
No. 140. WILL YOU COME?

A. B. B.

A. B. BRAGDON.



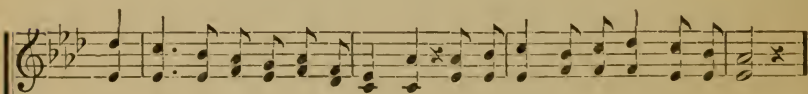
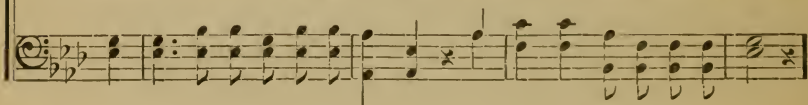
1. Be- yond the shores of death's dark river, There lies a land of beauty fair;
2. Oh, come, Thy Saviour gently pleading, From death thy feet would turn away,



Where ransomed souls sing praise forever, And all God's gracious mercy share.
Oh, come, the spirits' whisper heeding; It bids thee seek His courts to-day,



What though the path of sin enthralles thee? It only leads thee from thy home,
Where songs on golden harps are ringing, And where, through heaven's celestial dome,



Oh, sinner turn; the Saviour calls thee; Will you come; will you come; will you come?
The angel choirs are sweetly singing; Will you come; will you come; will you come?



WILL YOU COME.—Concluded.

Will you come?
Chorus.

Will you come?

Will you come, come to Je - sus, Will you come? Will you come?

Will you come?

Will you come to Him to - day? Will you
When the

Will you come?

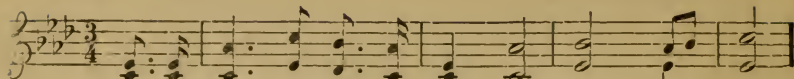
come? Will you come?
gold - en harps are ring - ing, When the an - gel chorus are singing,

Will you come, will you come, will you come? (Will you come?)

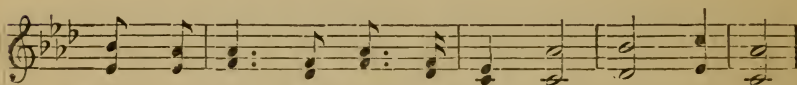
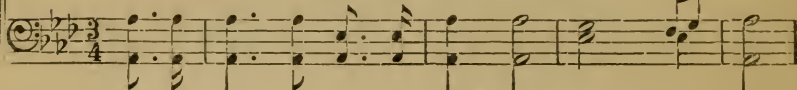
No. 141. HIDE THOU ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

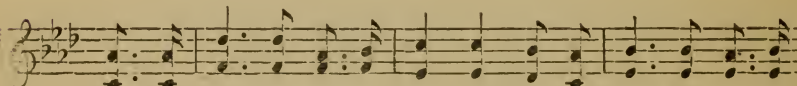
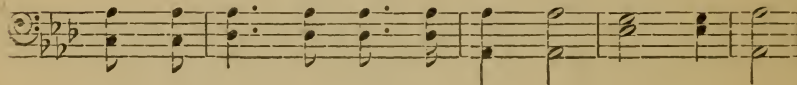
Rev. R. LOWRY, D.D.



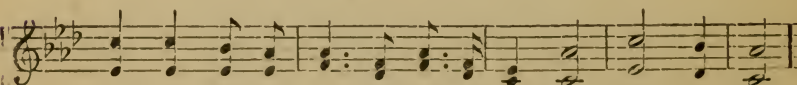
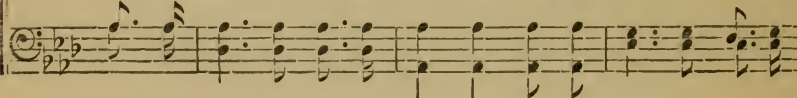
1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me;
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me;
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me;



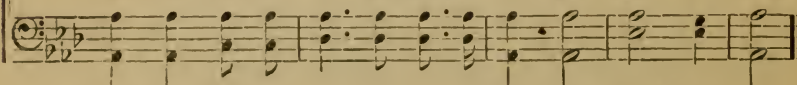
When the fit - ful temp - est rag - es, Hide Thou me;
 Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal, treas - ure, Hide Thou me;
 Till in glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me;



Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
 When the world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
 In the sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my



ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 yield - ing. Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 pil - low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.



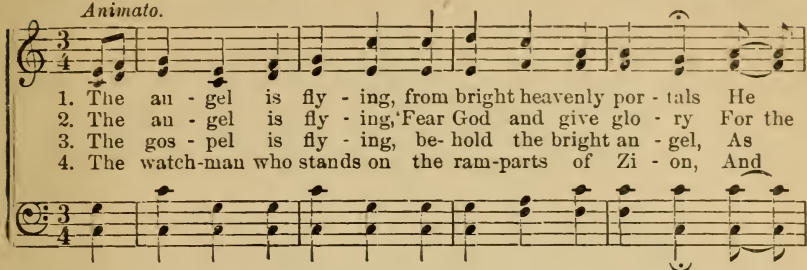
No. 142. THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Rev. 14: 6, 7.

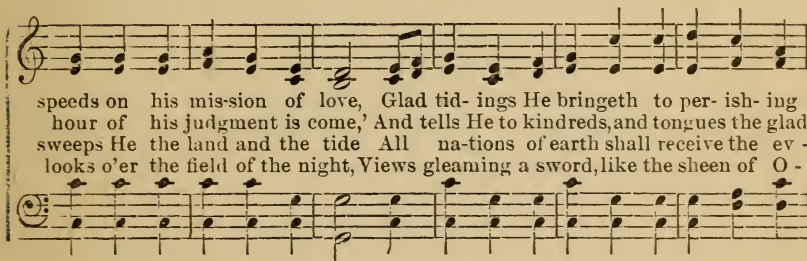
Rev. M. B. WHARTON, D. D.

R. G. STAPLES.

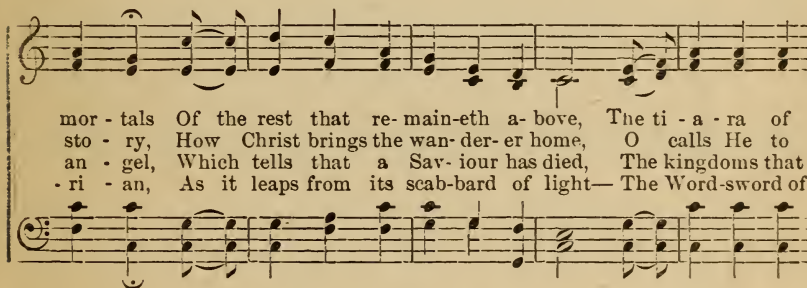
Animato.



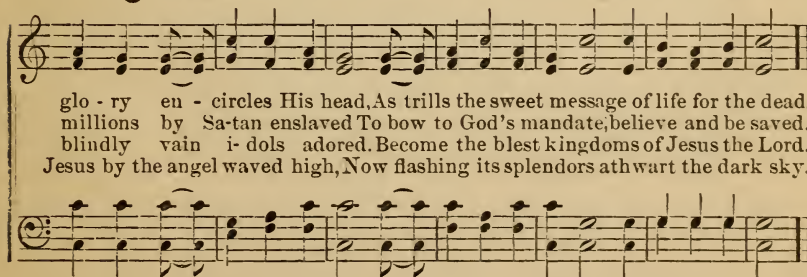
1. The an - gel is fly - ing, from bright heavenly por - tals He
 2. The an - gel is fly - ing, 'Fear God and give glo - ry For the
 3. The gos - pel is fly - ing, be - hold the bright an - gel, As
 4. The watch-man who stands on the ram-parts of Zi - on, And



speeds on his mis-sion of love, Glad tid- ings He bringeth to per- ish- ing
 hour of his judgment is come, And tells He to kindreds, and tongues the glad
 sweeps He the land and the tide All na- tions of earth shall receive the ev -
 looks o'er the field of the night, Views gleaming a sword, like the sheen of O -



mor - tals Of the rest that re - main-eth a - bove, The ti - a - ra of
 sto - ry, How Christ brings the wan - der - er home, O calls He to
 an - gel, Which tells that a Sav - iour has died, The kingdoms that
 - ri - an, As it leaps from its scab - bard of light— The Word - sword of

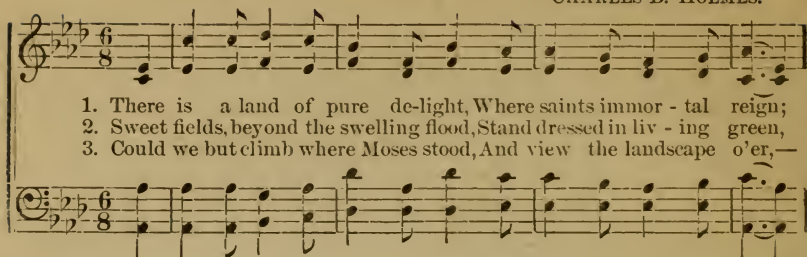


glo - ry en - circles His head, As trills the sweet message of life for the dead,
 millions by Sa - tan enslaved To bow to God's mandate, believe and be saved.
 blindly vain i - dols adored. Become the blest kingdoms of Jesus the Lord.
 Jesus by the angel waved high, Now flashing its splendors athwart the dark sky.

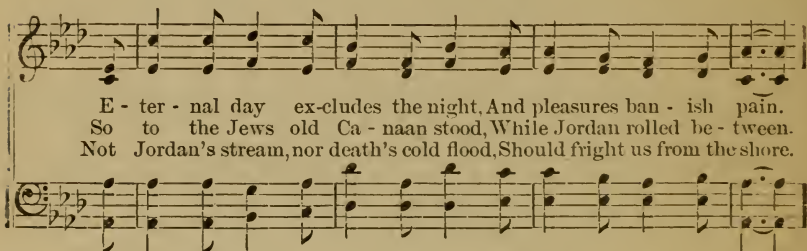
<p>5 O, privilege glorious to us is given, To herald the angel's blest flight, To win the poor wanderers of earth back to heaven.</p>	<p>To scatter the truth and the light, Till the day of probation forever is o'er, And the angel returns to the echoless shore.</p>
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No. 143. BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

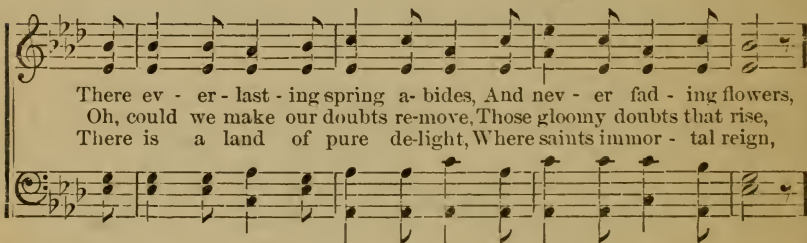
CHARLES B. HOLMES.



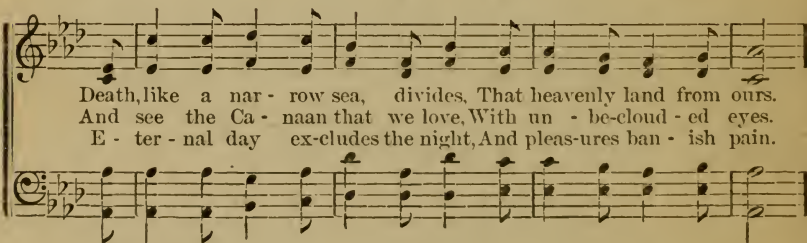
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign;
 2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green,
 3. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—



E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

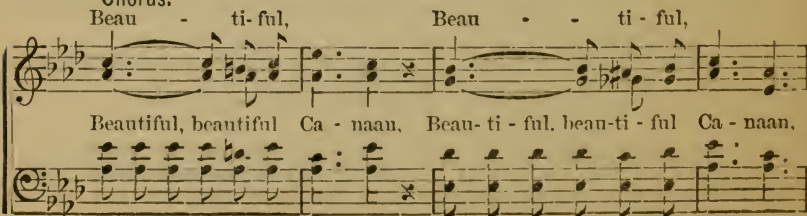


There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er fad - ing flowers,
 Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign,



Death, like a nar - row sea, divides, That heavenly land from ours.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes.
 E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.

Chorus.



Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful,
 Beautiful, beautiful Ca - naan, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Ca - naan,

BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.—Concluded.

Fair land of Ca - naan, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

No. 144. JESUS IS MINE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Legato.

1. Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine; Whose love shall
 2. Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; He will my
 3. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; In the great

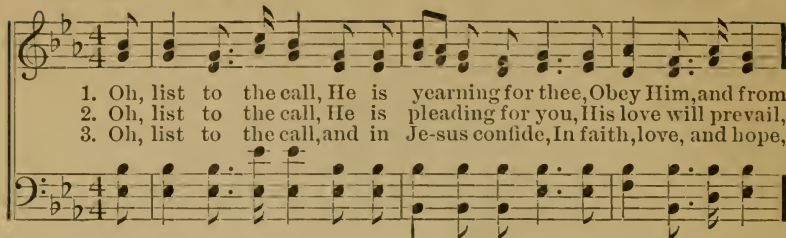
nev - er end, Je - sus is mine. Tho' earth - ly joys de - crease,
 faith up - hold, Je - sus is mine. He shall my wants sup - ply,
 judgment day, Je - sus is mine. O what a glo - rious thing,

Tho' human friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.
 His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy, Je - sus is mine.
 Then to behold my King, On tuneful harps to sing, Je - sus is mine.

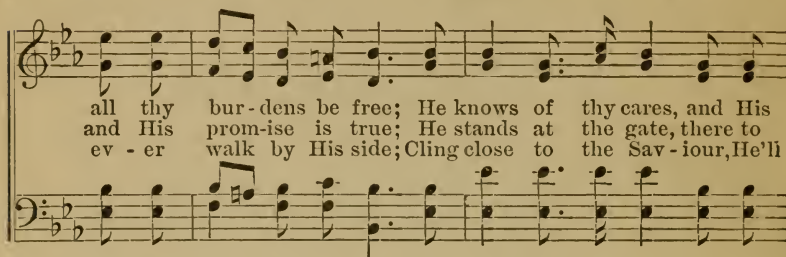
No. 145. OH, LIST TO THE CALL.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

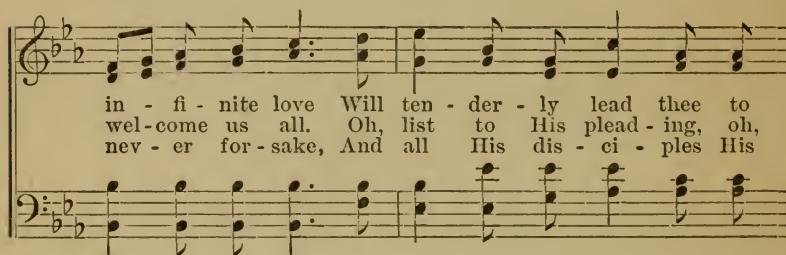
C. E. LESLIE.



1. Oh, list to the call, He is yearning for thee, Obey Him, and from
 2. Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for you, His love will prevail,
 3. Oh, list to the call, and in Je-sus confide, In faith, love, and hope,

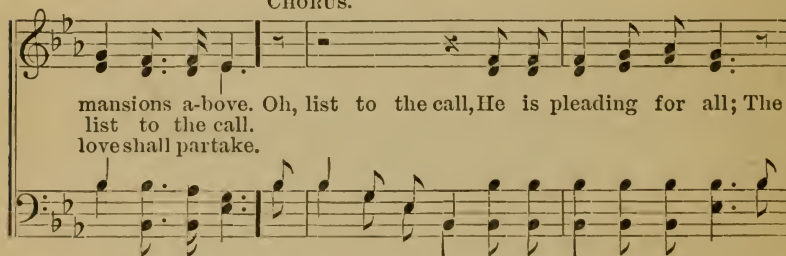


all thy bur-dens be free; He knows of thy cares, and His
 and His prom-ise is true; He stands at the gate, there to
 ev - er walk by His side; Cling close to the Sav-our, He'll

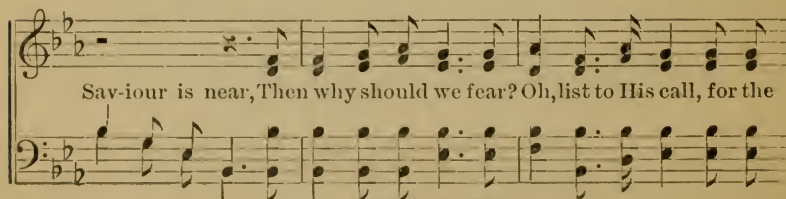


in - fi - nite love Will ten - der - ly lead thee to
 wel-come us all. Oh, list to His plead - ing, oh,
 nev - er for-sake, And all His dis - ci - ples His

CHORUS.



mansions a-bove. Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for all; The
 list to the call.
 loveshall partake.



Sav-our is near, Then why should we fear? Oh, list to His call, for the

OH, LIST TO THE CALL. Concluded.

Sav-iour is near, He glad-ly would lead thee where skies are all clear.

No. 146. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. { Would you find a place of rest? Acquaint thyself with Je-sus; }
 { Would you find a lov-ing breast? 'Tis found alone in Je-sus. }
 2. { He was tru-ly Ma-ry's Son, Yet we own Him Je-sus; }
 { He was homeless and a-lone, Yet we love Him, Je-sus: }
 3. { Oh, how sweet, when weary days And fe-ver'd nights are o'er, }
 { Saved by grace, with Him to dwell For-ev-er and for-ev-er. }

He's the star on life's dark night, Pointing to a world of light,
 And with Him His church ere long, Joining the tri-umphant song,
 Storms may rage, and o-ceans roll, He's the cen-tre of the soul,

Where the soul in sweet delight, May ev-er dwell with Je-sus.
 Shall His glo-rious name prolong, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.
 And, while endless a-ges roll, 'Tis Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.

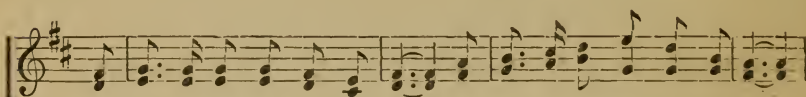
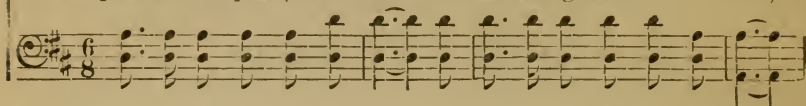
No. 147. 'TIS ONLY THRO' JESUS I LIVE.

R. G. S.

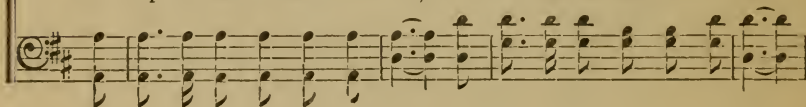
R. G. STAPLES.



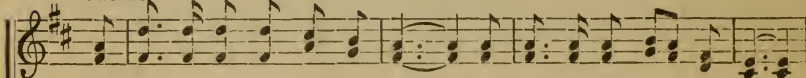
1. Naught can I do that will save My soul from its ut - ter de - spair;
2. Let me not har - bor the thought, That I can do aught that will save
3. Let me approach thee, O Lord! Through faith in the Cruci - fied One;
4. Speak words of peace, recon - cile This sad aching heart un - to Thee;



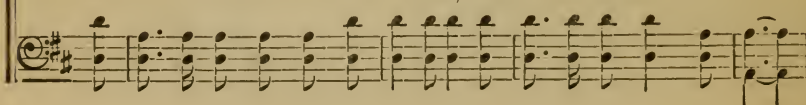
No word, thought, or action of mine, Relieves me when burdened with care.
This sin-burdened heart from its guilt, So rap - id - ly nearing the grave.
And in Thy compas - sion and love, O, speak thou, and lo, it is done.
And help me look outward from self, To Je - sus who suffered for me.



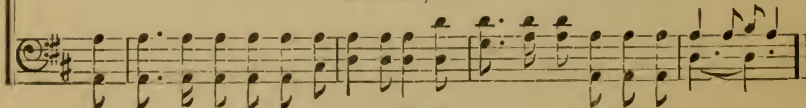
Chorus.



'Tis on - ly thro' Je - sus I live, And this shall be my one plea,
I live,



O Father! look thou on the cross, And thro' Thy dear Son pardon me, even me.
His cross,

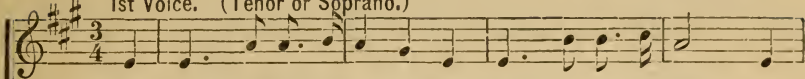


No. 148. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

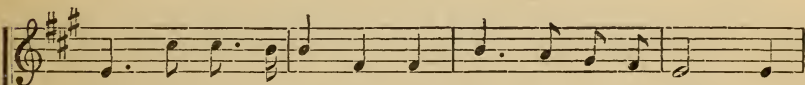
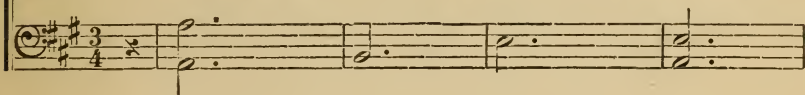
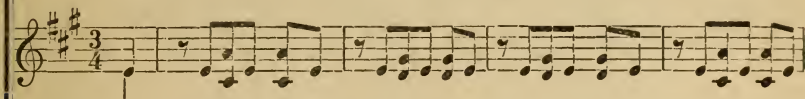
W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

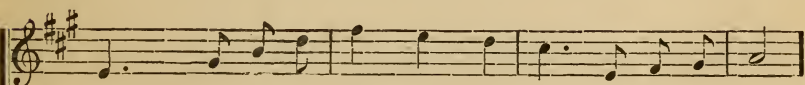
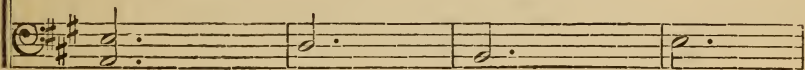
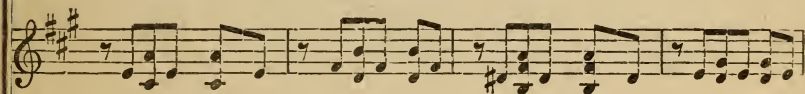
1st Voice. (Tenor or Soprano.)



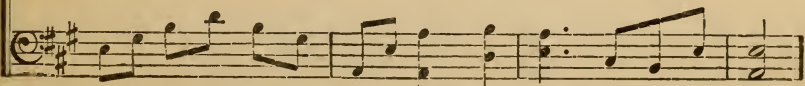
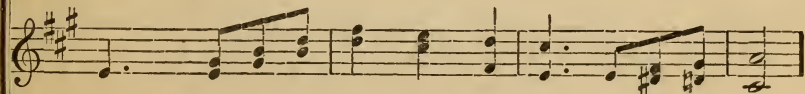
1. O tell me more of Je - sus, Of Him I long to know, Why
2. But why is He so lov - ing 'Tis more than I can tell, Can



did He come from heav - en To help us here be - low? Why
He for - give and love us, When we so oft re - bel? Can

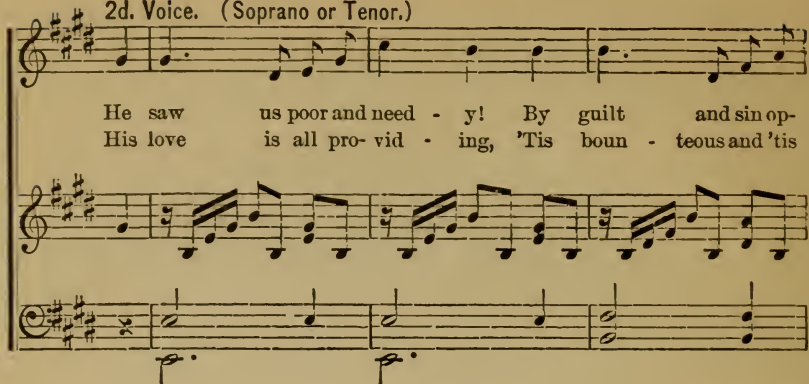


did He come from heav - en, To help us here be - low?
He for - give and love us, When we so oft re - bel?

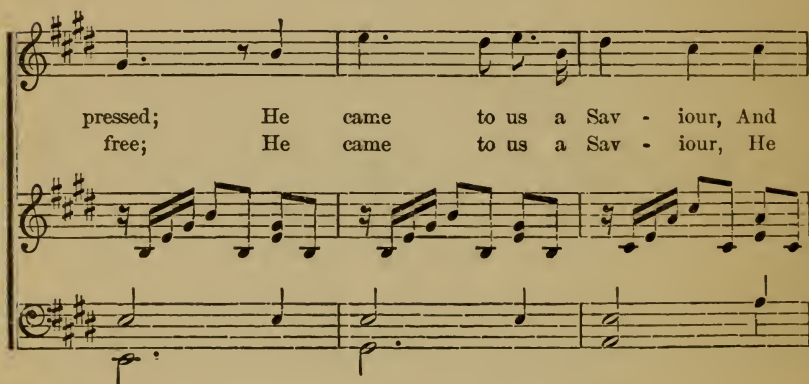


TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.—Continued.

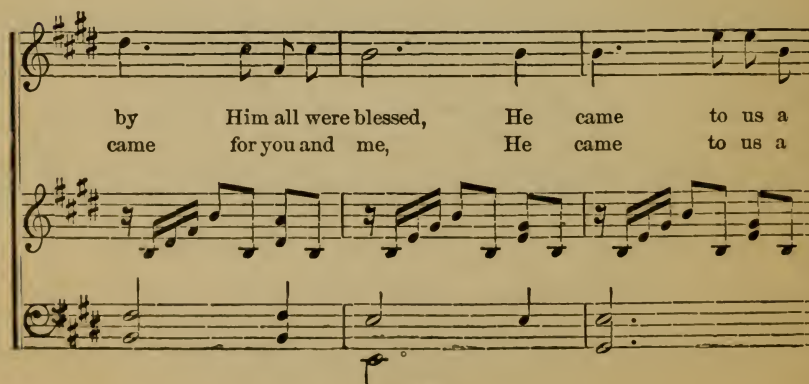
2d. Voice. (Soprano or Tenor.)



He saw us poor and need - y! By guilt and sin op-
His love is all pro-vid - ing, 'Tis boun - teous and 'tis



pressed; He came to us a Sav - iour, And
free; He came to us a Sav - iour, He



by Him all were blessed, He came to us a
came for you and me, He came to us a

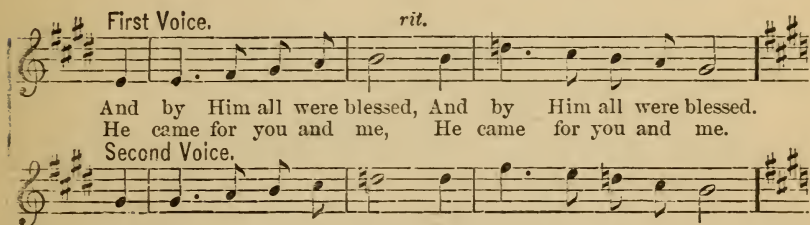
Tell me more of Jesus.—Concluded.

p *rit.*



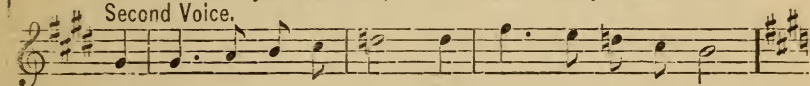
Sav - iour, And by Him all were blessed;
Sav - iour, He came for you and me.

First Voice. *rit.*

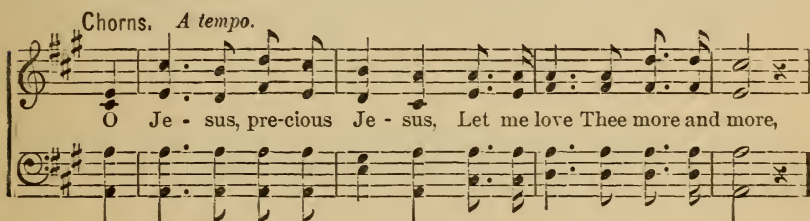


And by Him all were blessed, And by Him all were blessed.
He came for you and me, He came for you and me.


Second Voice.



Chorns. *A tempo.*



O Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Let me love Thee more and more,



Guide me, bless-ed Sav - iour, Guide me to the heav'n-ly shore.

pp *rit.*



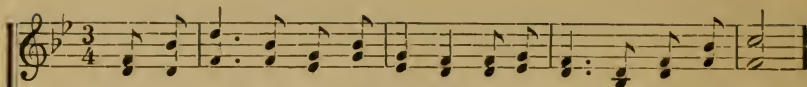
Guide me to the heav'nly shore.

Guide me, O my Sav-iour safe-ly to the heav'nly shore.

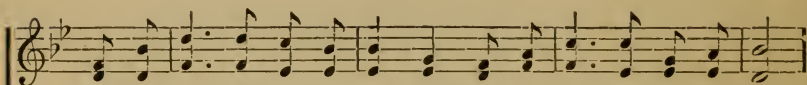
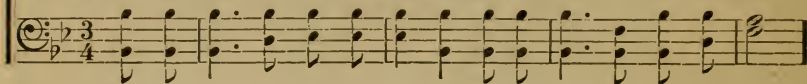
No. 149. GIVE US JESUS.

Rev. M. B. WHARTON, D. D.

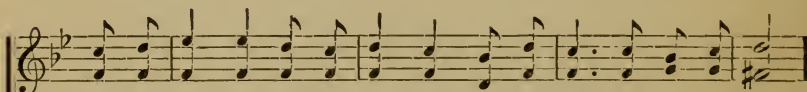
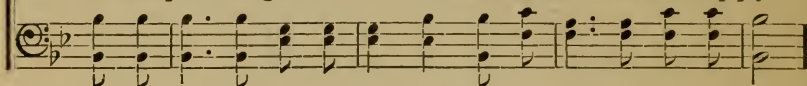
R. G. STAPLES.



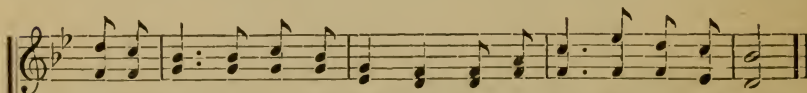
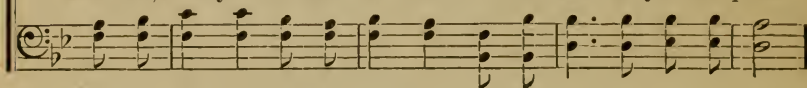
1. Give us Je - sus-hope deceives us When to earth-ly founts we fly;
2. Give us Je - sus-darkness flees us When His radiant face ap-pears.
3. Give us Je - sus-terrors seize us As we near the solemn grave.
4. Give us Je - sus-naught can please us-Naught our souls can satisfy,



Give us pure and liv - ing wa - ter, Springs e - ter - nal let us try!
 He can lift the sin - ner's sor - row, He can shine a - way his tears.
 Then we need a friend to help us Who can pit - y, Who can save,
 But the pre - cious gift of Je - sus, Who can all our wants sup-ply.



False the wells of sin - ful pleas - ure; We but fam - ish on their brink!
 Grop - ing 'long in sin - ful maz - es, For a pur - er light we sigh;
 Who can break the ty - rant's pow - er, Who can make the shadows fly.
 Mourners, know your full sal - va - tion-The Re-deem - er you im-plore.



Give the souls re-fresh - ing treas - ure, Let us of His ful - ness drink.
 From the Morning Star it blaz - es- Let it beam on ev - ery eye.
 O, a - gainst that aw - ful hour, Give us Je - sus Christ, we cry!
 Hears e'en now your in - vo - ca - tion; Christ is yours for - ev - er - more!

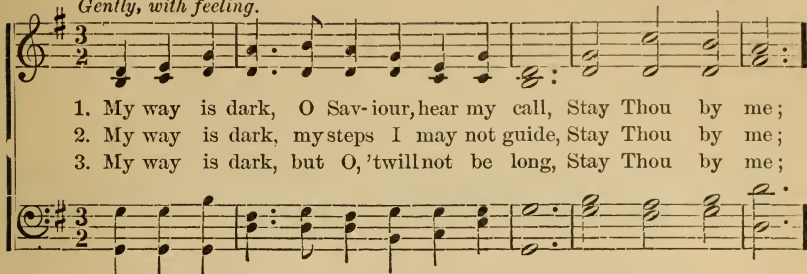


No. 150. STAY THOU BY ME.

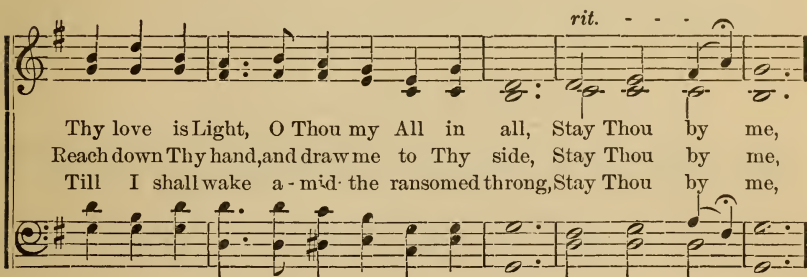
FANNIE J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

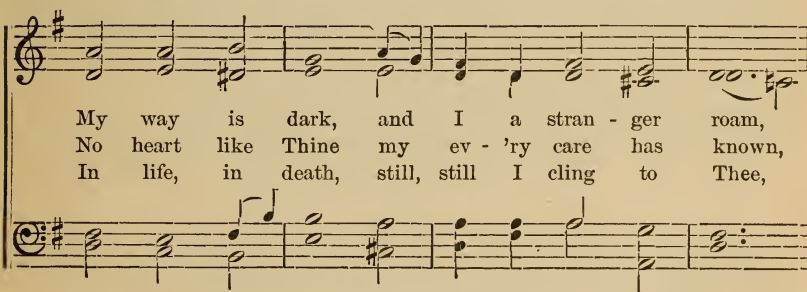
Gently, with feeling.



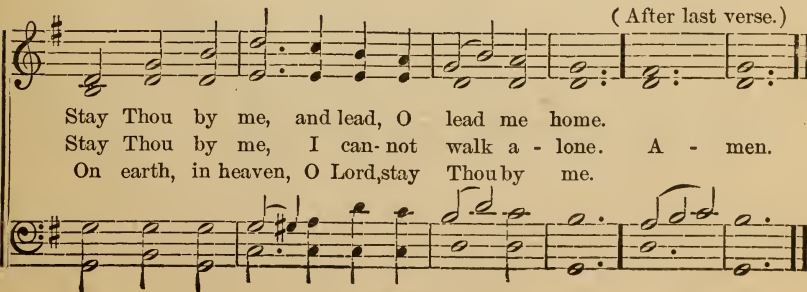
1. My way is dark, O Sav-iour, hear my call, Stay Thou by me;
 2. My way is dark, my steps I may not guide, Stay Thou by me;
 3. My way is dark, but O, 'twill not be long, Stay Thou by me;



rit.
 Thy love is Light, O Thou my All in all, Stay Thou by me,
 Reach down Thy hand, and draw me to Thy side, Stay Thou by me,
 Till I shall wake a-mid the ransomed throng, Stay Thou by me,



My way is dark, and I a stran-ger roam,
 No heart like Thine my ev-'ry care has known,
 In life, in death, still, still I cling to Thee,



(After last verse.)
 Stay Thou by me, and lead, O lead me home.
 Stay Thou by me, I can-not walk a-lone. A-men.
 On earth, in heaven, O Lord, stay Thou by me.

No. 151. FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

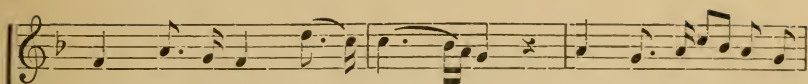
Moderato espress.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain,
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er,

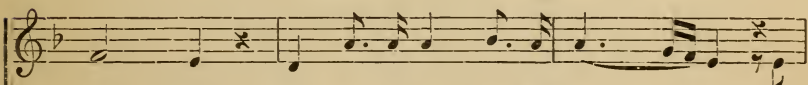
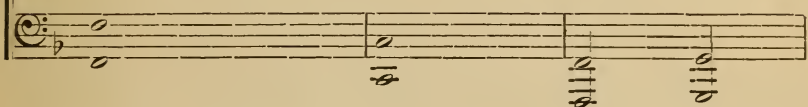
Thou who art wea - ry of sin; Go to the clear flowing
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear; He will forsake thee, O

fount - ain, Where you may wash and be clean;
nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there;

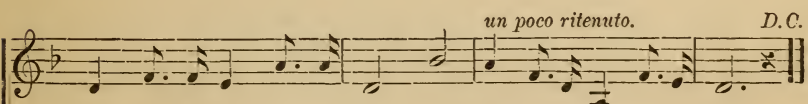
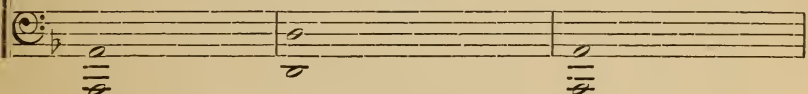
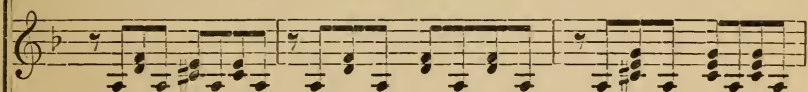
FLEE AS A BIRD. Concluded.



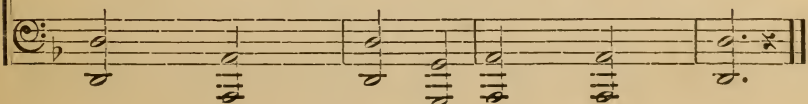
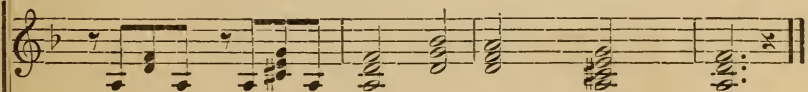
Fly, for th'a-ven - ger is near thee; Call and the Saviour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in



hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee,
sigh - ing Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The



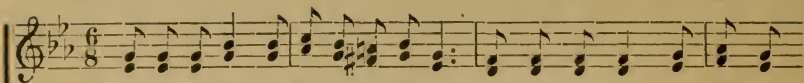
Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art weary of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev'ry tear.



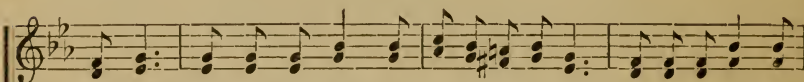
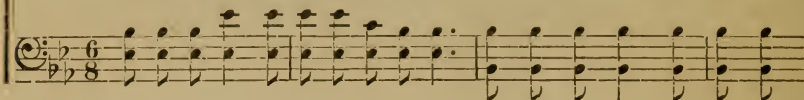
No. 152. WHY DO YOU WAIT.

C. J. F.

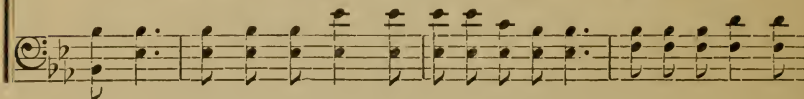
W. H. DOANE, by per.



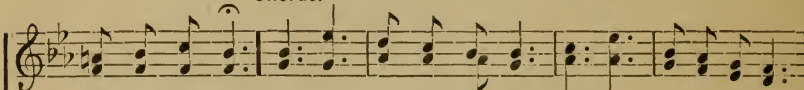
1. Why do you wait? when all things are ready, Ready in Christ, pro - vid - ed
2. Why do you wait? the Spirit is striving, Can you re - sist, or dare you
3. Why do you wait? now mercy imploring, Tells of the cross where Je - sus
4. Why do you wait? salvation is earnest, Life hur - ries on, then do not



for you? Je - sus in - vites, O tender compassion, Ur - ges, entreats, what re - fuse? E - vil and good He places before you, Darkness and Light, O has died; Bids you look up, and by faith behold Him, Points to the blood that de - lay; What if this night your term of probation Close and your soul be

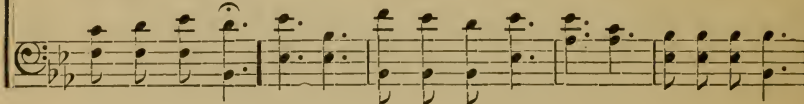


Chorus.

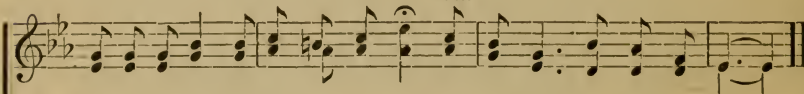


more can He do?
which will you choose?
flowed from His side?
hur - ried a - way?

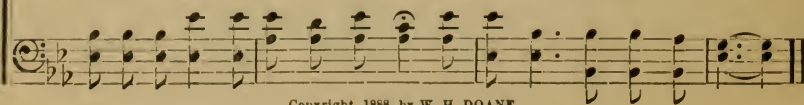
} Come, come, trust in His Word, Come, come, trust in the Lord;



rit.



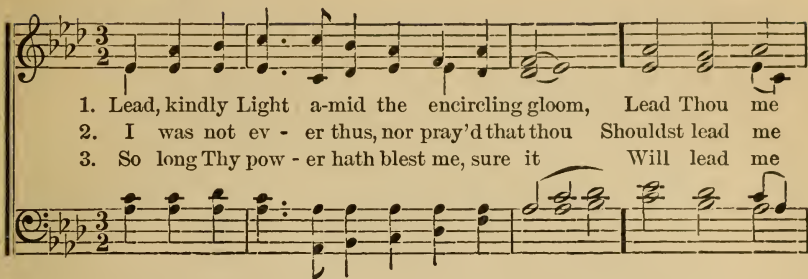
Why do you wait? O now is the time! Then brother, why not come now?



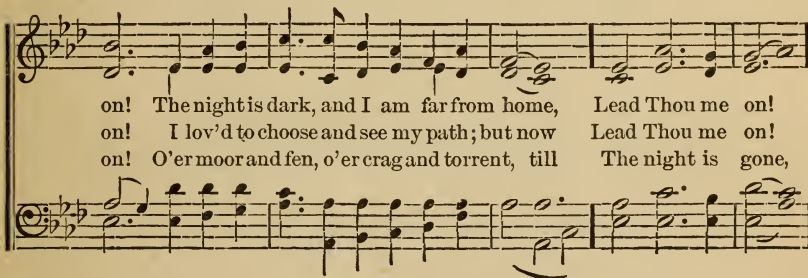
No. 153. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN.

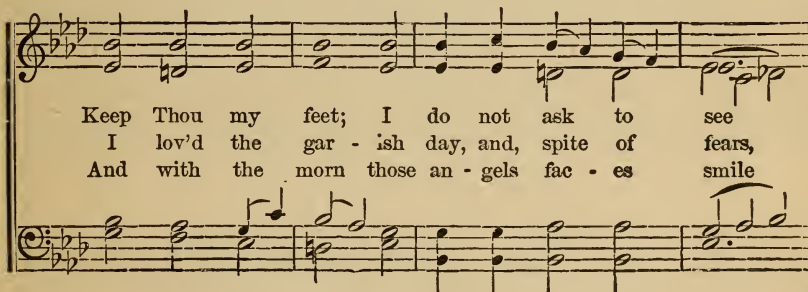
J. B. DYKES.



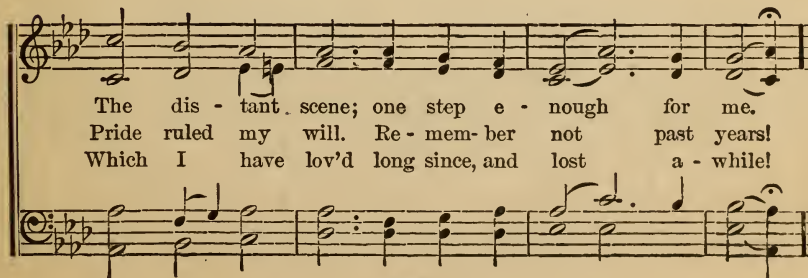
1. Lead, kindly Light a-mid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow - er hath blest me, sure it Will lead me



on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
 on! I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
 on! O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,



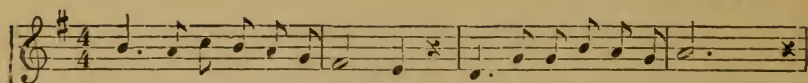
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an - gels fac - es smile



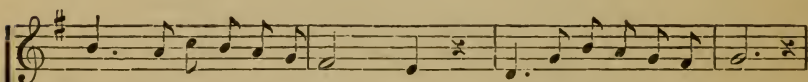
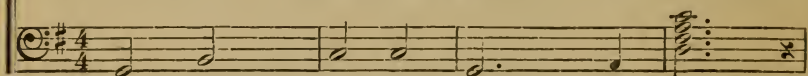
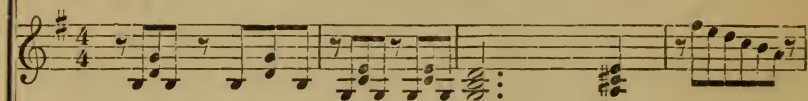
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!

No. 154. WE SHALL MEET THEM BY AND BY.

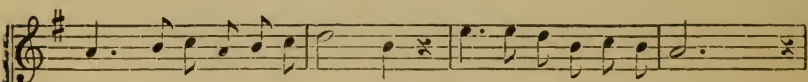
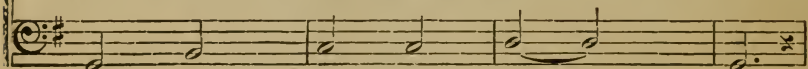
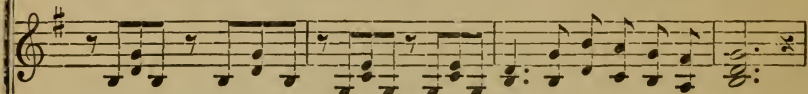
CHARLES B. HOLMES.



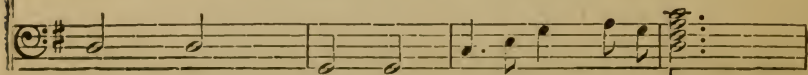
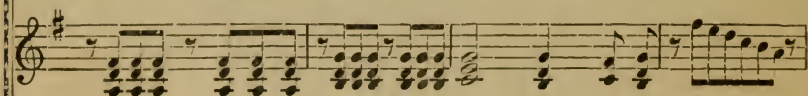
1. Where the golden sunlight lingers, And the sky with glory fills,
2. Soon we'll gather at the riv - er, Where the angels watch and wait;
3. Oh, the glad triumphant greeting, On the bright, eternal shore,



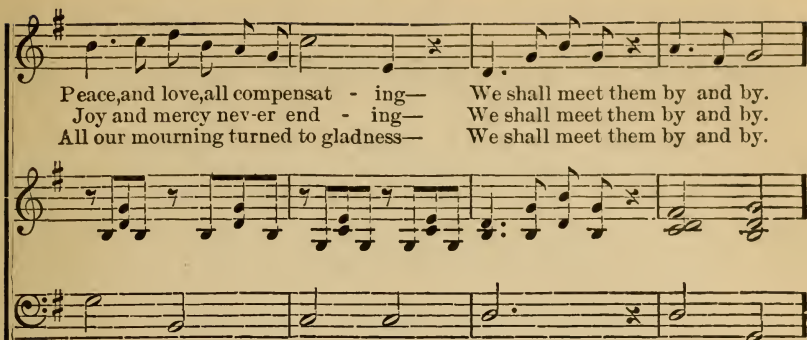
Where the new song rises ev - er On the blest, e-ter-nal hills;
 Soon we'll sing the new song ev - er, Safe within the golden gate,
 And the blissful hope of meet - ing All our loved ones gone before;



There our loved ones gather, waiting Round the golden throne on high,
 Where the anthem, sweet-ascending, Fills with melody the sky,
 No more toiling, no more sadness, Christ, our Father ev-er nigh,

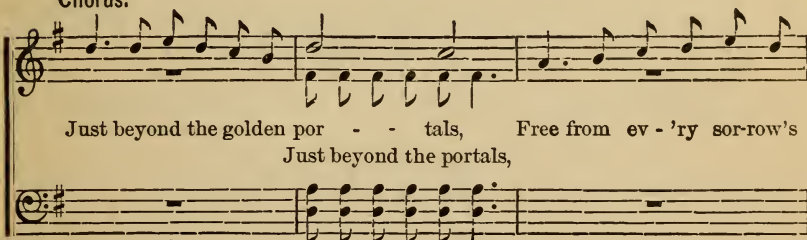


We Shall Meet Them By and By.—Concluded.

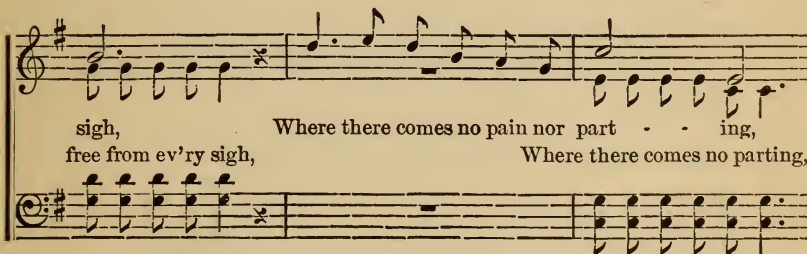


Peace, and love, all compensat - ing— We shall meet them by and by.
 Joy and mercy nev - er end - ing— We shall meet them by and by.
 All our mourning turned to gladness— We shall meet them by and by.

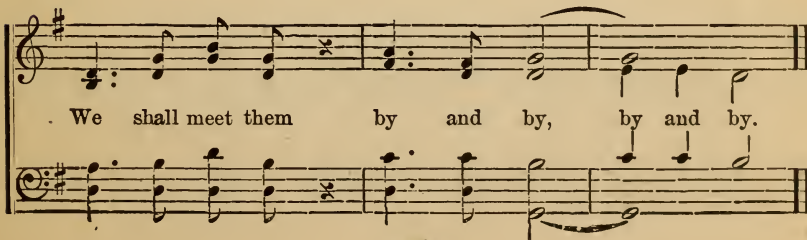
Chorus.



Just beyond the golden por - - tals, Free from ev - 'ry sor-row's
 Just beyond the portals,



sigh, Where there comes no pain nor part - - ing,
 free from ev'ry sigh, Where there comes no parting,

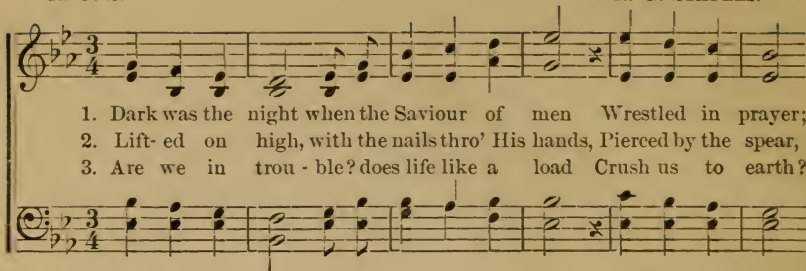


We shall meet them by and by, by and by.

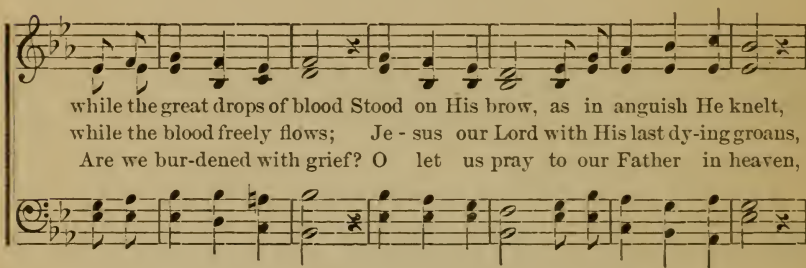
No. 155. DARK WAS THE NIGHT.

R. G. S.

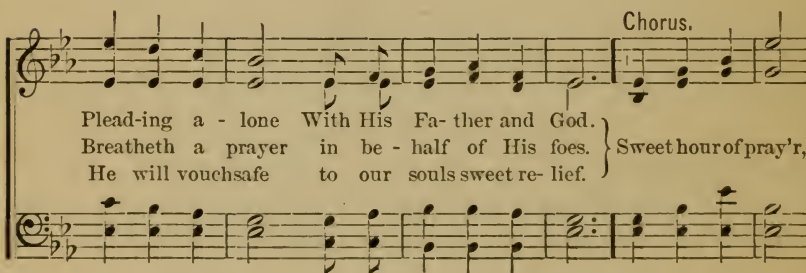
R. G. STAPLES.



1. Dark was the night when the Saviour of men Wrestled in prayer;
 2. Lift-ed on high, with the nails thro' His hands, Pierced by the spear,
 3. Are we in trou - ble? does life like a load Crush us to earth?

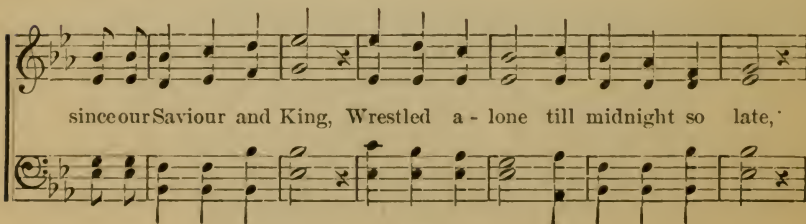


while the great drops of blood Stood on His brow, as in anguish He knelt,
 while the blood freely flows; Je - sus our Lord with His last dy-ing groans,
 Are we bur-den-ed with grief? O let us pray to our Father in heaven,



Chorus.

Plead-ing a - lone With His Fa-ther and God.
 Breatheth a prayer in be - half of His foes. } Sweet hour of pray'r,
 He will vouchsafe to our souls sweet re- lief.



since our Saviour and King, Wrestled a - lone till midnight so late,

DARK WAS THE NIGHT. Concluded.

rit.

Teaching this truth that to mansions on high, Pray'r is the gold-en gate.

No. 156. REMEMBER ME.

R. G. STAPLES.

Moderato.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee,
2. When with an ach-ing burden'd heart, I seek re-lief of Thee,
3. When tri-als sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee,
4. If for Thy sake up-on my name, Re-proach and shame shall be,
5. When worn with pain, dis-ease and grief, This fee-ble bod-y see,

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes,
Thy par-don grant, new peace im-part,
Oh, let my strength be as my day,
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
Grant patience, rest and kind re-lief,

O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

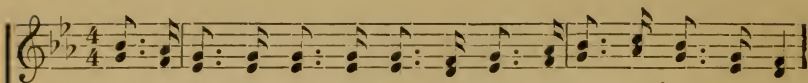
Refrain. *Repeat. pp*

Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

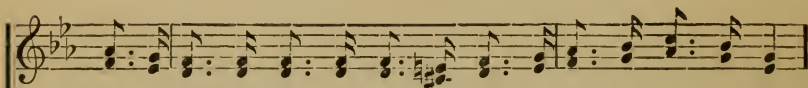
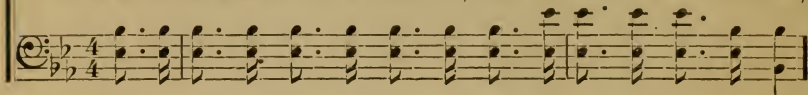
No. 157. When the Mists have cleared away.

ANNE HERBERT.

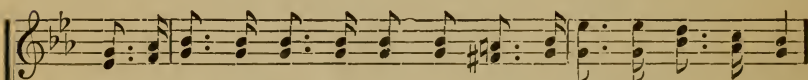
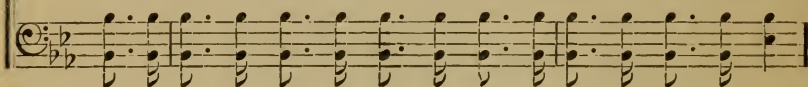
J. H. ANDERSON.



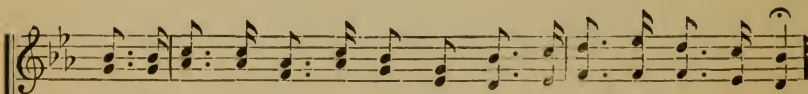
1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust,
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, And our Fath-er knows His own,



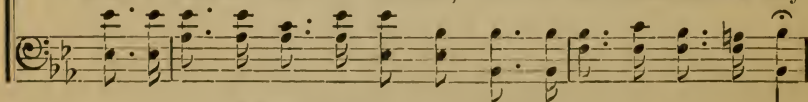
And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we strug-gle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known,



We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray:
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides a-way,
Lo! beyond the o-rient meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day.

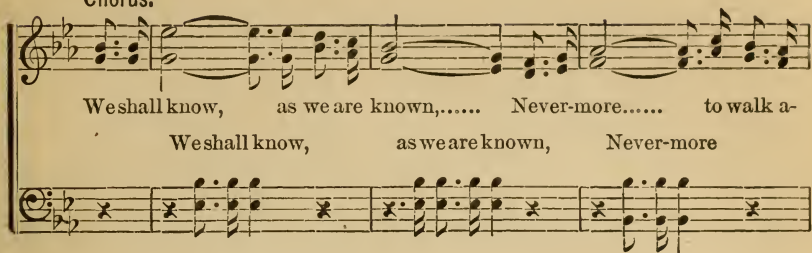


We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have clear'd a-way.
When the weary watch is o-ver, And the mists have clear'd a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have clear'd a-way.

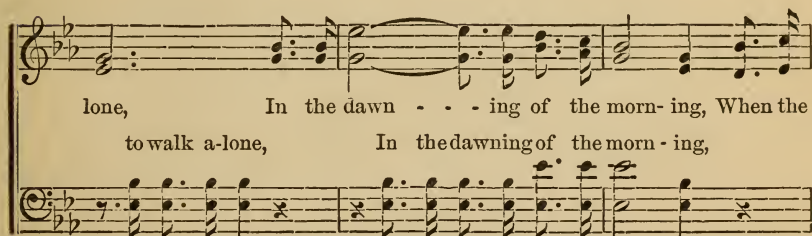


When the Mists have cleared away. Concluded.

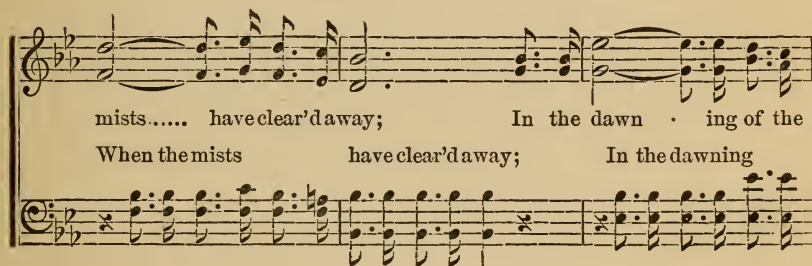
Chorus.



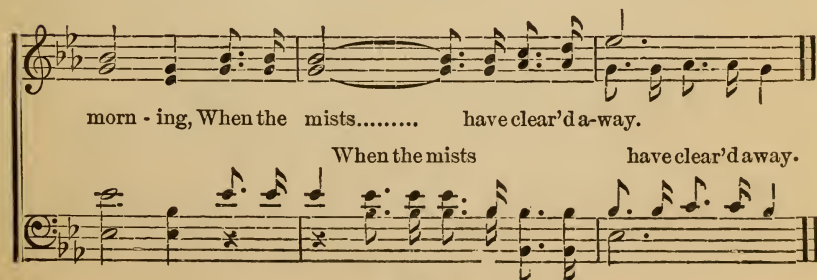
Weshall know, as we are known,..... Never-more..... to walk a-
 Weshall know, as we are known, Never-more



lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn- ing, When the
 to walk a-lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,



mists..... have clear'd away; In the dawn - ing of the
 When the mists have clear'd away; In the dawning

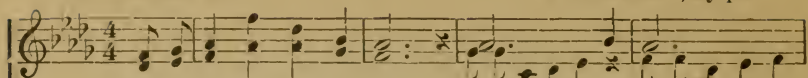


morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a-way.
 When the mists have clear'd away.

No. 158. LET THE SAVIOUR IN!

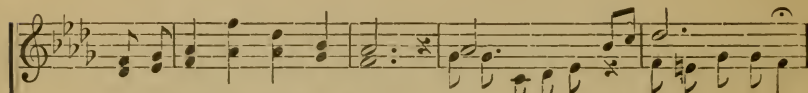
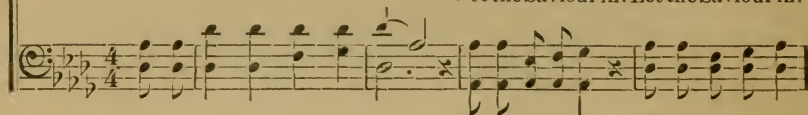
J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELI, by per.



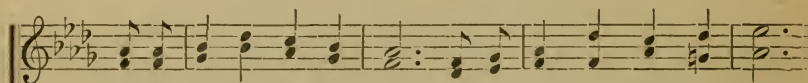
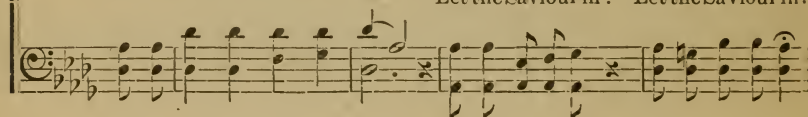
- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 1. There's a Stranger at the door ; | Let | Him in! |
| 2. O-pen now to Him your heart ; | Let | Him in! |
| 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice ; | Let | Him in! |
| 4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest ; | Let | Him in! |

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

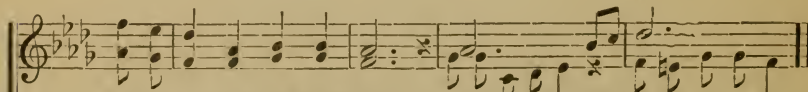
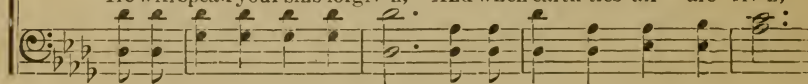


He has been there oft be- fore ;	Let	Him in!
If you wait He will de- part ;	Let	Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice ;	Let	Him in!
He will make for you a feast ;	Let	Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

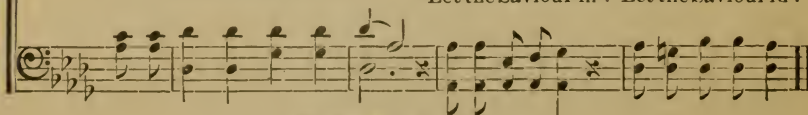


Let Him in ere He is gone ; Let Him in, The Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in ; He is your Friend ; And your soul He will de - fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,



Je sus Christ, the Father's Son ;	Let	Him in!
He will keep you to the end ;	Let	Him in!
And His name you will a -dore ;	Let	Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n.	Let	Him in!

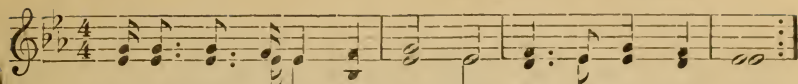
Let the Saviour in ! Let the Saviour in !



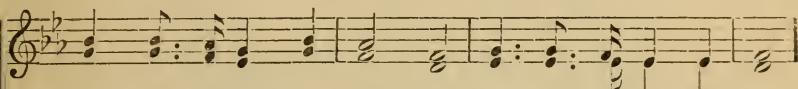
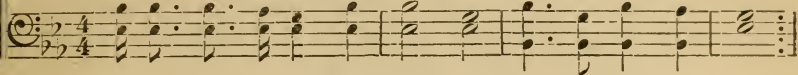
No. 159. MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS.

E. A. H.

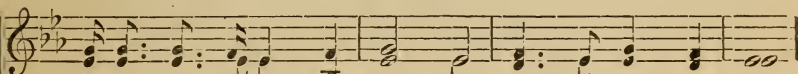
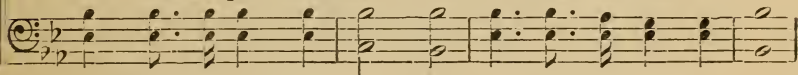
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, Arr.



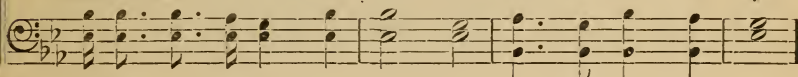
1. { Brother, make a friend of Je - sus! Who so kind and true?
Who so full of rich com - pas - sion, And of love to you?
2. { Brother, make a friend of Je - sus, Trust Him day by day,
And you will be safe - ly guid - ed In the nar - row way.
3. { Brother, make a friend of Je - sus, His af - fec - tion pure,
Rich with ten - der peace and com - fort. Ev - er will en - dure.



He is the friend of sin - ners; Free - ly He will for - give;
He is so kind and gra - cious, He will His own de - fend;
O what a pre - cious Sav - iour! O what a friend is He!



Brother, give your heart to Je - sus, And His grace re - ceive.
Brother, if you need a Sav - iour, Make the Lord your friend.
Trust Him and His love will bless Thee, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



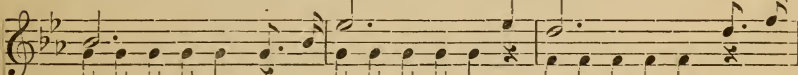
Chorus.

Make

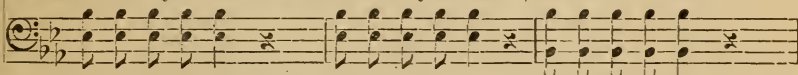
Him your friend,

And He

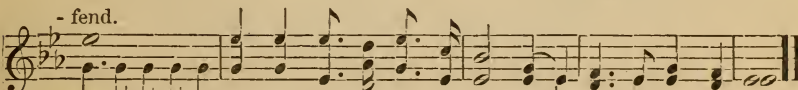
will de -



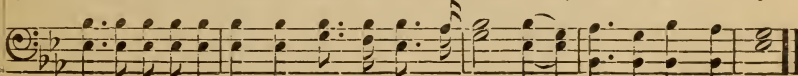
Make the Lord your friend! Make the Lord your friend, And He will defend



- fend.



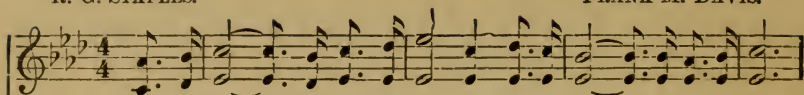
you He will defend! Trust Him and His love will bless Thee, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



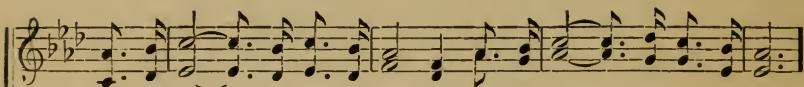
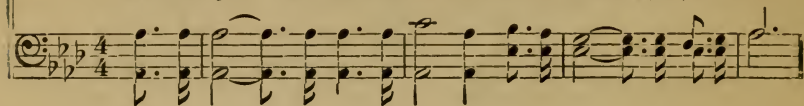
No. 160. BEYOND THE GRIEVING.

R. G. STAPLES.

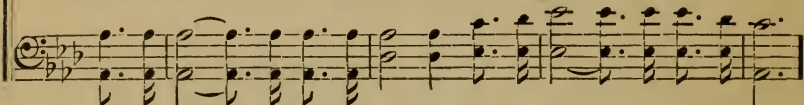
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. We shall meet beyond the grieving, O - ver on the other side;
2. We shall rest and know no anguish, When we've run our earthly race,
3. Soon we'll join the ransomed chorus Round the throne, far, far a - bove

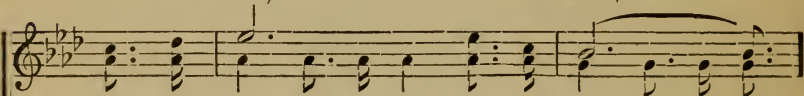


When we've crossed the darksome riv - er, With our Sav - iour to a - bide.
Just beyond this vale of sor - row, On life's mountain, thro' God's grace.
These low grounds of sin and sor - row, In the sun - shine of God's love.

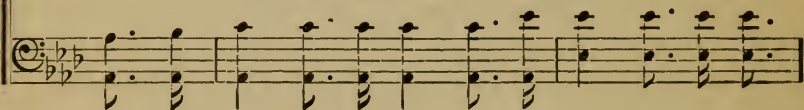


O - ver there,

o - ver there,



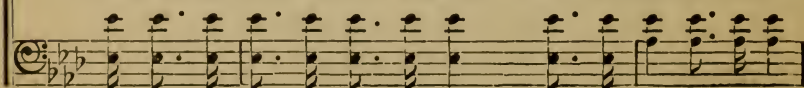
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,



Beyond cold Jor - - - dan's tur - bid tide,



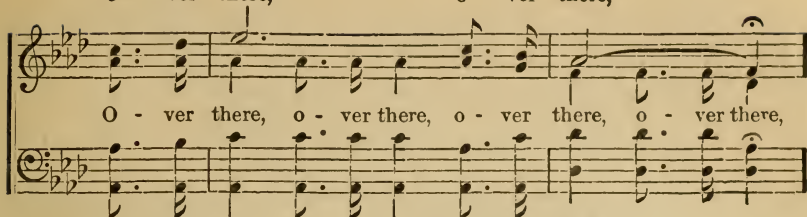
Beyond cold Jor - dan's tur - bid tide, tur - bid tide, tur - bid tide,



BEYOND THE GRIEVING.—Concluded.

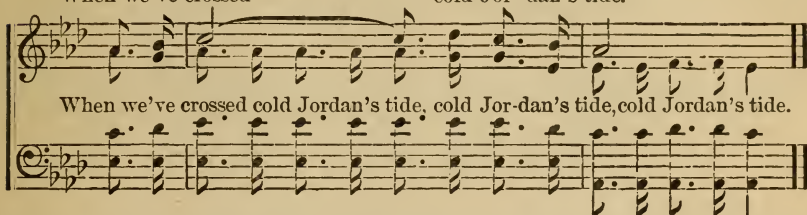
O - ver there,

o - ver there,

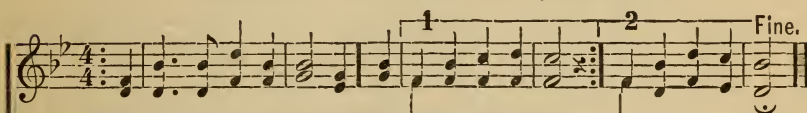


When we've crossed

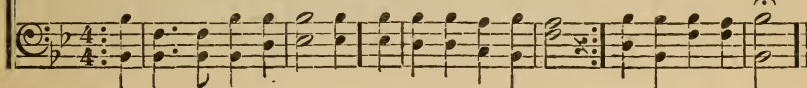
cold Jor-dan's tide.



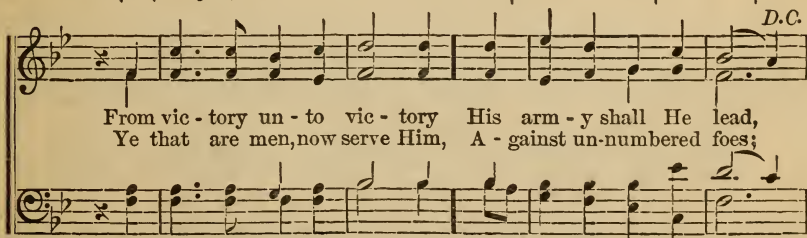
No. 161. WEBB. 7s, 6s.



1. { Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His loy-al banner, It [Omit.] must not suffer loss;
D.C.—Till ev-ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. { Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict, In [Omit.] this His glorious day;
D.C.—Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.



From vic-tory un-to vic-tory His arm-y shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A-gainst un-numbered foes;



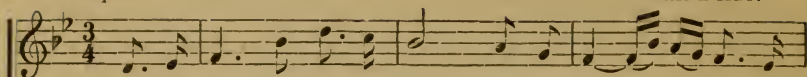
3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

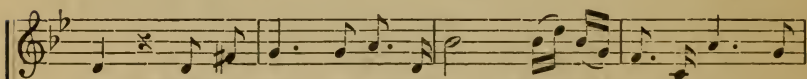
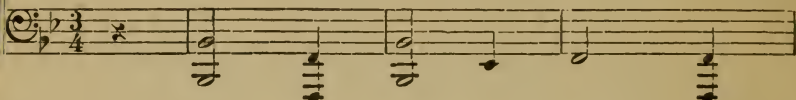
No. 162. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Adapted.

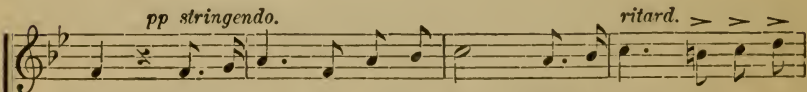
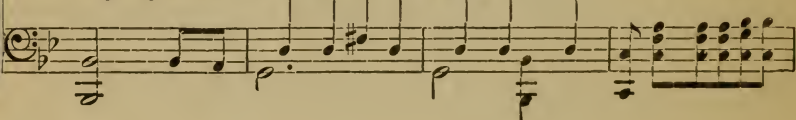
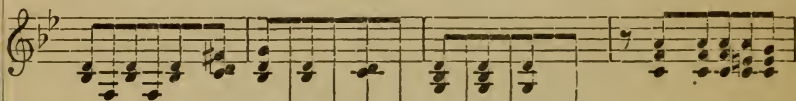
FRANZ ABT.



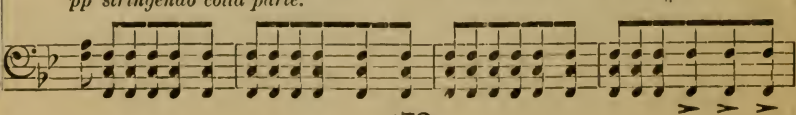
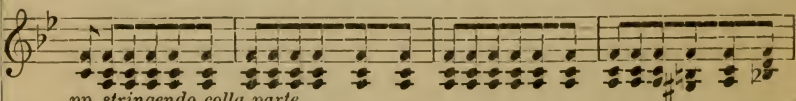
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my



fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is
Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort
find: Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the
sin: Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure with-



high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is
me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I
blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all unrighteous-
in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly let me take of



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded.

ten. *a tempo.*

past; Safe in to Thy ha - ven
bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less
-ness: Vile, and full of sin I
Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my

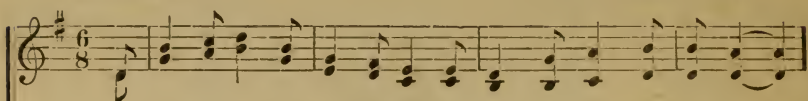
guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at
head, With the shad - ow of Thy
am, Thou art full of truth and
heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni -

last, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
wing, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.
-ty, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

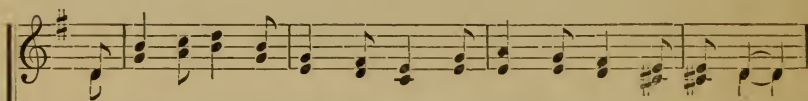
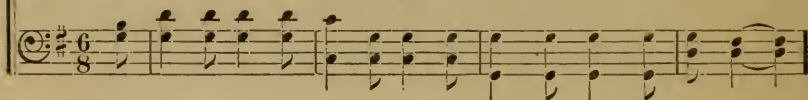
No.163. I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

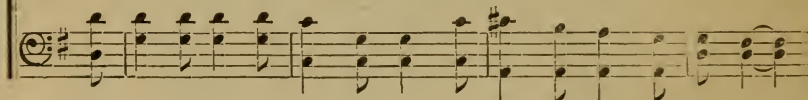
E. S. LORENZ, by per.



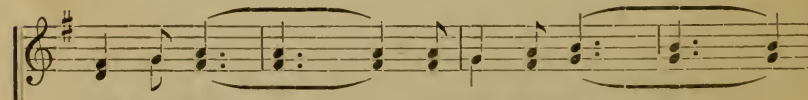
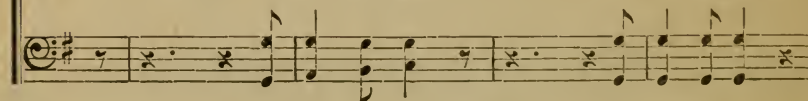
1. I need the prayers of those I love! I need the sweet, sweet feel- ing,



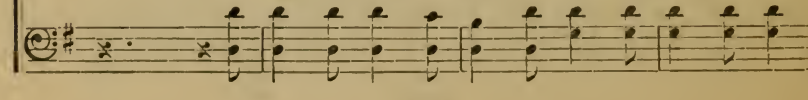
That suit for me is urged a- bove, When-e'er dear friends are kneel- ing



A- mid life's cares I need the prayers I
A- mid life's cares I need the prayers,



need the prayers I need the prayers
I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love,



I need the Prayers of Those I Love.—Concluded.

A - mid life's cares I need the prayers
 A - mid life's cares, I need the prayers,

I need the prayers of those I love
 I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love.

2 Of those I love the prayers I need!
 They know my wants and ailings;
 They know the way to intercede
 For all my faults and failings.
 On bended knee,
 Remember me,
 Of those I love the prayers I need!

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers!
 Whene'er God's throne addressing:
 'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
 'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
 Who love me yet,
 Oh, ne'er forget;
 Of those I love, I need the prayers!

No. 164. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

Moderato.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

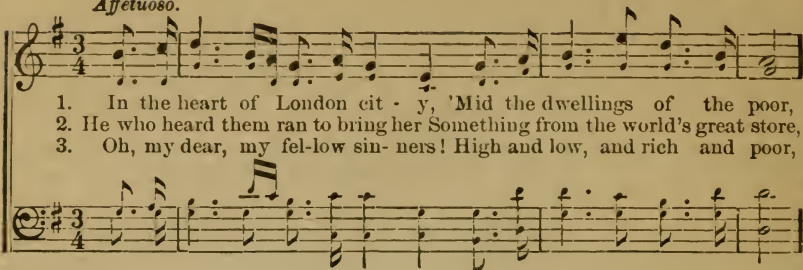
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear,
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
 3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing-place;
 4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fears.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y rest.
 My nev - er-fail - ing treas - ure filled With boundless stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

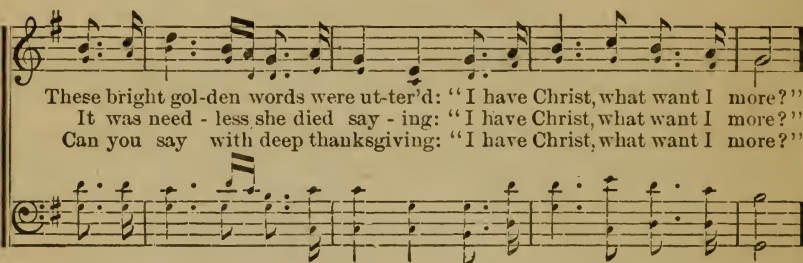
No. 165. I HAVE CHRIST, WHAT WANT I MORE?

R. G. STAPLES.

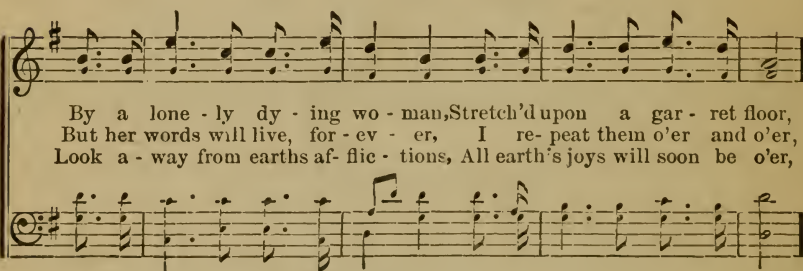
Affetuoso.



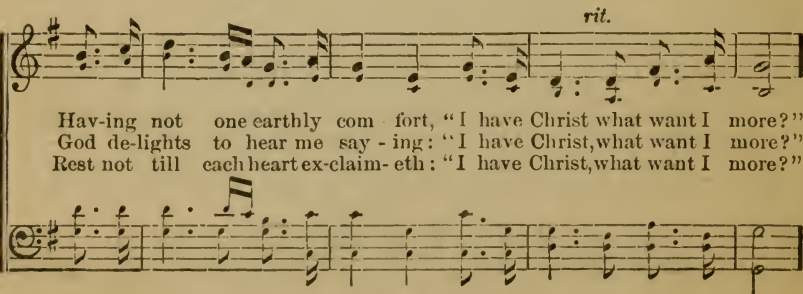
1. In the heart of London cit - y, 'Mid the dwellings of the poor,
2. He who heard them ran to bring her Something from the world's great store,
3. Oh, my dear, my fel-low sin - ners! High and low, and rich and poor,



These bright gol - den words were ut - ter'd: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 It was need - less she died say - ing: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 Can you say with deep thanksgiving: "I have Christ, what want I more?"



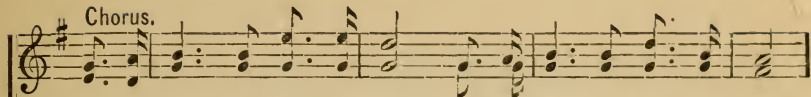
By a lone - ly dy - ing wo - man, Stretch'd upon a gar - ret floor,
 But her words will live, for - ev - er, I re - peat them o'er and o'er,
 Look a - way from earths af - flic - tions, All earth's joys will soon be o'er,



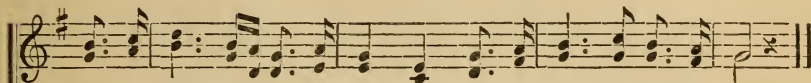
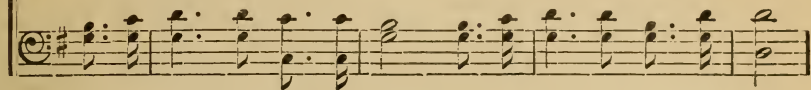
rit.
 Hav - ing not one earthly com - fort, "I have Christ what want I more?"
 God de - lights to hear me say - ing: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 Rest not till each heart ex - claim - eth: "I have Christ, what want I more?"

I HAVE CHRIST, Etc.—Concluded.

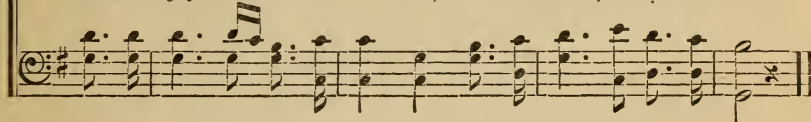
Chorus.



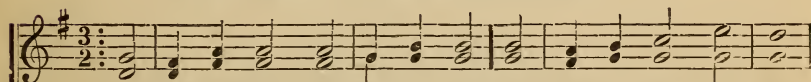
I have Christ, what want I more? I have Christ, what want I more?



All earth's joys will soon be o - ver, I have Christ, what want I more?



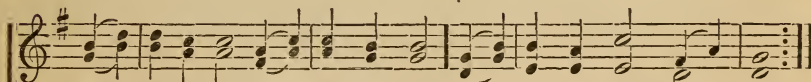
No. 166. I DO BELIEVE.



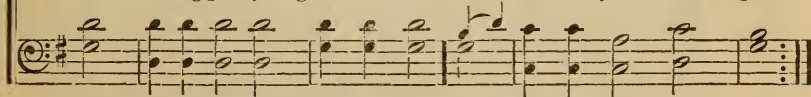
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?



D.C. CHO. I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;



Would He devote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - ma-zing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!



And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free.

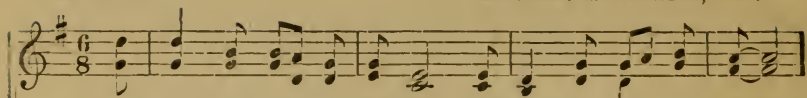
3 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

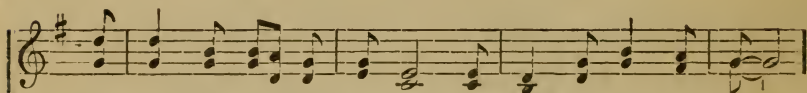
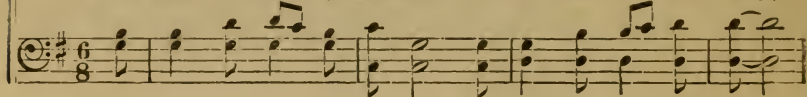
No. 167. Speak Gently to thy Brother.

W. E. H.

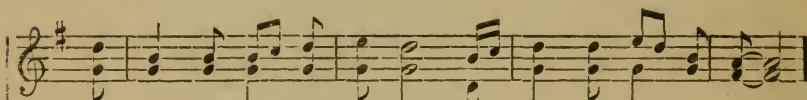
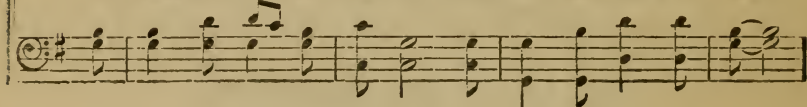
Rev. WM. E. HATCHER, D.D.



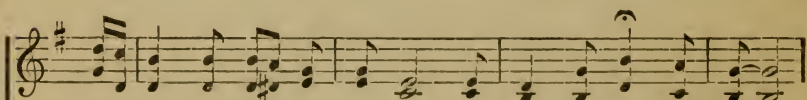
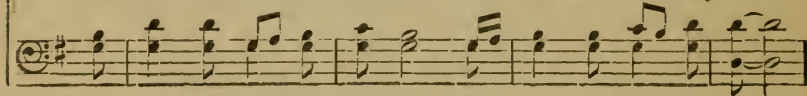
1. They say the world is wick-ed And ev - 'ry thing gone wrong:
2. The world will sure-ly tempt us To run the sin-ful way,



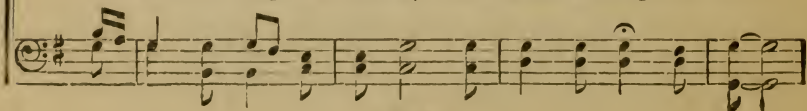
That men are al - ways faith-less, And none are true and strong,
Our hearts will of - ten draw us, From God and heav'n a - way,



But oh we must re - mem-ber, That in our fight with sin.
But then we must re - mem-ber, That if we're al - ways true.

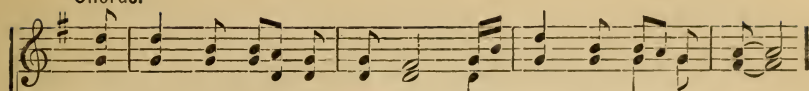


If we will help our broth-er, He may fight through and win.
And seek to help each oth - er, That Christ will help us too.

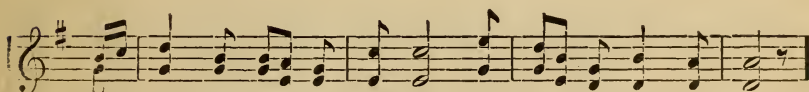


Speak Gently, &c.—Concluded.

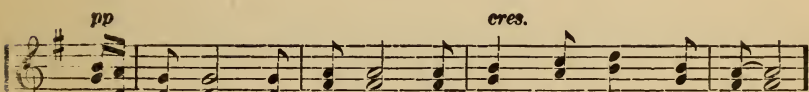
Chorus.



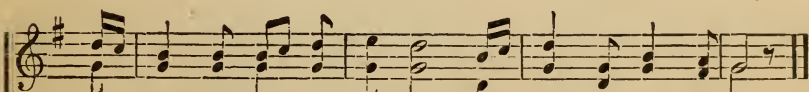
Speak gent - ly to thy broth - er, Speak on - ly words of love.



For we must help each oth - er, Un - til we meet a - bove;



Speak gent - ly: speak gent - ly, Speak on - ly words of love,



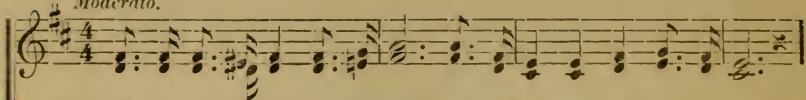
For we must help each oth - er, Un - til we meet a - bove.

No. 168. BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.

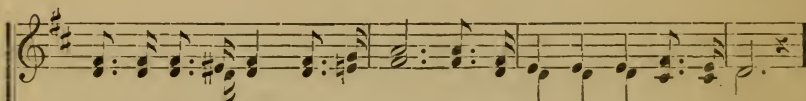
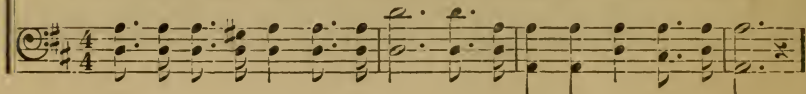
E. R. LATTI.

H. S. PERKINS.

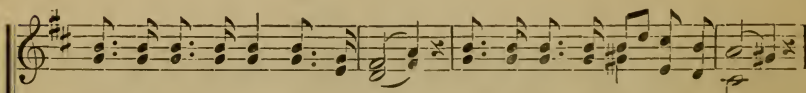
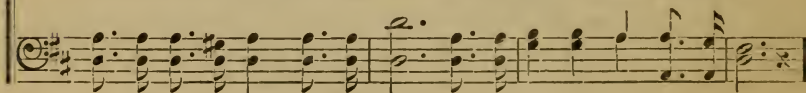
Moderato.



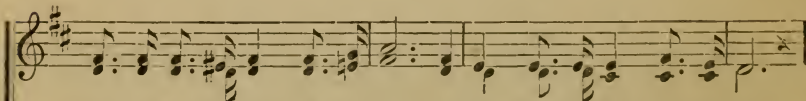
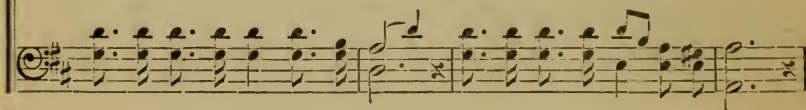
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed ;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er came ;
3. Fa-ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray ;



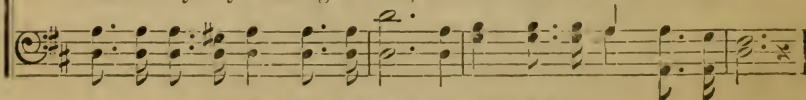
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God. On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fer'd not thus in vain.
Crim-son do' my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can not wash them a-way.



Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below ;
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise I go ;



Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.



BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Whit - - er than the snow, Whit - - er

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

than the snow, Wash me in the Blood of the

whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
rit.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow.
snow.

No. 169. ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

D. C.

1. { Rock of A- ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: Let the wa-ter and the blood
Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

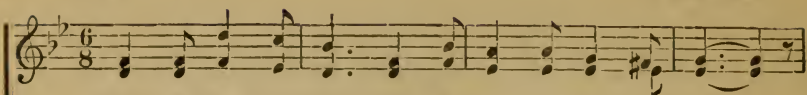
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

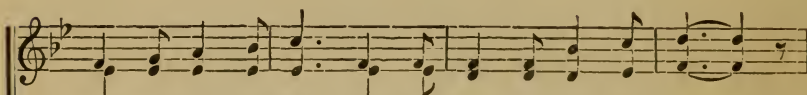
No. 170. We shall know Each other There.

C. A. F.

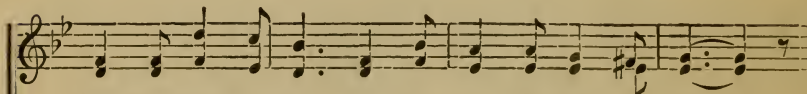
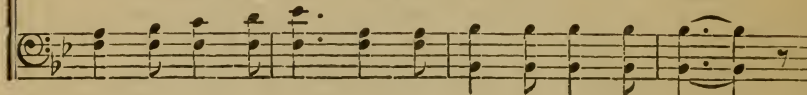
C. A. FYKE.



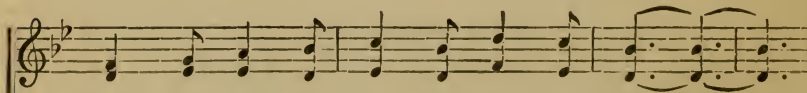
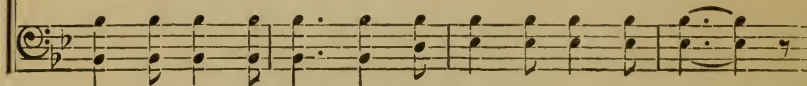
1. Shall we know our lov'd ones up - on the oth - er shore?
2. Shall we know our Sav - iour up - on the oth - er shore?
3. Oh, how sweet to know that, up - on the oth - er shore?



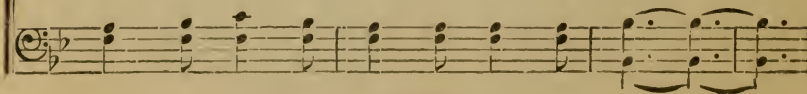
Will they come to meet us and greet us as of yore?
 Can we trust His prom - ise of rest for - ev - er more?
 Free from pain and sor - row and care for - ev - er more?



Will they guide us safe - ly with - in the pearl - y gates?
 Will He bid us en - ter with - in the pearl - y gates?
 We shall know the lov'd ones with - in the pearl - y gates?



When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?
 When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?
 When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?



We shall know Each other There.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Yes we'll know as we are known,
Yes we'll know as we are known;

When we meet up - on that hap - py gold - en shore,

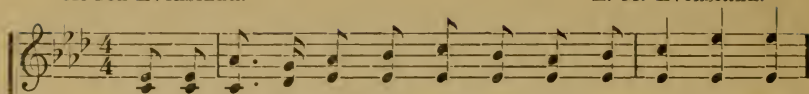
Yes we'll know as we are known, When we
Yes we'll know

meet up - on that hap - py gold - en shore.
the gold - en shore,

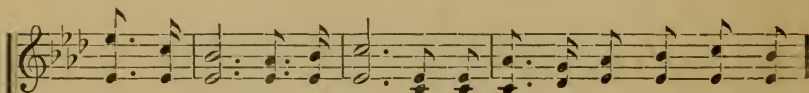
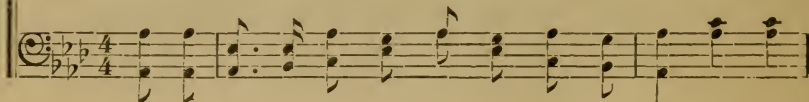
No. 171. SAVE ME LORD.

ADDIE EVILSIZER.

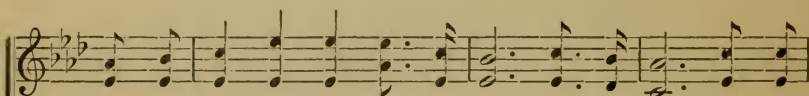
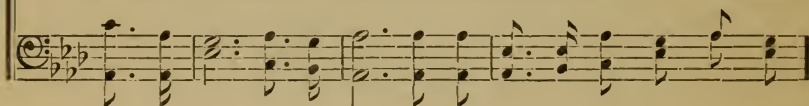
L. M. EVILSIZER.



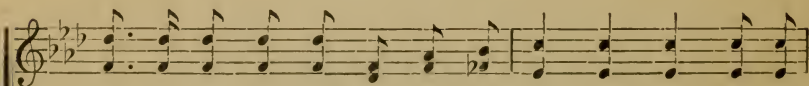
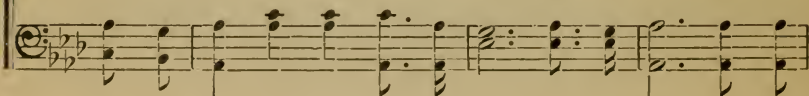
1. Lo! a poor and need - y sin - ner To the cross I cling,
2. There is per - fect peace and par - don For the sin - sick soul,
3. There's a house of man - y man - sions That is built on high,



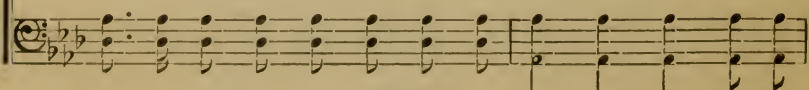
Save me Lord, save me Lord! Nothing great have I to of - fer,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Thro' the cleansing blood of Je - sus,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Where his cho - sen shall be gath - ered,



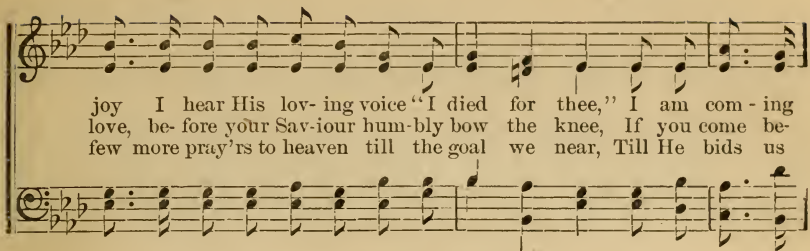
Nought but sin I bring, Save me Lord, save me Lord! Yet I
Sin - ners are made whole, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! "Come and
To Him, by and by, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Just a



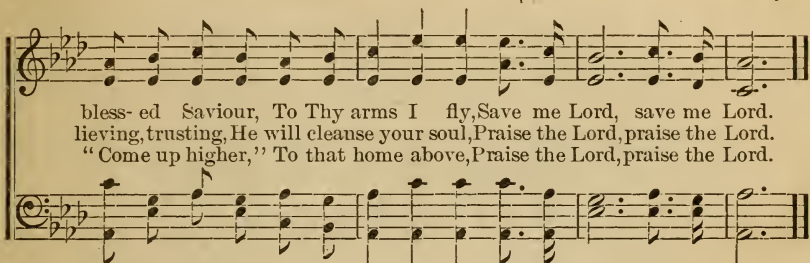
know He died for sin - ners On mount Cal - va - ry, And with
drink ye of the foun - tain, That is flow - ing free, "Come in
few more years of toil - ing For the Mas - ter here, Just a



SAVE ME LORD.—Concluded.



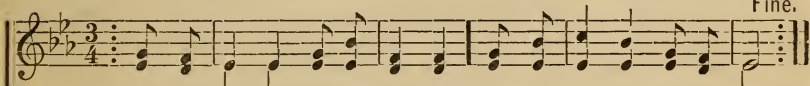
joy I hear His lov- ing voice "I died for thee," I am com - ing
love, be - fore your Sav-iour hum-bly bow the knee, If you come be-
few more pray'rs to heaven till the goal we near, Till He bids us



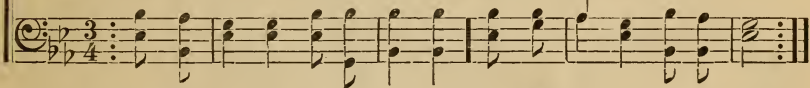
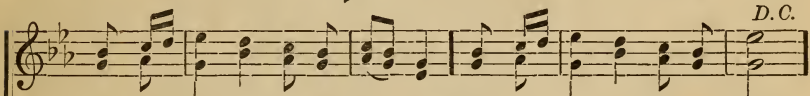
bles- ed Saviour, To Thy arms I fly, Save me Lord, save me Lord.
lieving, trusting, He will cleanse your soul, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.
"Come up higher," To that home above, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

No. 172. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.
Fine.

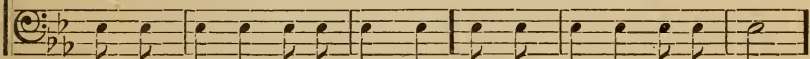


1. { Come, thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer- cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeem-ing love.

D.C.

Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues above;



2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

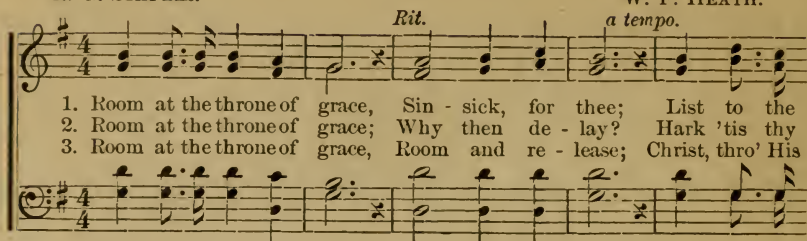
3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 173. ROOM AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

R. G. STAPLES.

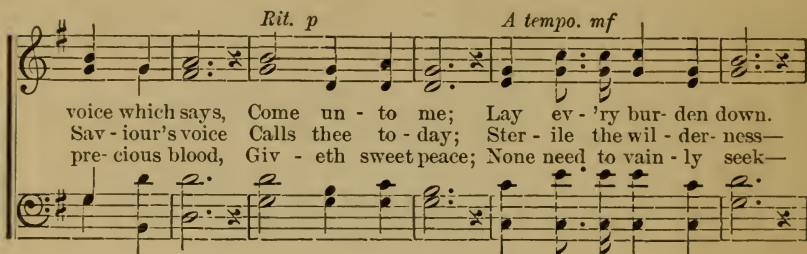
W. F. HEATH.

Rit. *a tempo.*



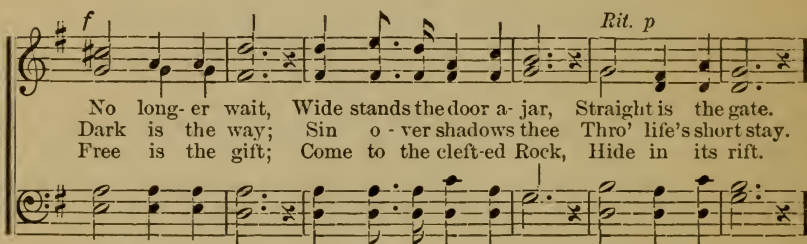
1. Room at the throne of grace, Sin - sick, for thee; List to the
 2. Room at the throne of grace; Why then de - lay? Hark 'tis thy
 3. Room at the throne of grace, Room and re - lease; Christ, thro' His

Rit. p *A tempo. mf*



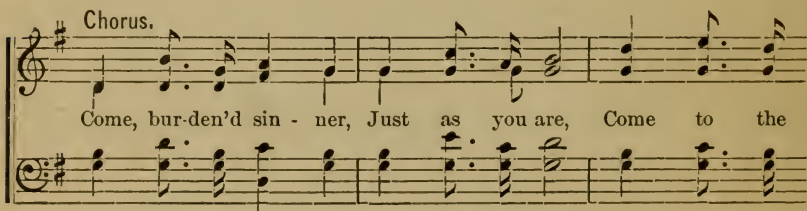
voice which says, Come un - to me; Lay ev - 'ry bur - den down.
 Sav - iour's voice Calls thee to - day; Ster - ile the wil - der - ness—
 pre - cious blood, Giv - eth sweet peace; None need to vain - ly seek—

f *Rit. p*

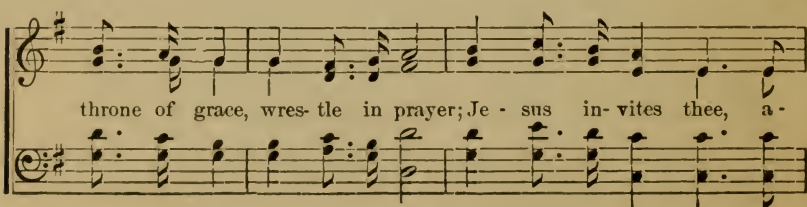


No long - er wait, Wide stands the door a - jar, Straight is the gate.
 Dark is the way; Sin o - ver shadows thee Thro' life's short stay.
 Free is the gift; Come to the cleft - ed Rock, Hide in its rift.

Chorus.



Come, bur - den'd sin - ner, Just as you are, Come to the



throne of grace, wres - tle in prayer; Je - sus in - vites thee, a -

ROOM AT THE THRONE, Etc.—Concluded.

wea - ry, to come, Sin - ner, now heed the call, Why will you roam?

No. 174. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

COWPER.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-manuel's veins,

And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S.—And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
D.S.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

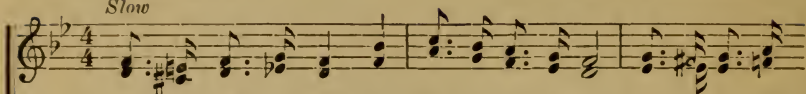
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 175. WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

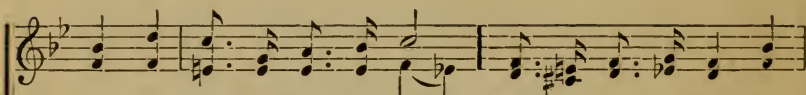
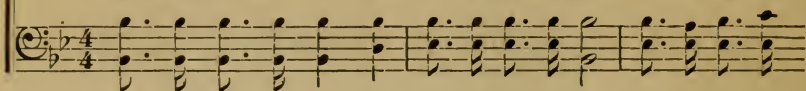
Rev. J. ATCHINSON.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

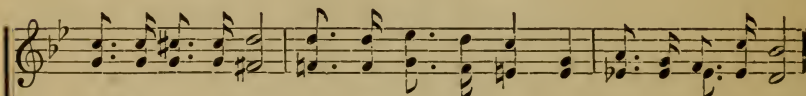
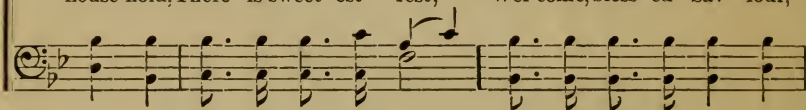
Slow



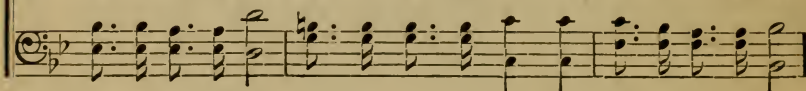
1. In the ark most ho - ly, Once the Lord appeared, There to bless His
2. Now God's cho-sen tem - ple, Where He will impart Heav-en's richest
3. Whereso - ev - er Je - sus Is a welcome guest, In the heart or



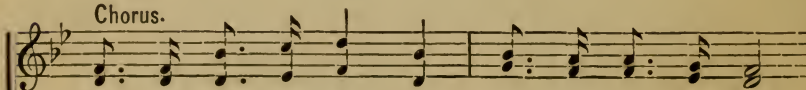
peo - ple, Who His man - date feared; Where - so - e'er this sym - bol
bless - ings, Is my sin - ful heart; At the door He's knock - ing,
house - hold, There is sweet - est rest; Wel - come, bless - ed Sav - iour,



Found a rest - ing place, There were sweetest to - kens Of Je - hovah's grace.
Waiting to come in, — Wel - come, Je - sus, welcome, Cleanse my heart from sin.
Show me now Thy grace, Make my heart Thy temple, Thine own dwelling place.



Chorus.



Wel - come, Je - sus, wel - come, Wel - come to my heart,



WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.—Concluded.

Make it now Thy dwell-ing place, And nev - er - more de - part,

Make it now Thy dwell-ing place, And nev - er - more de - part.

No. 176. OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. BOURGEOIS.

1. Be - fore Je - hovah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy ;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone ; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wanderingsheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

DOXOLOGY. L. M.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

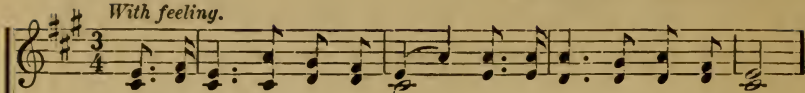
Bp THOS. KEN, 1697.

No. 177. AT JESUS' FEET.

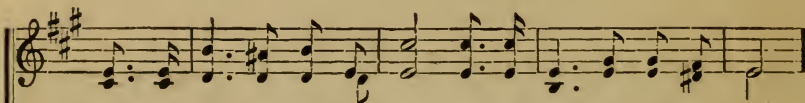
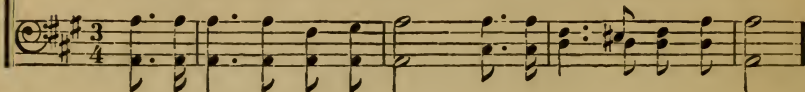
M. E. SERVOS.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

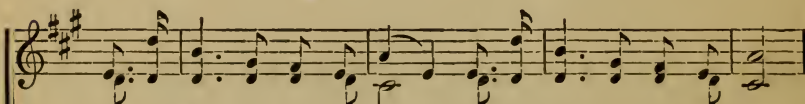
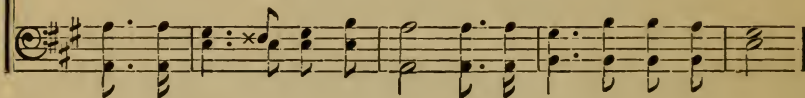
With feeling.



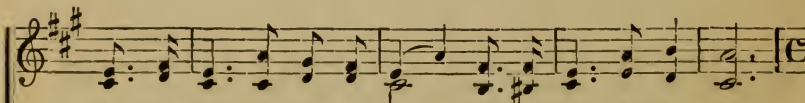
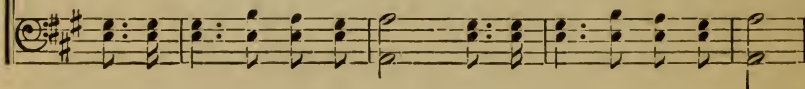
1. I have found a rest com-plete For a wea-ry, troub-led soul,
2. Sinners come, there's room for all, From thy heav-y load be freed;
3. Here is par-don for each sin, Here is mer-cy, sure and free;



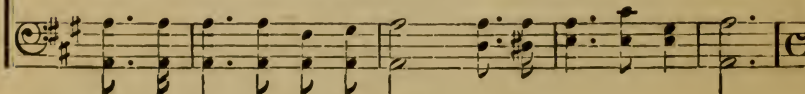
Where the bil-lows of life's sea Nev-er o'er the spir-it roll;
Come, ye friend-less, wea-ry one, Find a friend for ev-'ry need,
Hear Him, o'er thy heart's wild din, Sweetly call-ing: "Come to me;"



At the feet of Him who came, Took our sins, and bore our shame,
Wea-ry, troub-led, and op-pressed, All may find e-ter-nal rest
Come—with all thy sin and fear, Lay thy ev-'ry bur-den here,



At the feet of Je-sus slain, At the feet of Je-sus.
With that Sav-iour ev-er blest, At the feet of Je-sus.
And in joy complete ap-pear At the feet of Je-sus.



AT JESUS' FEET.—Concluded.

Chorus.

At His feet, oh, blessed spot! His
At His feet, oh, bless - ed spot!

love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je- sus.

No. 178. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . . be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our . . . dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . . us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on . . . earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive . . . them that trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ever and ever, A - men.

No. 179. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. WILLARD.

J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, . . . I lay me
2. And such the trust that still is mine, . . . Tho' stormy

down . . . in peace to sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the
winds . . sweep o'er the brine, Or though the tempest's fiery

wave, For thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save; I
breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death. In

Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Continued.

know thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of immor-tal - i -

mf

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment consisting of chords. The bottom staff is a bass line with some rests indicated by an 'x'.

fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
ty! And calm and peaceful is my sleep,

p

This system contains the next three staves. The top staff continues the melody with a trill. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass line.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my

pp
pp
colla voce.

This system contains the final three staves. The top staff continues the melody. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Concluded.

ad libitum.

sleep, . . . Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.
 sleep, . . Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

rall. *f colla voce.* *tr*

No. 180. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. { Come to our Fa-ther's house, Come, ere the day is done; }
 { Tempests are gath-er'ing fast, Dark-ness is com-ing on. }
 2. { Look at the wear-y way, Look where thy feet have trod. }
 { Find-ing no rest nor peace, Wand-er'ing a-way from God. }
 3. { Dark-er thy path-way grows, Soon will the night come down; }
 { Fierce-ly the light-nings flash, Dark-er the tempests frown. }

Chorus.

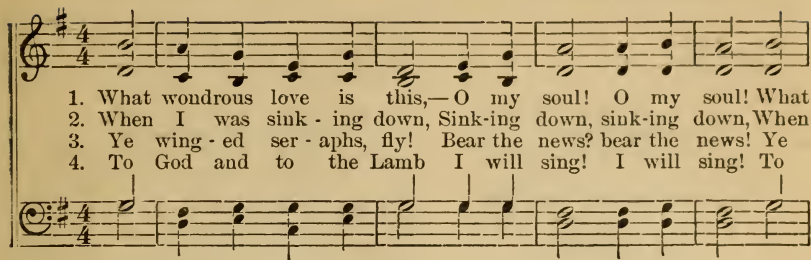
Fly, for the tempest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;
 Knock at the por-tals of mer-cy, Je-sus will let you in.

4 Fly from the fields of sin,
 Fly for thy life, to-day;
 Fly to our Father's house,
 Enter the narrow way.

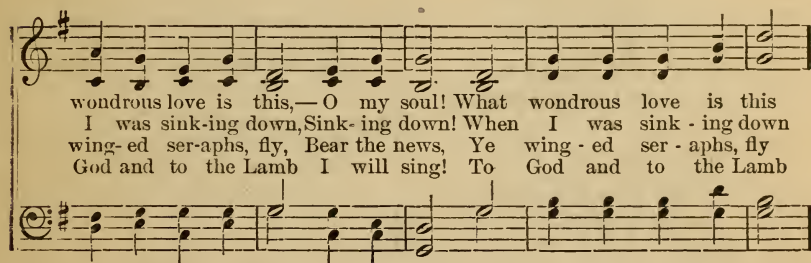
5 Here will thy soul find rest.
 Safe from each angry blast;
 Here find a perfect peace—
 Joys that forever last..

No. 181. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

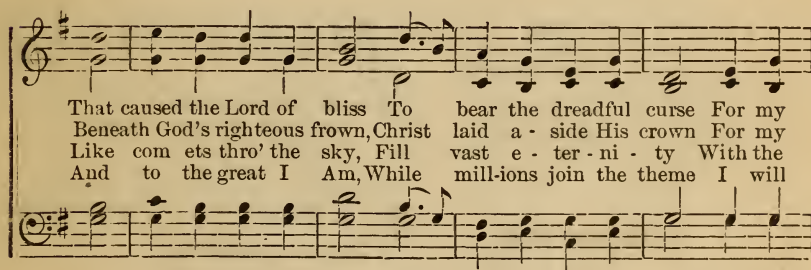
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



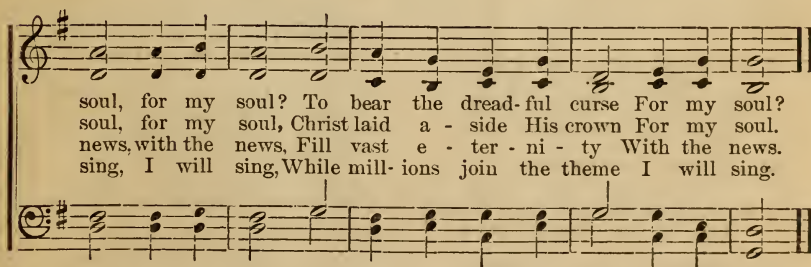
1. What wondrous love is this,—O my soul! O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink - ing down, Sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
 3. Ye wing - ed ser - apts, fly! Bear the news? bear the news! Ye
 4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing! I will sing! To



wondrous love is this,—O my soul! What wondrous love is this
 I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down! When I was sink - ing down
 wing-ed ser-aphs, fly, Bear the news, Ye wing - ed ser - apts, fly
 God and to the Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb



That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse For my
 Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown For my
 Like com ets thro' the sky, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty With the
 And to the great I Am, While mill-ions join the theme I will



soul, for my soul? To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul?
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown For my soul.
 news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty With the news.
 sing, I will sing, While mill-ions join the theme I will sing.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise!
 Come friends of Zion's King,
 With hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in His praise!</p> | <p>6 Thus while from death we're free we'll sing on!
 Thus while from death we're free,
 We'll sing and joyful be
 And in eternity we'll sing on!</p> |
|---|---|

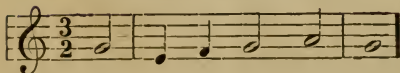
FAVORITE HYMNS.

No. 182. BETHANY. G♯ & A.

KEY of F♯.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

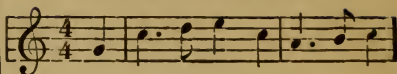
No. 183. BOYLSTON.



- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

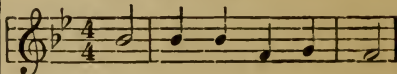
Rev. B. BEDDOME.

No. 184. BROWN. C M.



- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

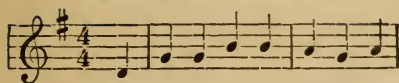
No. 185. LENOX.



- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
||: My name is written on His hands. :|
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace
- 3 Five bleeding wounds. He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry

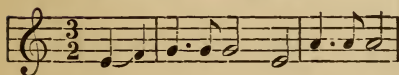
FAVORITE HYMNS.—Continued.

No. 186. CORONATION.



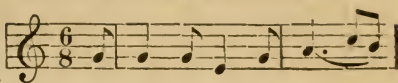
- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 - 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 - 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 - 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- REV. EDWARD PERRONET.

No. 187. HEBER. C. M.



- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts resolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 188. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE



- 1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for me?
- 3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought for me?

No. 189. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

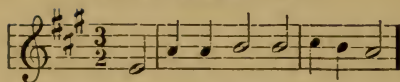
KEY of B♭.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

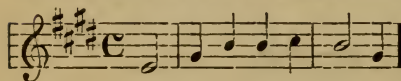
FAVORITE HYMNS.—Concluded.

No. 190. AZMON. C. M.



- 1 O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

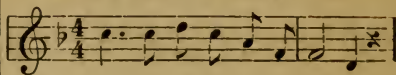
No. 191. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

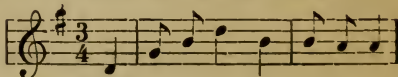
HEBER.

No. 192. WHAT A FRIEND. 8, 7.



- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 193. THE SOLID ROCK.



- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. EDWARD MOSE.

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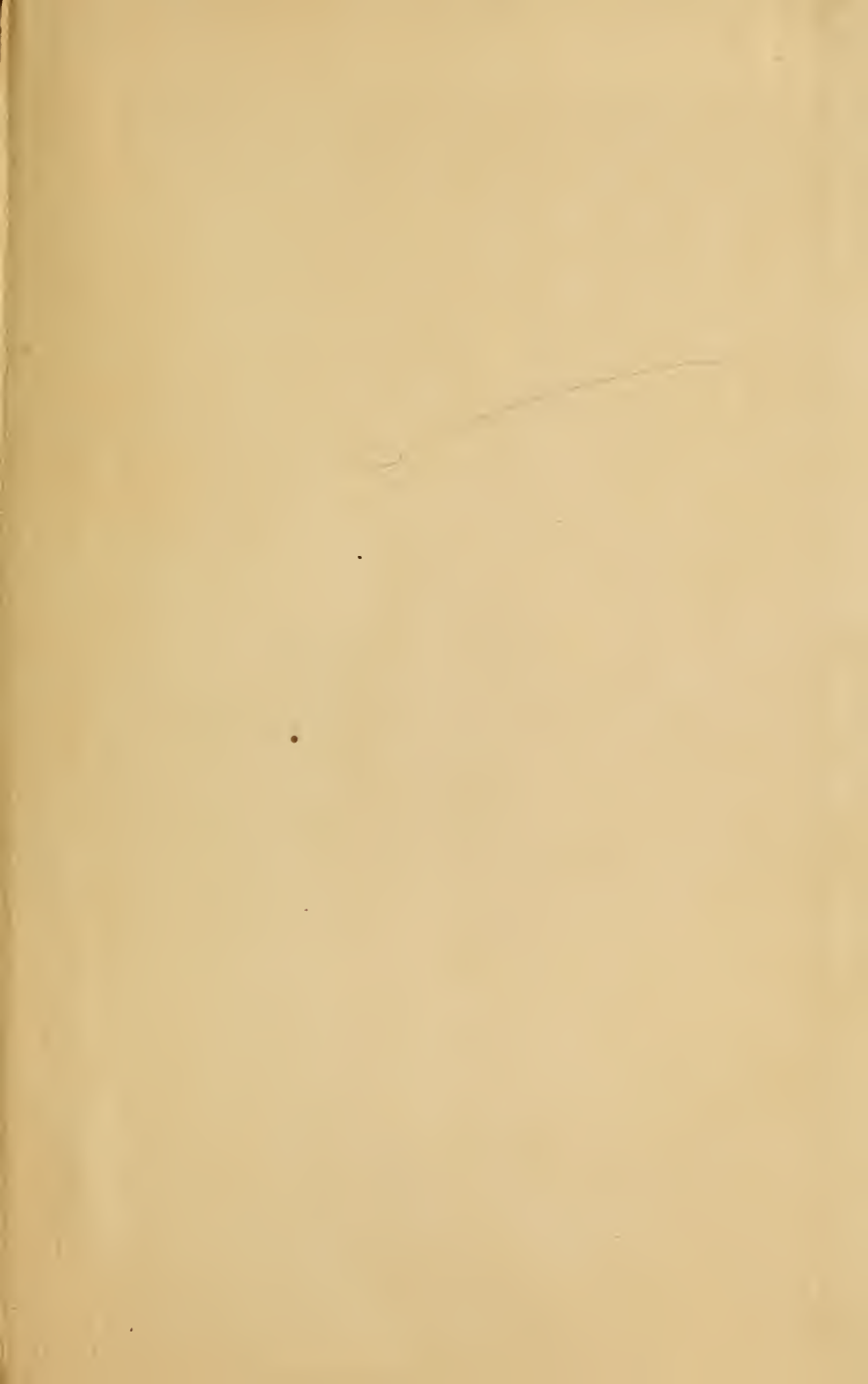
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